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THE EARL OF CLARENDON

George Villiers.
(afterwards 4th Earl of Clarendon)
aged about 20.
From a miniature.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WOOD.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK FOURTH EARL OF CLARENDON

K.G., G.C.B.

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL

BART., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

'He has done nobly, and cannot go without any man's voice. . . . How youngly he began to serve his country, how long continued, and what stock he springs of.'—*Coriolanus*, ii. 3.

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1913

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PREFACE

Diligent hands have dealt pretty thoroughly with the annals of the nineteenth century, and the reading public are in possession of memoirs of nearly all the outstanding figures in that age. The question has often been asked why none has been undertaken of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, to whom was entrusted the conduct of foreign affairs at very critical periods in the vicissitudes of Empire. To that question I am unable to supply an answer; and, while feeling that it is most meet that there should no longer be this blank in the written memorials of Victorian statesmen, it has not been without misgiving that I have accepted the invitation to fill it. I was confronted by the limit which Dr. Johnson sought to impose upon biographers (which, however, he himself overstepped as author of *The Lives of the Poets*). 'Nobody,' he told Boswell, 'can write the life of a man but those who have eat [*sic*] and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him.'

Two circumstances have greatly tended to mitigate the difficulties to be encountered by one who, like myself, had not the privilege of acquaintance with Lord Clarendon: first, the generous confidence reposed in me by the present Lord Clarendon in placing the whole of his father's correspondence at my disposal; and second, the abundance of that correspondence and the frank revelation of character which it contains. Let me take this opportunity, also, for expressing my gratitude to the representatives of many of the late Lord Clarendon's correspondents for permission granted me to quote from their letters.

It has long been known that Lord Clarendon wielded an exceptionally fluent pen. Several of his contemporaries expressed their wish that the public should be admitted to the perusal of parts thereof. The late Sir Arthur Helps, for instance, wrote in *Macmillan's Magazine*:

> Lord Clarendon was a man who indulged, notwithstanding his public labours, in an immense private correspondence. There were some persons to whom, I believe, he wrote daily; and perhaps in after years we shall be favoured—those of us who live to see it—with a correspondence which will enlighten us as to many of the principal topics of our own period.

Much ink has flowed since these lines were written, nor can I hold out to the reader prospect of much enlightenment upon public affairs during the first moiety of Queen Victoria's reign. The ground has been wrought too sedulously by other labourers to yield much fresh ore, the evidence has been scanned too critically to leave much chance of reversal of judgment. I have applied myself, therefore, to study the environment, motives and manner of the man as revealed in his private written intercourse, rather than to re-open old controversy or to retrace the current of events through the labyrinth of official despatches, which are open to any one who has purpose, patience and time to apply to them. Such despatches, of course, have not been neglected; but, in quotation, I have given the preference to private correspondence.

These letters of Lord Clarendon, his family, his friends and his Cabinet colleagues, cover the first seventy years of the nineteenth century, a period, probably, of more rapid social, political and economic change than any similar space of time in the previous history of mankind. Correspondence, whether private or official, was conducted without those mechanical devices whereby writers may now ease their labours. I feel that the effort, often

prolonged and severe, of deciphering such perplexing handwriting as that of the first Lord Brougham, the third Marquess of Lansdowne and the first Earl Cowley, does not go without reward. One seems to get closer to the writer, to understand his nature, motives and circumstances in fuller measure, than can be done through the cold medium of a type-written page.

Queen Elizabeth is reported, probably untruthfully, to have enjoined Federigo Zuccaro to leave out the wrinkles in painting her portrait. I have received no such instruction ; nor have I proceeded upon that plan in treating of Lord Clarendon, feeling well assured that he would have been of the mind of Oliver Cromwell (from whom he could trace descent through his mother) when he bade Lely—'Paint me as I am! If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling.'

Who, indeed, would choose for his subject a faultless character, were such to be found among men? Staunton, the great chess-player, declared that every game of chess must end in a draw if neither player committed any mistake. So with human nature—virtue without flaw or failure is as void of interest as a landscape without shadows.

If some interest may be found in these memoirs in respect to the light thrown through them upon the passing of the Whigs—the whelming of them in what Mr. Gladstone exultantly hailed as 'an agitated and expectant age'—of more melancholy caste are the reflections stirred by the betrayal and disarmament of the Conservatives (the Tories had passed into the land where all things are forgotten) for all coming time by the process which Disraeli described euphemistically as 'education.' The Whig party died with dignity ; but it is to the plastic docility with which the Conservatives were led to abandon cardinal principles in

1867 that their present colourless, nerveless condition may be ascribed. There are still among them a few who hold that, although it must need be that, like offences, democratic reform should come, the Conservative party is false to its profession in promoting it.

As a Conservative of a somewhat antique caste, I have had a delicate duty to discharge in tracing the career of a Whig statesman ; yet, although I doubt not that the sway of prepossession may be recognised here and there, I trust it has nowhere been degraded into prejudice or party bias.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

Monreith, 1913.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I

CHAPTER I. PEDIGREE AND PARENTAGE

		PAGE
George William Frederick Villiers .	born 12th January 1800	7

CHAPTER II. BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge	29th June 1816	10
Appointed attaché at St. Petersburg . .	1820	28

CHAPTER III. COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS

Recalled, and appointed Commissioner of Customs	1823	47
Death of his father	21st March 1827	56
Sent on special employment to Dublin . .	1827	59
His sister marries Thomas Henry Lister .	6th November 1830	61
Villiers sent to Paris to negotiate commercial treaty	1831	62

CHAPTER IV. MINISTER AT MADRID

Death of his brother Hyde	3rd December 1832	66
Appointed Minister to the Court of Spain .	July 1833	67
Death of Ferdinand VII., followed by Carlist rising	September 1833	70
Signing of the Quadruple Treaty . . .	22nd April 1834	71
Charles Villiers elected member for Wolverhampton	10th January 1835	84
Formation of British Spanish Legion authorised	1835	89
George Villiers negotiates treaty with Spain on the slave trade: signed . . .	28th June 1837	93

CHAPTER V. THE CARLISTS

Receives the Grand Cross of the Bath . .	19th October 1837	139

CHAPTER VI. WAR, DIPLOMACY AND COURTSHIP

		PAGE
Succeeds as fourth Earl of Clarendon . .	22nd December 1838	154
Close of the Carlist civil war	September 1839	158
Lord Clarendon returns to England . .	March 1839	165

CHAPTER VII. THE CABINET

Declines Governor-Generalship of Canada .	March 1839	169
Marries Lady Katharine Barham . . .	4th June 1839	168
Declines Mastership of the Mint . . .	August 1839	170
Accepts office as Lord Privy Seal . . .	10th October 1839	176
Declines Postmaster-Generalship . . .	22nd November 1839	175
Marriage of Queen Victoria	10th February 1840	180
Difference with Lord Palmerston on Eastern Policy	March 1840	184
Lords Clarendon and Holland minute their dissent from decision of Cabinet on Eastern affairs	8th July 1840	196

CHAPTER VIII. THE EASTERN QUESTION

Remains of Napoleon brought from St. Helena to Paris	December 1840	202
Death of Lord Holland	22nd October 1840	213
Lord Clarendon accepts Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster *ad interim* . .	27th October 1840	214
Strained relations with France . . .	1840-41	215
Fall of the Melbourne Ministry . . .	27th August 1841	220
Peel's Free Trade Budget	1842	225

CHAPTER IX. IN OPPOSITION

Lord Clarendon declines to join the Anti-Corn Law League	21st December 1842	238
Death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Lister . .	10th June 1842	245
Lady Theresa Lister marries George Cornewall Lewis	26th October 1844	246
The Spanish Marriages embroglio . . .	1843-44	253
The potato disease	August 1845	258
Sir Robert Peel resigns the government .	6th December 1845	259
And resumes it	20th December 1845	261
Fall of Peel's Ministry	26th June 1846	263

CHAPTER X. THE LAST WHIG CABINET

		PAGE
Lord John Russell forms a Cabinet	July 1846	264
Lord Clarendon becomes President of the Board of Trade	July 1846	267
Is appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	May 1847	276
Famine in Ireland	1846-47	279
Beginning of the third French Revolution	22nd February 1848	288
Smith O'Brien's rebellion	29th July 1848	290
Lord Clarendon created a Knight of the Garter	23rd March 1849	325
Party fight at Dolly's Brae	12th July 1849	294
Removal of Lord Roden from Commission of the Peace	October 1849	295

CHAPTER XI. IRELAND

Encumbered Estates (Ireland) Act	1849	299
Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visit Ireland	August 1849	301
Death of Sir Robert Peel	2nd July 1850	312
The Ecclesiastical Titles (Roman Catholic) question	1850-51	323
Lord John Russell resigns the government	20th February 1851	324
And resumes it	3rd March 1851	324
Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*		328

CHAPTER XII. THE FOREIGN OFFICE

Dismissal of Lord Palmerston	December 1851	334
Lord Clarendon declines the Foreign Office	22nd December 1851	335
Fall of the Russell Ministry	21st February 1852	344
Lord Derby's first administration	22nd February 1852	344
Death of the Duke of Wellington	14th September 1852	345
Fall of the Derby Ministry	11th December 1852	351
Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Ministry	December 1852	352
Lord Clarendon appointed Foreign Secretary	21st February 1853	363

LIST OF PLATES IN VOL. I

GEORGE VILLIERS (AFTERWARDS FOURTH EARL OF CLARENDON), AGED ABOUT 26 . . . *Frontispiece*

GEORGE VILLIERS (AFTERWARDS FOURTH EARL OF CLARENDON), AGED 21 . . . . *facing p.* 58

MRS. LISTER (THERESA VILLIERS) IN 1837 . „ 134

After a painting by Edwin Landseer.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON

CHAPTER I

PEDIGREE AND PARENTAGE

'Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?'

A GENERATION trained to recognise the ashes of its remote ancestry in the *globigerina* ooze of the Atlantic, and not blushing to recognise the anthropoid apes among its poor relations, may incline to set little store by lineage that can be traced back merely for a few centuries. Yet has modern research disclosed nothing to refute, but much to confirm the doctrine set forth by Horace in a well-worn stanza—

> 'The brave and good are copies of their kind;
> In steers laborious and in generous steeds
> We trace their sires; nor can the bird of Jove
> Intrepid, fierce—beget th' unwarlike dove.[1]

It accords well with this doctrine that one who was sixth in direct male descent from Sir Edward Villiers (1585-1626), diplomatist and statesman, and through his grandmother seventh in descent from Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-74), statesman and historian, should develop a strong natural bent towards diplomacy and civil government, and, being well tried in both, should not be found wanting in either.

The earldom of Clarendon, conferred by Charles II. at his coronation in 1661 upon his chancellor Edward Hyde, historian of the Civil War, devolved at the death of the third earl in 1723 upon Henry, grandson of the first earl. This Henry was the son of Lawrence, younger son of the first earl, who had likewise been ennobled by Charles II.; thus when Lawrence died in 1711, Henry succeeded to the titles

[1] Horace, *Odes*, iv. 4, Francis's translation.

of Earl of Rochester (1682), Viscount Hyde of Kenilworth (1681), and Baron of Wootton Basset (1681), and on the death of his cousin aforesaid, he became also fourth Earl of Clarendon, Viscount Cornbury (1661), and Baron Hyde of Hindon (1660). He married Jane Leveson Gower, sister of the first Lord Gower of Stittenham, by whom he had a son Henry, Viscount Cornbury, who was killed in Paris by a fall from his horse six months before his father's death in 1753. Lord Cornbury had married Lady Frances Lee, daughter of the second Earl of Lichfield; but he left no issue; consequently all the honours were extinguished by the death of his father, the fourth earl, on 10th December 1753. Lord Clarendon seems to have handed over all the papers of the first earl to his only son, Lord Cornbury, who bequeathed these to the Bodleian Library, and the bulk of his property to his niece, Lady Charlotte Capel, afterwards Villiers.

Cornbury's eldest surviving sister, Lady Jane Hyde, married William, third Earl of Essex, in 1718, and bore him four daughters, of whom the two elder died in childhood, and the third, Lady Charlotte Capel, was married in 1752 to the Hon. Thomas Villiers, second son of William, second Earl of Jersey, by his wife Judith, daughter and heir of Frederick Herne of London.

Villiers, having entered the diplomatic service, was sent in October 1737, being then eight-and-twenty, as envoy-extraordinary to the court of Augustus III., King of Poland, and in 1740 he was advanced to the post of minister-plenipotentiary to the said Augustus as Elector of Saxony. When Frederick the Great drove Augustus out of Saxony to seek safety in Poland, Villiers followed him, and spent laborious weeks negotiating for peace with Frederick's minister, Podewils.[1] At last, on Christmas Day 1745, these critical *pourparlers* were brought to a close by the signing of the Treaty of Dresden. 'In the eyes of Villiers, I am told,' says Carlyle, 'were seen sublimely pious tears.'[2] Readers are free to speculate whether these tears were

[1] The correspondence—28th November to 18th December 1745—is printed in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 183-216.

[2] Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, iv. 227.

caused by gratitude for peace secured, grief for the humiliation of Augustus, or, physically, by the keen cold of a German midwinter.

However that may be decided, the conduct of these negotiations by Villiers earned him so much favour from Frederick that in January following he was appointed British minister at Berlin. This post he retained for two years, when he retired from diplomacy in February 1748, having been elected member for Tamworth in the previous summer. Pelham took him into his ministry as a Lord of the Admiralty. Then came his marriage as aforesaid, before which his bride, having become lineal representative of the Hyde earldom of Clarendon on the death of her mother in 1724, had discarded the name of Capel and was known as Lady Jane Hyde. It was natural, therefore, that when Villiers was rewarded for his public service by a peerage in 1756, he should receive the title of Baron Hyde of Hindon, with limitation to his heirs male by Lady Charlotte, and, in default of such heirs, to the heirs male of her ladyship's body. Twenty years later, in 1776, Lord Hyde, being then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Lord North's administration, was advanced to be Earl of Clarendon by a new creation.

In 1782 Frederick the Great, mindful of old friendship, decorated Lord Clarendon with the order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, with the further unusual privilege of incorporating it in his shield of arms.

'Permettons à lui et à toute sa postérité pour toujours d'ajouter à ses armoiries de famille l'Aigle Noir de Prusse pour perpétuer à jamais dans sa famille et postérité la mémoire de la satisfaction que nous avons eu de son ministère dans une affaire aussi intéressante pour nous et pour notre état.'[1]

For some unknown reason effect has not been given to this grant by the English College of Heralds, the arms assigned to the Earls of Clarendon of the present line being the paternal coat of Villiers without difference, viz. argent, on a cross gules, five escallops or. Equally unknown is

[1] Diploma signed by Frederick.

Horace Walpole's reason for disparaging Lord Clarendon's merit as a public servant. He ascribed King Frederick's affection for him to that monarch's distaste for able men: 'He has, you know, been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed; but he is a very silly fellow.' [1]

Lord Clarendon died on 11th December 1786, leaving three sons. The eldest, Thomas, succeeded him as second earl, but does not seem to have taken any part in public affairs. Creevey, however, writing on 18th August 1821, has the following about him:

> The Queen [Caroline] appointed as executors of her will Bagot,[2] the minister of this country to America, and Lord Clarendon, and she left them all her papers sealed up. The other day Lord Jersey received a letter from Lord Clarendon begging him to come to him, which he did. He then told him that he was going as executor to open his [Lord Jersey's] mother's papers.[3] The seal was then taken off, and letters from the monarch to his former sweetheart caught Jersey's eye in great abundance. Lord Clarendon then proceeded to put them all in the fire, saying he had merely wished Lord Jersey to be present at their destruction, and as a witness that they had never been seen by any one. Very genteel, this, on Lord Clarendon's part to the living monarch and memory of his mistress, but damned provoking to think that such capital materials for the instruction and improvement of men and womankind should be eternally lost.[4]

Earl Thomas was succeeded by his younger brother, John Charles, who had passed through a much varied parliamentary experience. Lord Camelford presented him in 1784 to the pocket-borough of Old Sarum, which he represented till 1790, being Comptroller of the Household in 1787-90. Next, he sat for Dartmouth from 1790 till 1802, when the Marquess of Stafford secured him as member for the Wick burghs. He continued member for this remote constituency (which certainly he never can have visited) till

[1] Walpole's *Letters* (*curâ* Cunningham), ii. 140.
[2] Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Bagot.
[3] Frances, wife of George, fourth Earl of Jersey. Her relations with the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) are well known.
[4] *Creevey Papers*, ii. 25.

1805. He afterwards sat for Queenborough, a Kentish fishing village with three or four hundred inhabitants, which, like Old Sarum, returned two members to parliament, from 1807 to 1812, and again from 1820 till he succeeded to the earldom in 1824. There is no evidence that John Villiers can be held, as the saying goes, to have 'made his mark' in the House of Commons. In days before parliamentary reporting had been brought to that pitch of microscopic analysis of which modern legislators are the subject, debate was mainly left in the hands of the leaders on either side, and Villiers was probably content to register dumb and docile votes in accordance with party instructions. Sir George Jackson, in his *Diaries and Correspondence*, notices him only as 'a mere courtier, famous for telling interminable long stories'; but his good looks are commemorated in the *Rolliad*, where 'Villiers, comely with the flaxen hair' is compared to Homer's Nereus. His fidelity to Pitt was rewarded by several comfortable sinecures. His father, the first earl, being Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, had already appointed him joint king's counsel in the Duchy Court in 1782, and in 1786, a few months before his father's death, he received the additional office of Surveyor of the Duchy Woods south of the Trent. This office he retained when he was made Comptroller of the Household and a Privy Councillor in 1787, and in 1790 Pitt gave him the rich sinecure of Warden and Chief Justice-in-eyre of the royal forests, parks and warrens, north of the Trent. In the same year he became a Commissioner of the Board of Trade; from 1789 to 1806 he was recorder and under-steward of New Windsor, and in 1794 he received the king's commission as colonel of the first regiment of Fencible Cavalry, with army rank. Next he tried his hand at diplomacy, serving as envoy at the Court of Portugal during the early stage of the Peninsular War—27th November 1808 to 10th January 1810. Undismayed by the deplorable issue of the Coruña campaign in 1809, he strongly urged that the Peninsula should not be abandoned to the French, and shared Canning's belief in Sir Arthur Wellesley as *the* man for the command in Portugal.

Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, M.P., to Charles Bagot, M.P.[1]

LISBON, *9th April* 1809.—If we can but raise a sufficient army, everything will succeed; but the situation is critical beyond imagination; general statements of it, such as a dispatch admits of, give no adequate idea or picture, however true and well founded. Worse than Corunna on the one hand, and the complete liberation and disposal of the Peninsula on the other—depend upon our having such an army from England as we may have almost immediately, aided by Portuguese, whose numbers and conduct depend only upon how many we can arm and how far we can officer them with British officers. . . . It is my decided opinion that Wellesley would almost double any reinforcement.

To enforce his views, Villiers sent home his private secretary, Colonel Bayley, to lay them before Castlereagh and Canning. His choice of an emissary does not seem to have been felicitous.

Right Hon. George Canning to the same.

20th May 1809.—Have you written to Villiers upon his preposterous conduct in sending this young gentleman over here as a living despatch? I am satisfied that if I were to lay this communication before the King I should receive orders to recall him instantly. How far you can venture to hint to the Great V. this view of the subject, you can judge. But I begin to feel my letter was not plain enough, for this letter of Col. B.'s exceeds in impertinence anything I ever read.

Villiers resigned his appointment in 1810. In January 1791 he had married Maria Eleanor, second daughter and co-heir of Admiral the Hon. John Forbes (brother of the fourth Earl of Granard) by his wife Lady Mary Capel, fourth daughter of William, third Earl of Essex. Succeeding his brother as third Earl of Clarendon in 1824, he died on 22nd December 1838, leaving no issue, his only child, Lady Mary Harriet, having died unmarried in 1835.

The Hon. George William Villiers, third son of the first Earl of Clarendon, was born on 23rd November 1759, and married on 17th April 1798 Maria Theresa, only daughter

[1] Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

of John Parker, first Lord Boringdon. She bore to him the following family :

1. George William Frederick, the subject of the present memoir ; b. 12th January 1800, succeeded as fourth Earl in 1838, d. 27th June 1870.
2. Thomas Hyde ; b. 27th January 1801, entered the Colonial Office in 1822, M.P. 1826-31, d. unmarried 3rd December 1832.
3. Charles Pelham ; b. January 1802, M.P. for Wolverhampton 1835-98, a Privy Councillor and President of the Poor Law Board with a seat in the Cabinet, distinguished for his advocacy of the repeal of the Corn Laws, d. unmarried 16th January 1898.
4. Maria Theresa ; b. 8th March 1803, married first, on 6th November 1830, Thomas Henry Lister, author and dramatist. He died in 1842, and she married, secondly, on 26th October 1844, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, M.P., who died 13th April 1863, being then Secretary of State for War. In 1839 Queen Victoria conferred on Lady Theresa and upon the younger sons of her father the rank of an earl's children. She wrote some books of merit, and d. at Oxford on 9th November 1865.
5. Edward Ernest ; b. 23rd March 1806, married 1st August 1835 the Hon. Elizabeth Charlotte Liddell, fifth daughter of Thomas, first Lord Ravensworth. He d. 30th October 1843, leaving by his wife (who d. 15th April 1890) one son and three daughters.
6. Henry Montagu ; b. 4th January 1813, took holy orders and became Bishop of Carlisle in 1856, and of Durham in 1860. He married Amelia Mary, eldest daughter of William Hulton of Hulton Park, Lancashire, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. He d. 9th August 1861.
7. Augustus Algernon ; b. 14th April 1817, and d. a lieutenant in the Royal Navy in July 1843.

Students of heredity might have argued from the lineage of this family that one or more among the seven should rise to distinction. It was a promising blend, for whereas their paternal grandmother was direct in descent through the male line from the royalist chancellor and historian of the great rebellion, their mother was seventh in descent

through the female line from the leader of that rebellion, Oliver Cromwell.[1] Moreover, although their father, the Hon. George Villiers, does not appear to have displayed any commanding or endearing qualities, showing himself mainly, in such of his correspondence as has been preserved, as constantly suffering from bad health and grievously harassed by pecuniary cares, yet his wife, the Hon. Maria Theresa Parker, was a woman of more than common ability, with the gift of expressing herself at great length and perfect lucidity in correspondence. One is accustomed to look for the development of maternal, rather than paternal, qualities in offspring; and this expectation was confirmed in this family. Of the seven children of Mrs. Villiers, no less than five have received recognition in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, a proportion for which it would be difficult to find a parallel outside the royal family.

Of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. George Villiers the only record that seems to have been preserved is contained in Mrs. Villiers's letters to her brother, Lord Boringdon, for whom she had an extraordinary affection, fully reciprocated. Three days after her marriage she describes to him Delrow, a house which her husband rented near Watford, as standing 'in a small garden which will be delightful in a little time from the quantity of flowers it contains. The fields beyond are extremely pretty, and one very great advantage is its being perfectly retir'd and looking as thoroughly in the country as if it was 200 miles from the metropolis.'

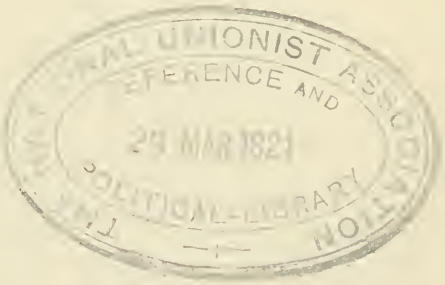
At Delrow Mr. Villiers kept some race-horses and farmed on a pretty large scale (in one of her letters Mrs. Villiers alludes to his anxiety about his four hundred acres of hay). He held an appointment at Court, where he had to take his turn in waiting, besides being deputy-Paymaster of the

[1] Cromwell's fourth daughter, Frances, married secondly Sir John Russell of Chippenham: their daughter Elizabeth married Sir Thomas Frankland of Thirkleby, Yorks; their daughter Mary married Thomas Worseley of Hovingham, whose daughter Frances married Thomas Robinson, first Lord Grantham (d. 1770). The Hon. Theresa Robinson, daughter of Lord and Lady Grantham, married the first Lord Boringdon (d. 1784), and their daughter, the Hon. Maria Theresa Parker, married the Hon. George Villiers.

Marines, under the Board of Admiralty. Later he became Registrar of Gibraltar, Clerk of the Council, Registrar of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Ranger of Cranborne Chace, which appointments he was holding at the time of his death in 1827.

When in London, Mr. and Mrs. George Villiers lived in Upper Grosvenor Street, whence, on 12th January 1800, Mr. Villiers dispatched a note to Lord Boringdon informing him that his sister, 'after ten hours' very severe suffering, had borne a very fine boy,' the subject of the following memoir. In accordance with a fashion set in England under the Hanoverian dynasty, a triplet of baptismal names was bestowed upon the unconscious infant. To the name George he had a hereditary claim ; it had already become as popular under the aforesaid dynasty as that of William was at one time under the Norman kings of England,[1] and he received in addition the names of William Frederick.

[1] In the year 1173 Sir William St. John and Sir William Fitzhamon gave a dinner-party restricted to knights bearing the name of William. The company numbered one hundred and twenty.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CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

'Cet horizon lointain et azuré de la vie qu'on appelle l'avenir.'
Anon.

ALTHOUGH all Mrs. George Villiers's children grew to emulate their mother in the profusion and liveliness of their correspondence, little enough remains to be gleaned about their years of childhood. It is recorded in Mrs. Villiers's letters that little George cut his first tooth on 22nd September 1800, but of his schooldays nothing is known save the bare notice in his matriculation at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816—'educated at Christ's Hospital.' Born in the last year of the eighteenth century, his earliest experience must have been of a country and state of society very different from those with which English children of the twentieth century are familiar. True, that in some districts hedges and hedgerow timber still lend that distinction to English landscape which has been the theme of many a singer—the dream of many an exile.

'Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image in our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.'

But over a great part of the land how great has been the change! Leagues of tranquil landscape have been swallowed up or irremediably defiled by industrial and mineral development; the balance of rural and urban communities has been reversed, with such effect upon the physique of our people and the stability of our institutions as cannot be contemplated without suggesting (and without answering hopefully) the inquiry, *Quo tendimus?*

In social circumstance the contrast between 1800 and 1900

is even more startling, brought about mainly by accelerated travel and communication. When George Villiers the younger was a boy, the standard of speed in travel was exactly the same as it was under Imperial Rome, being regulated by the powers of horses on good roads. And English roads a hundred years ago were very far from good. John Loudon M'Adam had not yet laid upon them his reforming hand; so that the Holyhead mail, the fastest coach out of London, lumbered along at the rate of no more than six miles an hour, and a journey which the Irish express now accomplishes in five hours and a half, occupied two days and two nights in the year 1800. Moreover, travel was not yet devoid of adventure. Delrow was only some seventeen miles from Charing Cross; but the following note from Mrs. Villiers to Lord Boringdon betokens what need there was for going armed.

Delrow, *3rd August* 1800.—My dearest Brother,—I have thought of nothing since I received your letter this morning but your escape from the highwaymen. . . . I am much vex'd it should have happen'd on your return from this place. Thank you a thousand times for your caution, which I assure you will have the desired effect. I am at no time *very* courageous and shall be much less so now, as I find *two servants* are not the security I took them to be.

In these years the prolonged strain of war kept the price of necessaries at an exorbitant pitch, and the labouring classes were suffering severely in consequence. Farmers were accused of holding back their corn to exact even higher prices, and country gentlemen exerted themselves to provide relief for their workmen by breaking the corn ring. Mrs. Villiers writes on the subject to Lord Boringdon at Saltram.

Delrow, *12th October* 1800.—. . . By your letter I imagine that the high price of provisions is the principal subject of conversation in Devonshire, as well as in every other place, and as you seem to have some idea of calling a meeting, I cannot help telling you what has been done here. . . . I believe you let your mill, but perhaps by entering into some agreement with the miller, something of the same sort might be done for your labourers and other poor. Mr. Villiers has taken a great deal of pains in inquiring

into the exact state of the distresses of the poor here, and found that even all his own labourers (who, of course, are very numerous on the farm) who have very high wages compared with other years, were so distress'd that many who have wives and large families live *literally* upon bread and water the whole week, being seldom able to afford cheese, and never having meat but on a Sunday, and that not always. Most of them were in debt to the small shops, who impose upon the poor in a most shameful manner. In short, every family is in a state of poverty and misery they never were in before. Mr. Villiers therefore has ascertained, as nearly as he can, the number of quartern loaves necessary per week for the use of everybody (including their families) who works under him, and distributes that quantity of flour to each every Saturday night at the rate of 10½d. the quartern loaf instead of 15 or 16d., which is the common price now. By this means they are enabled to lay out part of their wages in the purchase of meat, which he also sells them at the rate of 4½d. per pound instead of 7½d., the lowest price asked here for the *worst* pieces of mutton. He is also going to establish a soup shop, to be managed by one of his farming men's wives, where, upon paying a moderate sum, they may have a hot dinner every day. He has also some thoughts of buying cheese in a wholesale way in London, which may be done considerably cheaper than at the little shops here, and retailing it to them at the same price. This is a great article of their usual consumption, and goes a great way.

All this, of course, must be done at a considerable loss, unless the price of things is lowered ; but if every gentleman and every farmer would do this, tradesmen *must* reduce their prices in self-defence. . . . This would certainly answer a much better purpose than obliging your tenants to bring all their corn immediately to market, as it then very probably falls into the hands of speculators and corn factors, and the poor are left as destitute as ever.

I cannot but think that the memory of this and many subsequent years of extreme distress must have had much to do with the strong Whig and Free Trade principles afterwards adopted by young George and all his brothers. Their father was a Tory and a supporter of Pitt ; but it was not from him that their minds received a bent and their characters moulded. Ill health and pecuniary cares—one as

chronic as the other—rendered his authority uncertain and intermittent; it was from the clear-cut intelligence and kindly, but imperious, influence of their mother that they received guidance and imbibed principles of right or wrong. She had lived through those terrible years of stress and scarcity—indefatigable, as her letters show, in schemes for relieving the distress; it was from her, no doubt, that her children learnt to dread any monopoly in the food supply of the people.

The peace of Amiens in March 1802 brought but brief respite; early in 1803 Napoleon was hurrying on preparation for the invasion of England, and counter-preparation was made in every parish to resist him. Lord Salisbury was colonel of the Herts Yeomanry, in which Mr. Villiers commanded a troop. The danger was known to be imminent, but nothing could be farther removed from panic than the attitude of parliament and people. The occasion was grave, indeed, but not so grave as to rob Mrs. Villiers's letters to her brother of their lightsome humour.

31*st July* 1803.—. . . I think you will be amused to hear that Lord Clarendon [1] is come into the troop *as a private*, and some Rickmansworth friends of his come with him. To be sure Mr. V. is not under much obligation to them, as they come in just to save themselves from the parish drills, which might be a more troublesome thing. I mean to go and see them exercise the first time Lord C. appears, as a helmet and a *jacket* made by the Duke of Grafton's tailor must be worth seeing. So great is Lord C.'s fear of any trouble or responsibility that nothing can persuade him to accept even the cornetcy, which is vacant. . . . *I* really am dreadfully alarmed at our present dangerous situation, and I agree with our valiant commander, Lord S[alisbury], who says the preparations on the Continent make one's blood run cold. . . . They fired the guns yesterday for taking St. Lucia.[2] I think it quite a shameful waste of powder to rejoice for such nonsense, when we have so much more serious things at stake. . . .

11*th August* 1803.—. . . Harvest is getting on very fast, and I

[1] Thomas, second Earl.

[2] Largest of the Windward Islands, which, after French and English had repeatedly wrested it from each other, was finally captured by the English in 1803.

begin to hope that Bonaparte will let us finish it before he arrives ; but I own I have a great dread of him.

HILLFIELD LODGE, *2nd October* 1803.—. . . Between Portsmouth and this place we have heard of nothing but invasion, and my apprehensions on the subject are quite reviv'd. There must be fine confusion at the War Office, I fancy, as Mr. V. received an immense pacquet last night containing orders for his troop in case of invasion ; but on opening them found they were intended for another person in another county. . . . Sheridan says if the French land our only chance will be to *lock up* all our generals, as we have none good for anything. Only think of the Duke of Cumberland having the command on the Hampshire coast !

Hillfield Lodge, whence this last letter was written, was a new house whither Mr. and Mrs. Villiers had migrated from Delrow in 1802. It was close to Delrow, and either Mr. Villiers built it or Lord Clarendon had it built for him. They hesitated a long time about the name. The site was known as Sly's Hill, which they dismissed as 'shocking.' They inclined to Villiersberg or Villierschloss, but were quizzed out of that by their friends. Finally they fixed on the harmless, if unromantic, name of Hillfield ; but in 1804 they moved again into rooms provided for them in Windsor Castle, Mrs. Villiers being then in close relations with the Court, and especially attached to Princess Amelia. Once again they changed their abode, King George having assigned Cranborne Tower in Windsor Park as their country residence, and apartments at Kew when the Court was in London. After this arrangement had come to an end, they lived for many years in Kent House, a large mansion in Brompton now swept away, which they shared with the Boringdons.

The first definite information about young George Villiers's education is the entry of his matriculation at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a fellow commoner on 29th June 1816, and described, as aforesaid, as 'educated at Christ's Hospital.' This does not imply that he was a Blue-coat boy, for the custom of the hospital allowed the masters to take private pupils into the school. Warren Hastings received education in that manner, and so,

no doubt, did George Villiers.[1] That he never was more than a day scholar is interesting in view of his appointment in later life as chairman of the Public Schools Commission, to which he was able to bring an open mind. His opinion of the best means of education may be inferred from his having sent his sons to Harrow.

At Cambridge he gave £10 to the Plate Fund in 1820, and was admitted direct to the degree of M.A., without the preliminary B.A., that being his privilege of *nobilis* or *tanquam nobilis*. It was during his time at Cambridge his correspondence with his sister Theresa begins to be interesting—a correspondence which was to endure through life, revealing not only the intense affection that bound together the hearts of the writers, but the confidence which each reposed without reserve in the other's judgment. These letters might fill a large volume, for luckily Miss Villiers disobeyed her brother's reiterated injunction to burn them so soon as read. They refer to every matter that bore upon the happiness, the prospects, the conduct of his sister—how she should behave when she was brought out in London—how she should weigh her own feelings and the merits of her many suitors before deciding upon marriage—all this advice being enlivened by vivid description of current events and punctuated by gifts of books, of little pieces of personal finery, jewellery, etc. Many brothers and sisters have loved each other as deeply as did George and Theresa Villiers; but very few are at the pains to express their feelings so eloquently, forgetful, perhaps, of the legal adage—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*. Here is his account of his first experience at the University:

Cambridge [1816].—My dearest dear Theresa,—Oh! dear-a-me such changes; up at 6 o'clock, no fire, snow upon the ground, so cold—oh dear-a-me!!!

I am afraid you will think this a sorrowful beginning, but I

[1] It is thought probable that he also attended Thomas Hill's school at Kensington, where his brothers Hyde and Charles were day scholars. Thomas Hill (1763-1851) was the father of Sir Rowland Hill, founder of the penny post, and was also a notable character in his own way. He invented a system of short-hand, but was chronically in debt, and was said to possess every sense except common sense. His *Remains* were privately printed in 1859.

must now inform you that I scarcely ever looked forward to a more comfortable, happy time in my life than that which I have every prospect of passing at Cambridge. I only wanted you here to make my *début* more comfortable. I shall now give you some account of what is going on.

In the first place, I have three capital rooms, a delicious bed, lots of tables and common sitting-chairs; but I have also one divine great armchair *en chef*, with two more capital smaller ones as *aides-de-camp* to him. I get up about ½ past 6 A.M., in the chapel by seven, go to the lecture at 8, and come back to breakfast at nine. My *ci-devant* papa and present father [1] has been kind enough to give me the great advantage of preparing for the lectures, etc., by reading with a private tutor whose name is Smith—a very good-natured, fiery-headed fellow. . . . I think you would laugh not a little to see me in my gown and cap, to which I now begin to get accustomed; but at first the gown got between my legs and threw me down. . . . If you ever expect a letter, Miss, you had better write to me 6 or 7 times a week. Adieu, my little dear.

The following extracts from a very voluminous correspondence illustrate the usual course of life at a university, but the sequence is uncertain owing to the letters bearing only the date of the week or month.

. . . I like my mare monstrously. I have now got 4 dogs and a boy; but of course don't say anything about that. . . .

. . . I dare say my brothers have already told you that I made my *début* the other day in tandem-driving, when we went to Newmarket, had a capital good dinner, and came back at night. As soon as Houghton got about half drunk we set off. He insisted upon driving, though he let out he had never even driven a buggy in his life. It was pitch dark and we had no lamps, and I vowed he should not; and as I had got the reins I persisted in driving, the consequence of which was that we came along beautifully in good time. Of course you will not mention a word of this or of that. I am going to a great coursing meeting tomorrow. . . . I am sorry for your amusement to say I have not been once drunk or even the least *intosticated.*

George often mentions his distaste for logic and incapacity

[1] As a boy he had spoken of 'papa,' but as a University man he adopts the more stately style.

for mathematics ; but he had a strong turn for languages, and in after life became a remarkable linguist—no mean advantage in a diplomatist.

. . . I am really reading this term—have taken immensely to German, and hope to have an Italian master soon. In fact the learning of languages is the only thing I have any turn for. . . . The Governor was very kind and amiable before I left Bath about money matters. I told him everything I owed, and he gave me money to pay *something* to everybody, with a promise of paying *all* as soon as he possibly could. It was certainly much the best way to tell him all candidly. . . . Burn my letters always, unless you are *quite* sure they 'll never be seen ; for if not, it destroys one's confidence in writing.

1820.—I am very glad indeed that I have taken my degree, as I am now perfectly independent and do *precisely* what I like—no chapels, halls or exeats. I need never wear my gown at night : in fact I am a gentleman at large, and I 'm sure you 'll be glad to hear that I am *really* reading now. I never read half as hard in my life ; in fact I don't find the day long enough, and at every lesson I can perceive the greatest improvement in my German. . . . We had a dinner in my rooms last night, upon the occasion of our taking our degrees and—got roaring drunk.

Mrs. George Villiers, a thorough woman of the world, having a quick temper, strong feelings, and command of a pen which she allowed to express whatever was uppermost in her thoughts, cherished a passionate love for her two elder sons, George and Hyde. While they were at Cambridge she wrote to them almost daily and at profuse length, keeping them informed of the most trifling incidents at home, and retailing all the talk of the town for their edification. Now a correspondence of such volume and frequency must have taxed severely the resources of these young men had means not been found to relieve them of liability for the postage fee which at that time, and for twenty years later, had to be paid by the recipient, amounting to eightpence or tenpence on every letter from London to Cambridge. Members of both Houses of Parliament, however, enjoyed the privilege of franking, and the immense variety of autographs on the covers of Mrs. Villiers's letters, ranging from

those of royal dukes down to obscure borough members, testifies to the diligence with which she sought for this favour. Indeed she makes frequent reference to the devices whereby she secured the services of her parliamentary acquaintance. A few extracts, taken almost at random from these closely, but clearly, written pages may serve to show the wealth of confidence which united the mother to her absent sons.

Mrs. George Villiers to her sons George and Hyde.

13*th April* 1818.— . . . I send you the *Examiner* newspaper which I sent for in consequence of Mr. Elphinstone telling me of a most absurd thing of Canning's. Some unknown person has written in some of the papers a violently abusive letter to Canning, and he has had the folly to answer it, affixing his name. There never was anything so absurd except, in days of yore, Sir Wm. Draper challenging the unknown author of Junius ! I really cannot conceive how Canning *could* do anything so egregiously ridiculous. . . .

The *Elphie* tells me that Lady Frances Vane is really entrapped into marrying Lord Stewart. Did you ever hear anything so horrible ? an old profligate old enough to be her grandfather. Lord Ashbrooke told me a very funny thing about the Regent. He used, you know, to strap and bandage himself to keep up his *lower stomach*, and lately the doctors have told him this was very dangerous, so he now goes in a state of *abandon* that is vastly engaging. Somebody said he was now indeed a Regent *without restrictions*. . . . I am quite delighted that Greville[1] liked his visit here. I am always predisposed to like any friend of yours, but really his own manner and countenance are exceedingly prepossessing. . . .

16*th*.— . . . Leach[2] tells me that he knows everything about the concerns of Lady Antrim and her daughter, and that the whole story about her being influenced is a fabrication—that the girl is madly in love with Lord Stewart (which he acknowledges is lamentable)—that she was quite determined to marry him before her mother knew a word about it, and that Phelps had behaved admirably[3]—that the Michael Angelos (Mrs. M. A. T. is her

[1] Probably Charles Greville of the *Memoirs* (a lifelong friend of George Villiers); but perhaps his brother Henry.

[2] Sir John Leach (1760-1834), had just been made Vice-Chancellor; he became Master of the Rolls in 1827.

[3] Lady Frances Vane, daughter of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest by his wife Anne, Countess of Antrim in her own right, married Lord Stewart (afterwards third Marquess of Londonderry) in 1819.

aunt) [1] have nailed the marriage by their abuse of the girl for it, and he don't suppose the Chancellor can have just grounds to prevent it, tho' she is a ward in Chancery. Leach tells me that *it is said* (of course not proved) that Hobhouse, Lord Byron's friend, is the author of the anonymous letter to Canning, and that he believed Canning thought himself so sure of his man that he—Leach—thought he was more justified in writing that letter than would appear at first sight. Still, I can't help thinking it the most total abandonment of all sense of dignity, and more like a wild Irishman than an English Cabinet minister.[2] . . .

[*No date*, 1818.]— . . . Upon my word your letters to-day were delicious beyond anything that ever was delicious before. I really believe (tho' it almost appears impossible) that our mutual affection encreases every year and every month and every hour. I do not suppose it is possible for any people to have a greater desire to please each other than we all have, and I feel now ten times more confident (no ! that 's a lie, for it can't be) than ever that you will both work hard from the beginning, not to leave the fagging to the last ; but mixing that hard work with regular and sufficient exercise, without which illness *must* be the consequence. . . . Mix your study and your exercise in due proportion, if only to please me, and I know you will both do anything for *that*. . . . Now adieu, my dearest, dearest boys : how shall I get thro' this term without you ? It is like living with one's limbs torn off. . . .

5*th May* 1818.— . . . Now for an account of the Belinda ball. Your sister was exceedingly well dressed—beautiful pink corsage made after a French pattern of Lady Jersey's, gauze tail given by Emily, a pretty trimming of mine at the bottom, and gauze loop'd up with flowers. Nobody in the room better dress'd, and she was admired to my heart's content. Then think of her luck, getting various spontaneous partners—Charles Trefusis,[3] Henry Disborough, a young Legge introduced by Disbrowe, Robt.

[1] Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., lived in Whitehall, where his house was a well-known rendezvous of the Whigs.

[2] Much of the pamphlet is reprinted in Lady Anne Hamilton's scurrilous *Secret History of the Court of England*, where the authorship is attributed to Sir John Cam Hobhouse. In his reply to it, Canning, dating from Gloucester House on 10th April, addresses the pamphleteer as 'a liar and a slanderer, wanting only the courage to be an assassin.' (See Bagot's *George Canning and his Friends*, ii. 78-80.)

[3] Succeeded in 1832 as nineteenth Baron Clinton.

Gunning,[1] and young Trefusis again, and one quadrille with Charles. Was not that capital for her ? and she really danc'd beautifully. . . . Old Betty Palk [2] told me she was enchanted with Elizabeth's marriage. She had been so miserable the last two years, *and so had he*, and now they were so very happy it was delightful. Elizabeth and Horace Seymour were sitting together upstairs all the evening.

. . . Belinda's ball was crowded beyond all crowds—no never ! but your sister kept out of it very tolerably. The Dukes of Wellington and [*illegible*] were there, as also the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester. . . . The Duke of Cumberland told me the Duke of Kent's marriage was declared ! What becomes of all his fine sentimentality to me about Mrs. St. Laurent.

12*th*.— . . . At first the dancing did not prosper much. The Regent came early, made a great circle, and nobody began for an age. Royalties always spoil balls. He gave me one of his tender squeezes, and afterwards, finding himself next me, spoke to me again and joked about renewing his acquaintance with the Honble. Anne, who he had never seen since my father's days, but the brute beast never took any notice of Thérèse, which made me very irate indeed. He was talking and winking in his blackguard way with Horace Seymour and Miss Palk, and afterwards settled himself for the evening between his two *beau* (or rather *belle*) pots, Lady Hertford and Lady Hampden. After he went, the dancing prosper'd much more. . . . Lady Grantham in a Russian dress transcendently handsome ; Ld. Grantham as Hamlet—very handsome. Lady Essex as Rubens's wife—superb, and really had done it well. One set of quadrille dresses only—2 Lady Molyneuxs,[3] Lady G. Bingham,[4] and Miss Coupmaher—Lord Molyneux,[5] Lord Arthur Hill (the Hottentot Man) [6] and 2 other men I did not know, as Croatians—very splendid. Lord Yarmouth as Henry VIII. in black—no never ! black whiskers and mustachos ! Raikes [7] as a black Hamlet in ditto. When I first stumbled upon him I really made one of Hyde's *éclats de rire* so shamefully I was obliged to beg his pardon. . . .

[1] Succeeded in 1823 as third baronet.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Palk, wife of Sir Laurence Palk, second baronet. Her daughter Elizabeth married Sir Horace Seymour, M.P., 15th May 1818.

[3] Daughters of the second Earl of Sefton.

[4] Youngest daughter of second Earl of Lucan.

[5] Succeeded as third Earl of Sefton in 1838.

[6] Second son of third Marquess of Downshire : succeeded his mother in 1836 as Lord Sandys.

[7] Thomas Raikes (1777-1848) the diarist, who was also a great dandy.

Bradshaw in his Spanish Almack's dress, Clanronald in the dress of his clan, Lord Weymouth in a Polish dress, I think. Lady L. Thynne [1] and Lady E. Campbell [2] both looked very pretty. . . . My first great object was to get myself acquainted with Mr. Thynne . . . and at last I succeeded and had a very long talk with him. . . . He assured me that, without the least flattery, there were no two young men in Cambridge so popular, and so deservedly so, as ye two. There's for you! . . . I introduced him to the Governor and Thérèse; but he don't dance anything but kitchin dances. You should give him a lesson. . . . Lord Clanwilliam was a Swiss peasant, I believe; many more uniforms than fancy dresses. . . . It really was a beautiful ball, and I only wish ye had been there to enjoy it. . . .

3rd November.— . . . The death of Sir Samuel Romilly [3] is not only, in my mind, one of the most melancholy instances of the frailty of everything human, but one of the very greatest national calamities that ever occurr'd. I never knew any man, in public or private life, so universally esteem'd and respected—respected in every sense of the word, for he kept everybody in check by his uprightness—the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Court of Chancery, the Regent and the Parliament. To think that two such men as Whitbread and Romilly should have destroy'd themselves within three years is indeed dreadful! I am perfectly convinced that intensity and continuity of study such as theirs, but particularly Romilly's, can *never* be endured with impunity; it wears the intellect threadbare, and then at the first great shock it snaps, and is gone. Of all men *in* their senses, Romilly was least likely to commit suicide. Eight children! Gracious Heaven! it is enough to deprive *them* of reason too. . . . Fancy seeing them the end of July, both him and Lady Romilly in health and happiness at Lady Jersey's assembly after the election was over.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 19*th November* 1818.—MY EVER DEAREST, DEAR BOYS,—The sound of those examinations nearly give me a *frisson*, only I feel very confident of your success, if you will but feel confident yourselves, and *also* that the examination is the immediate forerunner of OUR WEEK—our week of weeks! . . . The Queen made no will: so her property will be divided among

[1] Second daughter of second Marquess of Bath, married the Earl of Harewood in 1823.

[2] Her elder sister, who had married the Hon. John Campbell (afterwards first Earl Cawdor) in 1816.

[3] Sir S. Romilly, Whig statesman and jurisconsult, committed suicide 2nd November 1818.

the eleven Hopefuls.[1] She quite sunk from the moment they told her of her danger; they think she died much sooner in consequence. How *very* horrible to have such fear of death, at such an age! . . . The shopkeepers say that nobody buys anything; everybody had either provided new some months ago, or wear the old they had for Princess C.[2] I am so glad your coats can be dyed. . . . The newspapers tell us she was a most exemplary, worthy gentlewoman, but slyly intimate she was very unpopular and had a cruel and unjust prejudice against her daughter-in-law, tho' it all proceeded from her love of *vartue*. Well, poor woman, she is gone. She will be no loss. She has been our bitter enemy; but I should like to feel as sure that all my sins would be forgiven me, as that I forgive her. . . .

29*th January* 1819.— . . . I found here a letter from the Duke of Cumberland from Strelitz reproaching me for not writing him word all I hear about the Queen's will and all Windsor changes. I am afraid H.R.H. may wait a good while before I send any of my courtly opinions all over Germany, with the chances of the variety of hands they may fall into.

2*nd March*.— . . . I am really very sorry there is such a gaming turn at Cambridge, not because I am afraid for you, but because it is such sure ruin to so many foolish young men. Uniacke is a neat youth! Can anything be so deplorable as Romilly playing—the only protector to such a large family.[3] Do any of your allies take to playing at all? I hope Greville[4] has no turn that way.

. . . The Governor and Charles went to sleep in the evening, and after I had done looking at *Trusler's Vademecum*, which informed me that Abraham in such a year entertained three angels, and that Adam and Eve were created on Friday October 28th in the year 1, I read some more of the *Quarterly*—the review of a book supposed to be written by that rhodomontador, Major Sir Robert Wilson,[5] on the military and political power of Russia. I am only sorry that I don't see it yet review'd in the *Edinburgh*, which would be diametrically opposite. . . .

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 5*th March* 1819.—I really never was in a much

[1] Queen Charlotte died 17th November 1818.

[2] The Princess Royal, whose husband, the King of Würtemberg, died 30th October 1816.

[3] Sir S. Romilly left six sons and a daughter. The eldest son, William, died unmarried in 1855: the second son John became Master of the Rolls in 1851, and was created Baron Romilly in 1866.

[4] Charles Greville of the *Memoirs*.

[5] 'Jaffa' Wilson, well known as the champion of Queen Caroline.

worse temper, my ever dearest boys, than I was at being prevented from going on with my narrative which I had so comfortably begun this morning; but it could not be helped. I thought I had abundance of time in hand, so had your sister to read; then came old Knyvett, who sat I don't know how long, abused Logier[1] just as we had got the Governor to consent to Thérèse's going; then he very kindly gave them concert tickets for some concert to-morrow, to which however I hope *I* shall not go. Then came Lady Isabella Blackford, and I believe she staid here two hours; then came Jaques, and then came home Charles, who told me I must get ready directly to take him to the Blue Boar at Holborn. . . . Well, now I will go on with my narrative. I went to the Old Music with the Governor and G. Metcalfe—no, *never* was I so bored in all my life; not that the music would have disturbed me much if I might have talked; but if one speaks a word (unless one says bravo! bravissimo!) the old fogrums turn round and call you to account with their eyes. Well, between the acts I got a bit of talk with young Hibbert, with whom I have always a great flirtation, he seems so fond of you. He told me that beast Hooker, who was more busy there than ever, was at his first starting tutor to Lord Francis Conyngham; that he was the most servile hanger-on of all great men and great men's relations; that he then assumed a great enthusiasm about music, and made the Duke of Devonshire believe he was an amazing adept at old music, and so got quite round him.

I got through the bore of the 2nd act, then set G. Metcalfe home, and then the Governor set me down at Almack's, where I had ordered my pupil to be in readiness to receive me, and so she was, and I favor'd her with my company all the evening, for there was no one else I really wish'd to speak to. It was cold, dull, thin and stupid—people there that could not get tickets after Easter, such as John Drummond, his wife and sister, Mr. Bishop Bathurst and daughters, and that sort of thing. Of the old stock—2 Lennoxes, 2 Pagets, 2 Gordons, Miss Campbell and her sister Lady Cumming Gordon,[2] Lady Julia Gore, Miss Nugent, the little family of the Montagues, Lady G. Bathurst, 2 new daughters of Lord Darnley's, 2 Lady Hills, 2 FitzClarences chaperoned by their brother, your friend with whom I had a good deal of talk. He inquired much after you both, and talked a great deal of the Wyndhams—all in praise, of course, and much

[1] A music master.

[2] Daughter of John Campbell of Islay.

about his own accident, of which he talked in the most amiable, good-humored, patient way I ever heard, quite exemplary really. He looks as fat as ever, I think. We were, I believe, the last carriage, and were at home at two. I was heartily glad to get home. Dicky Ball was there, and I saw him dance with one of the Lennoxs, so I suppose that pursuit is not quite hopeless yet.[1] He look'd as pretty as ever, and his mustachos are in good preservation. By the by, who do you think I saw at the Old Music but Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Campbell *and* Lord Weymouth ? Was it not odd ? There was not one patroness at Almack's. Lord Castlereagh was there, though his windows had all been broke by the mob. *Mim* was there, as beauteous as ever.

When I was going with Charles to-day I saw young Whitbread driving his gig, so I fear he is buying horses here, and won't get Stuart's letter. What a sad, sickly-looking brute he is ! . . . Lady Isabella made me a very pleasant visit ; she seemed quite glad to be with us again. I tried to persuade her to enter into society a little, and preached to her a great deal. I don't know if she will mind me, but I 'm sure I 'm right. The Hon. [*illegible*] told me to-day that the Dow. Duchess of Leeds had announced to Lady Emily Pelham Lady Catherine Osborne's marriage with a Capt. Melville of the Lancers.[2] Who or what he is I know not, but it is a Brighton, and not a *very good sounding*, marriage. Only conceive that beast Long Tilney Wellesley being quite a Burdettite.[3] He is sure to try how great a fool he can make of himself. Did I tell you that Sir Geo. and Lady Warrender[4] were really parted, and she gone to French land with only a maid servant ? What a fool to play her cards so ill as that ! . . . By the way, your friend Fox was dancing away prodigiously with the FitzClarence girls. They say Lady B [*illegible*] is in a terrible taking about her lord's death. They were parted, but she never dreamt of his dying, and had always meant to be reconciled *some time or other*. He was only 44, and died in four days of a fever. She is left deplorably, I hear, in point of money matters, and her son is such a horrible scamp there is no depending upon him. Nobody gives that youth a good word. . . . Now God bless you, —Your ever, ever tenderly affectionate old MOTHER.

[1] It did not lead to any definite result.

[2] She married John Whyte Melville of Bennochy and Strathkinnes in 1819, and became mother of the novelist, dying in 1878.

[3] Viscount Wellesley, succeeded as fourth Earl of Mornington in 1845.

[4] She was the youngest daughter of the third Viscount Falmouth, and died in 1871.

13*th*.— . . . Having just breakfasted, I will sit down and give you an account of our last night's frolic. In the first place *Mlle. votre sœur* was exceedingly well drest—the dress she had for Belinda's ball last year and had never worn but then. We went early, because I thought, as she knew hardly anybody, she would be more likely to get partners early than late, and it answered very well, for she sat with the Levret, and Lady Ennismore presented two or three *dancing things* to her, and they all ask'd her to dance. First, that sweet youth Mr. Grono (I believe that 's the way of spelling it, and not *Gros-nom* as he would fain suppose).[1] Is he not a little beast! do tell me something about him. I *can't abide* his looks, and—*entre nous*—I did not like him the better for seeing him decidedly *épris* with poor Tweezy,[2] for he hardly left her the whole evening. Then she danced with Lord Clarina,[3] a gawky young Paddy who, they say, is at Christ Church. Then she waltz'd with a Mr. Campbell (parentage unknown), then a quadrille with Finch, and then that little Grono ask'd her to dance again, which she did. The next she rested, and then there was going to be one more (past 2 o'clock) and the little beast was going to ask her again, which determined me to come away, which I did, and she was quite of my opinion. Don't you think I was right? To be sure my vanity was *a bit up* last night, for you have no idea how she was admired. . . . Lord Winchilsea got up to tell the Governor the moment he came into the room how he and Miss Finch had been sitting to admire her dancing; it was the most beautiful thing he ever saw. . . . I 'll tell you who was there, and dancing *comme quatre*, which was Lord Weymouth, and dancing (tell Lord Jacky[4]) with Lady Caroline Churchill, who is sadly gone off and growing into housekeeper shape like Mama. . . .[5] The Dunalleys were there, and she did admire Tweezy so. In short, *en fait de plaisir*, I am sure there is no fun equal to going out with one's daughter that is liked and admired. . . . Mr. Lathom told me a horrid thing that happened to Arthur Upton.[6] He was putting on his boots, had no boot-hook at hand, took a shut razor to pull it on with, forced the cutting part thro' the back, which cut off two fingers, and *so badly*, that amputation of the hand is necessary to save his life. . . . I forgot to tell

[1] Probably Captain R. H. Gronow (1794-1865), a Regency dandy, and author of four volumes of reminiscences.
[2] Her daughter Theresa.
[3] Third baron, b. 1798, d. 1872.
[4] Lord John Thynne.
[5] Lady Caroline married Mr. David Pennant in 1822 and died in 1824.
[6] General Upton, third son of first Lord Templetown.

you how much the Governor has talk'd of your going out to read. I will tell you the whole secret of it, if you won't betray me. The Governor don't acknowledge it to me, but I see it all. He wants to eat his cake and have it too. He would be very glad for you to take an honor, *but* can't bear to lose your society—that 's the truth—and so he puts it in this way, that it would be much more expense than he could afford. Then he has twice seen the bad effects of very hard reading with you, and that all the honors of the University would not compensate to him for your being ill at Keswick. . . . I find he won't name it to John or Lord C.[1] for fear they should offer to pay the expense, and he can't bear your going. . . . There 's the carriage !

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 23*rd March*.—MY EVER DEAREST BOYS,—Before the post comes in I will begin my letter, for I always feel fidgetty till I secure *that*. . . . After I finished my letters yesterday I took your sister to Logier's (N.B. you will be lucky when you come if you get a word edgeways to be heard amidst the Musicomania that now prevails in this house). Seriously, I do think Logier's invention is perfectly invaluable. Your sister has only had six lessons—value twelve shillings—and she thinks herself she has learnt more of the science of thorough bass, &c., than she would probably have done in six months with a master twice a week at ½ guinea a lesson. . . .

I came home and exerted my lungs in reading ' Marriage ' to the company, and then dress'd and made the Governor go with me to Sarum's, which really for once I liked very much ; I saw so many people I knew and liked, most particularly Greville and Thynne. For the former I somehow feel quite an affection, chiefly because I know he is so fond of you, and partly because he seems so fond of me. He was *not* at the Opera on Saturday. Young Fox was there,[2] who ask'd a great deal about you. I hear that sweet woman, his mother, treats him like a dog, and quite worries him out of his life. Then I saw Master Whyte Melville, the bridegroom elect. Pray find out something about him at Cambridge, for he left Trinity not two years ago. He is a good-humor'd likeness, I think, of young Lord Uxbridge.[3] Lord Graves [4] was there ; General Ramsay (my love), the de Bourkes, the Dunalleys, and a long etcetera of fashionables. Lord Bath

[1] Her husband's two brothers.

[2] Charles Richard Fox (1796-1873), son of Lady Holland by the third Lord Holland, whom she afterwards married.

[3] Afterwards second Marquess of Anglesey.

[4] Second baron, married youngest daughter of first Earl of Uxbridge.

and Lady Louisa—and fancy Lord Bath articulating at least 5 sentences to me! Then *the present* Lord Camden [1] ask'd a great deal about you and your degree, &c. &c. Young Disbrowe was there; he looks so melancholy I quite love him for it. Then Miss Johnes was there, and from her I heard that General Cuyler's place is really to be let,[2] so there 's an end of all that happy establishment. The brothers and sisters are to live together; none come to town this year, but all go to the Johnes's in Shropshire in June. Old Ross was there, who told the Governor that when he pass'd the evening with poor old Cuyler the night of the Hitchin ball he had talked to him a great deal about his own affairs and his children, and said he thought himself the happiest man in the world, his children were so much all that he could wish. To be sure, the happiness of this world is *rather* uncertain! . . . I hope the hydrostatics will not *really* make your poor old noddle swim again, my dearest love. To-morrow se'ennight—*that* sounds pretty to be sure! Oh dear, how very fine! . . . The Governor is going to ride to the Grove to-day, and returns to-morrow. Tweezy and I go to Lady Ashbrooke's this evening, and perhaps if Lady Dunalley will go, I may go on to Mme. de Bourke's. I introduced Greville to Lady Dunalley because she is such a very lively, pleasant person.[3] I feel quite sorry you did not get on with her more, dear G. . . . Lord Jacky talks of nothing but his travelling into Italy, and, as George won't go with him, he thinks he shall go with Wodehouse! Much good they will do, to be sure, and much advantage they will see things with!—Your ever and ever affectionate,

MOTHER.

Wednesday se'ennight!!! Almack's! mum! French play! hum! [4]

24*th*.— . . . Greville [5] sat with me above half an hour and was very pleasant; but I think he is *irrevocably* idle, which I am quite sorry for, because instead of being a man eminent in any way in which he might chuse to distinguish himself (which I am sure he has the abilities for), he will be a trifling, insignificant person. . . . Lord Winchilsea and Finch came to ask the Governor and me and Tweezy to dinner on Wednesday next the 31st. I accepted,

[1] Second earl and first marquess.

[2] General Sir Cornelius Cuyler.

[3] She was a daughter of Dominick Trant of Dunkettle, and died a few months later, 15th October 1819.

[4] Amusement for her sons, who were coming home for the Easter vacation.

[5] Charles Greville of the *Memoirs*.

without considering the day—first that you come home, and then the Old Music. However, upon reflection Lord W. is such a prime favorite that I thought the Governor would for once give up the Old Music for him ; and then I set my wits to work for you to be ask'd, and how d' ye think I did it. I ask'd *apropos de bottes* : ' Pray, Mr. Finch, do you belong to Almack's ? '—' Yes, I do ; but I shan't go to-night.'—' Oh, I only want to know how it is about the sets, whether this is first or last, because my sons will want a subscription next week.'—' When do they come ? '—' Next week,' replied I (N.B. *tact* not to say Wednesday !) ; upon which Lord W. immediately jump'd up and said—' Do you think they will be here on Wednesday ? '—' Yes,' replied I, *coolly*, ' I believe they come Monday or Tuesday.'—' Oh, do pray ask them to come. I shall be *so* happy if they will come. I quite long to see them.'—' Oh, I 'm sure they will be delighted to come,' replied I, as if I had never thought of it before. Was not that done *en maître* ?

26*th*.— . . . I have no provision of franks for to-day, so I shall send this once more to Horace Seymour. . . . I shall send to Lord John [1] for franks for to-morrow, as he told me nothing pleased Lord Weymouth so much as franking, so I 'm sure I may indulge him.[2] . . .

Young George Villiers had entered his twenty-first year when an opening presented itself for his admission into the diplomatic service, Lord Castlereagh having offered in April 1820 to attach him to the embassy of Sir Charles Bagot, Minister at St. Petersburg. It seemed at first as if this proposal would have to be declined, for George's father wrote to Bagot saying that he would not be able to meet the necessary expense if the nomination were accepted. ' If such is the case,' he concludes, ' however great my disappointment may be, I must meet the state of things as they exist.'

It is not clear how this difficulty was got over ; probably George's bachelor uncle, Earl Thomas, came to the rescue, for George was fairly launched in diplomacy, and in the following year received the following kindly letter from the said uncle in reply to one he had written from St. Petersburg :

[1] Lord John Thynne (1798-1881), afterwards rector of Blackwell, Somerset, and canon and sub-dean of Westminster.

[2] Peers and members of the House of Commons had the privilege of franking, not only their own letters, but also those of other people.

The Grove, 12*th February* 1821.— . . . Nothing can be more grateful to one's feelings than your detail of those little circumstances and pictures of the place to which you were writing. They show how much you were with me when you were writing; and it is the remembrance and notice sometimes of *little* things which bring hearts the nearest together.

I am glad to hear you say that you look with satisfaction to the utility of your present situation. I am *sure* you will turn it to the best advantage; and I have no fears that the charm of foreign manners and customs, nor the wisdom of foreign governments, will wean you from a partiality to your own country. If I did entertain such fears, I should wish you as ignorant of diplomacy, *purchased at such a price*, as many a Secretary of State has been who has unfortunately filled that office: *more* ignorant than that, I believe, is not necessary for my sentence.

I was very sorry to hear lately a bad account of Sir Charles Bagot's health. How very fortunate you are in your connexion with such a man! Perhaps, from what I have heard, he would use very nearly the same words in speaking of *you*.

I can tell you nothing out of *my Tub* of worldly events, which are not much better described to you from home. As to the Queen [1] (and few letters, I suppose, are without some remarks upon her subject) nor wisdom, nor folly, nor something worse, have yet settled the point whether *cretâ an carbone notanda*. I think John Bull *rather* less fond [of her] than he was. . . . Do not take from a pleasant hour or from one of business *any* minutes for me; but if an idle one *should* ever occur, give me a little of *that*, and let me have the pleasure of hearing something from yourself, however little, however unimportant it may seem to yourself to be.

And now, my dear amiable George, adieu! My love and every good wish attend you. C.

As in all periods of absence from home, so from St Petersburg Villiers kept in full and frequent correspondence with those at home. To his mother he wrote by every mail, letters intended for circulation in the family. These have disappeared; but his sister Theresa was, as ever, the repository of his innermost confidences. To his brother Edward, aged sixteen, he addressed the follow-

[1] Queen Caroline, for whose divorce proceedings had been taken in the House of Lords.

ing sage counsel from the commanding eminence of two-and-twenty :

St Petersburg, 23*rd March* 1822.—I am really ashamed to take up my pen to write to you, my dear Edward, I ought to have done it so long ago. Your birthday, tho', has roused me to a sense of shame, and I must now try and *reparer mes torts* towards you. And first, by wishing you many, many happy returns of this day, and assuring you of my very sincere hope that you may enjoy all the happiness in this transitory life that can befal any individual. And really, my dear Edward, when one considers how much your happiness depends upon yourself, there is every reason to hope you may enjoy your full portion. I am convinced we have each of us had *an evil year* or two in our lives, when we have each in our turn been idle, obstinate and provoking. You have had yours as well as the rest, but it 's now gone by, and I am sure you 'll be rejoiced to hear how very fully my B.[1] bears witness to it. While you were at Bath, I received no letter from her but what contained praises of you and of your manly and amiable conduct. What signifies if Charles treats you like a boy ? The shewing that you mind it only encourages the repetition. You should be above all that, my dear fellow. I can quite conceive to anybody that has seen anything of the world or that knows *what 's what*, the returning to the Charterhouse must have been most irksome ; but I can't tell you how I think you show your sense, not only by returning there, but by profiting by it.

You must know just as well as I can tell you what devilish bad prospects we have *dans ce bas monde*, both from the *number* and *poverty* of us, the difficulty of getting on in any profession nowadays, and the very slender means—to say nothing about inclination our relations have of assisting us.[2] Therefore, my dear E., if you don't wish to starve, make up your mind to whatever profession you think you are most likely to succeed in, and begin upon it *cœur et âme*. Don't wait till experience makes you repent not having done it. I think you have always been far above your years, and I am sure that you will see the absolute necessity of not losing your time, as well as the ground you have

[1] His mother, whom her children used among themselves to call 'the Queen Bee.'

[2] Edward's uncle, John, afterwards third Earl of Clarendon, defrayed the cost of his education at Charterhouse and Cambridge, and gave him a home at the Grove.

already gained, between your leaving school and going to college or entering upon some profession, which it is become quite a fashion, really, to do. From 14 to 17 ought to be the most useful, and are generally the most wasted, in a young man's life ; which may perhaps be natural at a period when he is too old for school, too young for college, and when his own good sense doesn't yet point out this sad mistake to him ; but they are years not to be recalled.

It is certainly putting myself in rather a new light, coming Uncle John over you ; but I assure you I would not have done it if I didn't know you would feel obliged to me for it hereafter, and that you are not so boyish as to quiz advice because it comes from one but little older than yourself. Moreover, if *you* have any [advice] to give *me* in return, I shall most gladly receive it.

The Governor, I hear, has a plan for your going abroad to some French town. I think this an exceedingly bad plan. It will be great expense (and no tick !) to him ; it will not be qualifying you either for Church, Law, State or College ; your regular studies for any of these will be interrupted, and what will you have to compensate for this ? A little French, which the probable number of resident English (in almost every town of France) will very much impede. I really can't see that it will answer to you in any way.

Do write to me, my dear E., and tell me your prospects, or rather your projects. If any advice of mine can ever be useful or agreeable to you, I need not say how gladly you shall have it. I am delighted at your influence at the Grove,[1] and that any one of the family has made any sort of footing there. For goodness' sake don't lose sight of that, and as his generosity is certainly not scattered among us, I hope it will at all events be centred in you. Don't let him marry Eliza, that 's all, and don't spare him, for it 's only spent on such beggars as Leach and Stevenson. What 's Lord Essex about now, and what says report about his daughter, Arthur Capel ? [*sic*] [2]

As for me, I continue to like my sojourn here well enough, tho' I confess I shall not be sorry to see England again. I read a good deal, and I hope I am really making progress. Hyde seems become an immense orator and Charles an immense mathematician. I wish it was all immensely profitable as well as creditable. Do you know young Cayley at the Charterhouse ?

[1] The residence of his uncle Thomas, second Earl of Clarendon.

[2] The fifth Earl of Essex succeeded in 1799 and died without issue in 1839. This seems to be an ironical allusion to his nephew Arthur Capel, who succeeded as sixth Earl.

What sort of fellow is he? I know his father very well here. Now good-bye, my dear Edward, and believe me, your most truly affectionate brother, G. V.

Numerous friends kept him apprised of doings in London; but it must be owned that the gossip was not uniformly of an edifying character.

Henry Greville to George Villiers.

3*rd October* 1821.— . . . Lady Glengall is more like a gnat than ever: she worries one to death to do something—to belong to some damned party of pleasure that is certain of wearing one to death. . . . I have been interrupted by a procession of the St. Pancras parish, consisting of 74 carriages-and-four filled with the most charming people you ever saw. I never saw such b——s, or such animals by way of *gentlemen*, all wearing the Queen's picture round their necks. They or the Queen must have plenty of money to pay for the ribbands with which they are all decorated—white, an emblem of her virgin purity! Her Majesty says she never committed adultery but *once*, and that was with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert. This is severe enough, but cleverly thought of at this crisis. . . . Lady Harrowby[1] has been at Sandon : . . she is such a dear creature. As to Mary,[2] she is just like what Mrs. T. C. says of her—a little bird that has got some dirt into its mouth and spits it out. She has *de l'esprit* for all that, though not the knack of communicating it agreeably. I have dined at Knightsbridge lately several times. I am extremely fond of your mother, she is so warm in her manner and goodnatured to one. . . . Miss Lloyd and the Crewes and Grevilles (with the exception of your humble servant) have all quarrelled and don't speak, owing to the Crewe children. She, however, has carried her point and takes care of them. The Bathursts are at Brighton, and Worcesters and Foxs. Worcester[3] has had an execution in his house, which Raikes settled. He [Worcester] is such a goodnatured fellow it is impossible not to like him. Charles[4] is at Newmarket, having been in Yorkshire. He won £400 at Doncaster, so that if fortune smiles at Newmarket he will do very well. . . . What a sad thing it is that nobody

[1] Wife of the first Earl of Harrowby, and daughter of Granville, Earl of Stafford.
[2] Lady Mary Ryder, married the Rt. Hon. W. Saurin in 1828.
[3] Afterwards seventh Duke of Beaufort. [4] Charles Greville.

comes to woo chez the Bathursts. I think poor dear Emily is quite a hopeless case.[1] What a pity it is that Hyde does not try to get on with them. . . . He thinks they don't like him, and indeed I don't see how they can be very fond of him when he takes no pains to please them. . . . I am very glad that you have got somebody that is amiable and goodnatured to belong to at St. Petersburgh. You appear to be particularly lucky in your society. What sort of women do you find there? Are they decent?

George Villiers to his sister.

St. Petersburg, *8th March* 1822.—Though I have *par dessus les oreilles* to do to-day, my ever dearest Thérèse, I should think that my affairs for the whole year would go badly if I was to put off even till to-morrow writing to you. Not that I think it necessary to go through the forms of wishing you many happy returns and hoping you may live to enjoy many, or that when two people love each other as you and I do that it is necessary to repeat the assurance of it; but somehow or other my love and veneration for this day has been gradually increasing for the last 15 or 16 years, and though I have nothing new to say upon it, or any new way of expressing how very dearly I love you, my dearest, yet I cannot help feeling each succeeding time how much it is the day of days—*the* day of the year. Ye Gods! what fools people are who say that absence diminishes affection. I feel that absence not only teaches one more thoroughly to appreciate the person one loves, but one recalls to mind and enjoys 10,000 little things that pass unobserved in daily intercourse; and there is no day that some trait or action of yours doesn't present you as perfectly to my mind's eye as if I had seen you yesterday. Each day I feel the *besoin* and pleasure of this more. Sometimes I think it wrong to love anything human so very much; yet how is it possible not to adore such virtues as yours, my dearest T., and not to rejoice at them for you, as well as feel proud of them oneself? I should not say this to you if I thought you would take it for flattery, or that I myself was prejudiced; but *is there* such a daughter or sister or friend? is there a better heart or a more thoroughly kind, amiable being existing? and when I feel *certain* there is not, can there be any harm in adoring you as I do, and in thanking God that he has given us all such a blessing. . . . I could go on for hours talking in this sort of way, and yet

[1] Lady Emily Bathurst married Sir F. Cavendish Ponsonby in 1825.

could only tell you what you knew before—how dearly I love you, and how entirely you are the blessing and comfort and happiness of us all.

To descend now from great things to small. I am most heartily glad of this going out with Lady M.[1] for many reasons. In the first place, I like the kindness, and I love them tenfold for it. Then I enjoy your dining out; there is no such good and agreeable way of getting on in the world and making friends as that. You go into more *petites sociétés* of clever people. . . . I confess to you that if I thought there was any man in the world worthy of you, I should much like to see you married this year. . . . I think you are now of an age when it would make you very happy yourself; in fact, I can fancy no one more so than you with a man really worthy of you (whose existence, by the by, I much doubt). Your ideas and mine upon this subject are so very much alike (even to a fault, perhaps, for I think we both of us have imagined a much more perfect being for you than will, I am afraid, be found) that there is little use in my saying anything about it, except that God forbid you should ever marry a man whom you don't feel *quite* sure about liking, and upon whom you can't with perfect safety place your affections. God forbid you should have the *shadow of a doubt* about the man you marry! I know that my happiness this summer depends upon your continuing the same unreserved confidence to me, and telling me not only all you *do*, but all you think. No detail can ever be too minute.

St. Petersburg, 24*th October* 1822.— . . . *Dieu soit loué!* I am not very subject to blue devils and blue vapours, otherwise I might at times really indulge them here; for tho' my life is very pleasant as times go, tho' I am in an agreeable house and (tho' I say it) tho' I am excessively *bien vu* in society here—yet somehow or other my prospects of advancement are so very small that I cannot but look upon these best years of my life as wasted, inasmuch as they lead to nothing—away from all I love and like, unable to make or improve acquaintances that may be useful to one hereafter, and with those who are able really to serve one it's always out of sight out of mind. And all for what? £200 a year, unless Lord M[orley] can get *L. L.* to do something for me. . . . I intend improving myself enormously in German and Italian. . . . Are you much in debt now? I am. I can't come it at all here on £400 a year. . . .

[1] Miss Villiers was taken out in London by her aunt, Lady Morley.

The health of Mr. Villiers had proved a constant source of anxiety to his wife during their early married life ; advancing years brought him no relief ; pecuniary anxiety and the difficulty of providing for a rising family made him very irritable, and the title of ' the Governor,' by which his wife and children always referred to him in their intimate correspondence, suggests that he had won more awe than affection from them. Mrs. Villiers never allowed domestic worries to weigh down her spirit. Her boy Hyde took smallpox, whereupon she writes to George as follows :

45 Brompton Row, 28*th February* 1823.— . . . On Tuesday Dr. Ainslie advised vaccination for all the others. The Governor was out, and Lady Morley very goodnaturedly took Thérèse to Copeland, who engaged to do it for her and all the others the next day, and thought it indispensable. This produced *such* a storm with the Governor—no never ! To be sure, *entre nous, that* does grow worse every day, and the superfluous quantity of unhappiness it creates to himself and others is dreadful ! I take now to being savage in return as the only plan. . . .

It must not be imagined that Mrs. Villiers's letters were often in this somewhat desponding strain. Quite the contrary ; she kept her absent son informed of all that was likely to amuse and interest him. One receives the impression of a warm-hearted woman of high courage and active intellect.

2*nd January* 1823.— . . . Tierney[1] read me a funny letter from somebody, but he would not tell me who, respecting Canning—very much *à la* washerwoman, all *mangling* and *ironing*, saying how he pleased his sovereign, made friends of everybody, had no enemies, had established the peace of Europe, had knocked the Holy Alliance on the head, had saved Spain, was going to protect the Greeks against both Turks and Russians, and had now nothing left to do but to save England, to which he had not yet turned his mind. . . .

The Grove, 6*th January* 1823.— . . . One whole fortnight have I now been without a letter from my own beloved, and that does not at all suit the irritability of my nerves, particularly as I have

[1] George Tierney (1761-1830), Treasurer of the Navy in Addington's Ministry, refused to serve under Pitt in 1804, led the Whig opposition 1817-21, and took office in Canning's coalition 1827.

nobody but the firm of Hume,[1] Creevey [2] and Co. to maledict upon. . . . Here we are still, dearest George, and I think in nearly as bad a way as to house and home as when I wrote last. The Earl,[3] as I believe I told you, proposed our staying here till the beginning of the week, and we reckoned that by to-morrow we should have got comfortably into our Rumford château. . . . Well, last night arrives Sir Peter Buswell express from Hyde, saying that the house-agent is a gay deceiver, that the house was destitute of all necessary implements and utensils for kitchen, breakfast, dinner, etc., and servants' blankets, and he would not conclude the agreement in consequence: in short, I much fear it 's a bad concern; but the vicinity to Kent House, the cheapness—5½ guineas a week—and, above all, our not having any other hole wherein to put our heads, determined us to beg Hyde to do the best he could, to try to get the house agent to do some things and we would do others, etc. etc., and so to have it ready for us on Wednesday, when we must turn out from here, because the Earl is going to old Pantaloon Bridgewater's,[4] and we must not stay here because Stevenson—that old pompous fool Stevenson—goes too!

To be sure, a duller fortnight I never passed. It is *d'une tristesse à toute épreuve.* I don't care about society one straw when I am at home, because I either sit down *to have a good hour with George*, or tuck myself and my books into the fire, or have my talk with Turegg, etc. etc.; but here one must be always upon one's pins, making conversation, frightened out of my life at every word the Governor utters, lest it should be something he had better not say; and really, wonderful as it may sound, he always does suggest the thing one wishes he would not. Then that nasty, vulgar, impudent, impertinent toad Eliza, who is always there in an evening and who makes me sick to look at. . . . That old beast Essex [5] has decidedly some twist about us, but what the dewce he means by it heaven knows. He has never returned our visit or asked us to his house.[6] Now as one knows that all his actions go by the rule and measure of some quarrel or affront, real or imaginary, one is quite sure he has some stupid huff in his own mind, and I think it so particularly impertinent

[1] Joseph Hume, M.P. [2] Thomas Creevey, M.P.

[3] The writer's uncle, first Earl of Clarendon.

[4] General John Egerton, seventh Earl of Bridgewater, died 21st Oct. 1823.

[5] William Anne, fourth Earl of Essex, whose sister, Lady Charlotte, had married the first Earl of Clarendon.

[6] Cassiobury Park is closely adjacent to the Grove.

considering my civility to his daughters. . . . I owe him a greater grudge just now, I own, because a few days at Cassiobury would have been so convenient just now, and agreeable also from the Tierneys being there. . . . [*Here follow several pages, partly in cipher, of miscellaneous gossip.*] The principal news of the day, I suppose, is the elopement of that wonderfully travelled high-churchman (so recently deemed a fit—and the only fit—representative of the extreme high church of Cambridge) Bankes [1] with Lady Buckinghamshire. She is young, rather particular-looking in dress and face, tho' prettyish, and had a strong case of flirtation with him all last year. I can't recollect who she was, but I know I have heard that her family traced their descent in a strait line from King Alfred, and I believe all eat oatcakes in honour of him. . . . I have just been so interrupted by visits I must curtail my letter. First, Tierney, but he told me no news, only that I was wrong about Lady Buckinghamshire. She was a natural daughter of Sir Arthur Pigot's.[2] He (Lord B.) was originally a clerk in one of the public offices, but on coming to the title retired from public life. He perceived improper intimacy between Bankes and Miladi, brings an action against him, and employs Scarlett (his Cambridge opponent) [3] against him! . . . Everybody is furious at Mr. Coke [4] and Mr. Wodehouse's resolutions in Norfolk being all quashed by Mr. Cobbett. It is just serving Coke right: he lit the fire, and is now angry and surprised at fresh coals being heaped on. Cobbett goes for the confiscation of all Church property to pay the National Debt. . . .

Brompton Row, 12*th January* 1823.—Is it not a day of days—*the* day of the century—my own best beloved! the day that has given me a blessing which I would not exchange, whatever might be our distress, for all other worldly advantages, riches, or treasures that could be offered to me. . . . I remember that, having lost my first child, I made a very sapient resolution not to grow very fond of you. I think my virtue held out for nearly 24 hours, and Heaven knows there has been very little of that sort in me since. . . . There is a certain Colonel Stewart, son of the famous Dugald

[1] William John Bankes, M.P. for Cambridge University, which seat he lost to Lord Palmerston in 1826. Samuel Rogers esteemed him equal to Sydney Smith in conversational vigour. He died in 1855.

[2] She married secondly Mr. David Wilson in 1854, thirty-five years after her first marriage.

[3] James Scarlett (1769-1844), Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1834, created Baron Abinger 1835.

[4] W. Coke of Holkham, M.P., created Earl of Leicester in 1837, died in 1842.

Stewart of Edinburgh, who they say is very clever. He was selected to measure the Nepaul mountains. . . . He seems to be a man that knows an amazing deal about the pre-Adamite world, but I fancy his knowledge is scarce as to what has happened *since* the flood. The consequence is that he has wanted to marry Miss Mellish . . . and he sets about his persecution in the most ungentlemanlike manner—watching and waylaying her so that she cannot go and take a walk but at the risk of his walking with her, and comes and sticks himself in her opera box, etc. etc., she snubbing him most brutally. The other night she was obliged to get Edward [1] to protect her from him.[2]

. . . I wish with all my heart Charles was to take orders. I cannot help thinking it would do him so much good.[3]. . . Lady Granville Somerset is, you know, a Smith (Carrington), and is, I fancy, very odd, saying whatever comes uppermost. All his family like her so much, and they expect a little *Gobbo* soon.[4]

BROMPTON ROW, 31*st January* 1823.— . . . If you don't find my ideas very well collected to-day you must not wonder, for I have been justly punished for an intended trick and have had *such* a fright, which has ended in nothing, but has half killed me for the time. I believe I told you of a horrid Col. Stewart who has been plaguing the Mellish to death, and we at last persuaded her to write him a letter to desire he would no longer consider himself of her acquaintance; and we thought as Hyde [5] had twice aided and abetted in getting him out of the Mellish opera box, it would be very good fun to write Hyde a challenge from Col. Stewart. I wrote the letter: Miss Smith copied it, and it was brought in due form. He bit completely, and we of course meant to watch him that he should not go out. Conceive our horror at finding he had slipped out of the house without our knowing it! No, never can I forget the horror! for I dreaded his going to this madman, and a duel *in* reality being produced. However, Montagu [6] found him at Kent House, and all was well; but our excessive fright and the

[1] Mrs. Villiers's fourth son.

[2] Colonel Stewart was not responsible for his actions, having had sunstroke in India which affected his intellect. After his father's death in 1828 he began writing his life, but suddenly burnt all the papers, journals, etc., which he had collected for the purpose.

[3] Had Charles Villiers fulfilled his mother's wish in the choice of a profession, Free Trade would have been deprived of one of its most effective champions.

[4] 'Little Gobbo' became Granville Somerset, Q.C., who died in 1881.

[5] The writer's second son, d. in 1832.

[6] Afterwards Bishop of Durham. At this time he was only ten years old.

Governor's excessive rage has entirely *bouleversé* every idea I ever had. . . . The girl Georgiana Lennox[1] is making an immense set at Henry Fox,[2] but the Madagascar Princess[3] will never allow *that* to *tirer à conséquence*. . . . I hear Lord Ilchester is going to marry Miss Wynn, niece to Lady Grantham, and sister to your Cambridge acquaintance ; and Lord Prudhoe, the D. of Northumberland's brother, is going to marry the eldest girl Liddell.[4] How matrimony runs in some families ! . . . Old Lady Georgiana Morpeth[5] has produced another daughter, being the 12th child ! There ought to be acts of Parliament to prevent people having more children after they become grandmothers. . . .

Brompton Row, *7th February* 1823.— . . . On Tuesday I went to the House of Lords to hear his lordship[6] move the address. No two fools were ever more nervous than Lady M[orley] and me : however, he *tiré'd* himself *d'affaire* unkimmon well. He spoke for full 50 minutes, and yet of all the things I ever saw *I* should have thought it the most nervous, for Canning, Charles Ellis, Ward, Morpeth, etc. etc., were all by the throne to hear him. Lord Granville just behind him, Lord Liverpool by the side of him. I thought he did beautifully ; but, as I had never heard any *sensational* speaking, I was anxious to judge by comparison, and I was peculiarly fortunate, for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Liverpool both spoke, who are both *censés* to be capital speakers, and then I was quite *quite* satisfied that his lordship had done very well indeed. The seconder was poor Lord Mayo : why on earth they got such a stick Heaven knows ; but, after having boggled out a few words which nobody heard, he coolly took his speech out of his pocket and went up to the candle on the table, and tried to read it, which he could barely do. It really was lamentable. Then that very queer man Lord Stanhope spoke and thumped the table prodigiously ; but, as we were behind Tommy Tyrwhitt's curtain,[7] and his back was to us, we heard very indistinctly. . . . Lord Ellenboro' (who, you know, is a fine recruit to the Opposition *because Canning fills Lord Londonderry's place*) got up, having evidently prepared a speech of which he was proud, and deter-

[1] Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, married in the following year to William, twentieth Baron de Ros.

[2] Afterwards fourth Lord Holland: married in 1833 Lady Mary Augusta, daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry.

[3] Lady Holland. [4] Neither of these marriages took place.

[5] Wife of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, and daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

[6] Mrs. Villiers's brother, who had been promoted to an earldom in 1815.

[7] Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Black Rod.

mined to fire it off at all rates, and so he got up and harangued just as if Lord Lansdowne had not gone over all the same ground before, and had not been fully answered by Lord Liverpool.

BROMPTON ROW, 21*st February* 1823.— . . . I am sending you the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, as it contains the article which entirely and completely knocks up O'Meara and his book.[1] It is so very satisfactory I am quite delighted with it, for no assertions, however well attested or backed up by whatever credible witnesses could have been found, could have been one quarter so good as the man being condemned *de fond au comble* by his own letters. I don't quite like the article throughout; there is too much personality towards Buonaparte; for, as there always must be many, many people devoted to and enthusiastic about him, that sort of scurrility only gives a handle to those who will be very loth to admit the contradiction of O'Meara's assertions, and therefore I am sorry for it. I think this is a thing of the greatest importance, for had not this incontrovertible evidence appeared, we should have been recorded in history with an indelible stain on our conduct; whereas now, whatever *existing persons* may think, history will judge correctly. Only imagine this rascal O'Meara having just married an old Lady Leigh of 70. She is a Whitfield Methodist, and he got wind of this, found out her chapel, took a sitting next to her about 10 months ago, appeared immensely devout and impressed. She was charmed with such devotion in a rather young man.[2] Each Sunday he was more devout for some weeks, and at last one Sunday he just offered her his arm as she was descending from the pew. This produced an acquaintance, and he handed her to her carriage; the next Sunday it rained and she gave him a lift; and so it went on *peu à peu* till her son, hearing how likely she was to make a fool of herself, got her down into the country and kept her there for some months. But all-powerful love conquered. O'Meara followed, and she was idiotic enough to marry him the other day. She has £6000 a year, and she has settled a large jointure upon him. . . . Think of this woman, who married in former days a Mr. Donerail, or some

[1] Dr. Barry O'Meara was allowed by the Admiralty to accompany Napoleon to St. Helena, at Napoleon's request. Sir Hudson Lowe had occasion to reprimand him for certain irregularities, and O'Meara was dismissed from his post in 1818. He avenged himself by publishing pamphlets defamatory of Lowe. In 1822 he published his book *Napoleon in Exile*, in which these calumnies were repeated with concentrated force. Opinion in England was hotly divided as to the merits of the case. The article in the *Quarterly* was by J. W. Croker.

[2] O'Meara was then thirty-six.

such name, who was hung a hundred years ago for murdering her brother, Sir Theodosius Boughton.[1] After he was hung she took her mother's maiden name, and made her Donerail son do the same, to obliterate the hanging job. When the poor young man grew up and learnt who his father was, he shot himself from despair. She then married a Sir Egerton Leigh and had children, has been long a widow, and now, in her utter childhood I suppose, marries this brute O'Meara, and the best chance she has is his getting himself hung too.

The extracts given above have been taken almost at random from a correspondence whereof they can only convey a faint idea of its volume and profusion. Twice, sometimes thrice, a week Mrs. Villiers used to write to her absent son. He seems to have kept all her letters, which, if printed at length, would form a very full diary of doings in London and at the Court of George IV.

[1] She married Captain John Donellan in 1777, who, while a guest of Sir Theodosius at Lawford Hall, Warwickshire, poisoned him with a decoction of laurel leaves in August 1780.

CHAPTER III

COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS

During George's absence in Russia, his sister Maria Theresa, endeared to her brothers in the name Thérèse, had left the schoolroom and become a very beautiful young woman. Her aunt, Lady Morley, took her out in London, and writes thus about her to George :

Kent House, 29*th April*.—Mon très cher Cousin,—Your letters are always agreeable. . . . As for all your kind remarks upon the little civilities I have at different times had it in my power to shew *ma très chère nièce votre très chère sœur*, you really might spare yourself for the future all gratitude upon that point. It has, I trust, been a reciprocal pleasure to us both. Her society was by no means disagreeable to me when we were at home, and in the *grand monde* it is always an advantage to an elderly lady to take a showy-looking girl about with her as a sort of decoy duck. But to be serious a moment. Never can I say half enough of the admiration and affection I feel for that dear girl. It is a sort of perfect nature which one can only stumble on in one's progress thro' this *à bas monde*. I daresay in the next such creatures grow upon hedges. She is supposed never in her life to have been in such beauty as this year ; her figure is *so* improved. And then I think I have been of some service. As soon as she came up from her summer's run, I had her mane pulled, her heels singed ; the next thing was a bran new saddle and martingale from a noted French artist, that skrewed her in and set her upon her haunches unkimmon. Then there was to instil tidyness, and I must do her the justice to say she got on rapidly. I do really believe now she likes better to be clean than dirty. . . . The more I see of that young spark who caused so much torment last year, the more enchanted I am that she is out of his clutches. He is unfeeling, unprincipled and vain, and altogether unworthy of any one only half as good as she is. . . . As for telling you news . . . the London world wags much as

usual . . . the time passes briskly enough in spite of agricultural distress and ruination on all sides. . . . Chateaubriand is our last foreign lion. He is composed of equal parts of Dick Bagot[1] and of Matthew Montagu well shaken up together, and finished up with a slice from Lord Sefton's hump. . . .[2]

Sir Henry Taylor[3] in his autobiography has described Theresa Villiers as she was in those years ; and albeit he cannot be accepted as an impartial critic, for he confesses that he was deeply in love with her, and that she refused to marry him, there is no doubt that she was then, and continued through life to be, a very charming and accomplished lady. Of all her brothers, George was her favourite ; their mutual confidence was as free from limit as their affection was from cloud ; and as there will be frequent mention of her in these pages, Taylor's description may serve as her introduction to the reader, who may be tempted to smile at its resemblance to a dry botanist's dissection of a delicate flower.

Miss Villiers was eminently pretty—as pretty, I think, as any one could be without being beautiful ; and she was as quick and intelligent as any one could be without being signally intellectual. She had been brought up in a class of society, the *élite* of which will naturally, from constant practice, be more adroit, vivacious and versatile in their talk than others—more prompt and nimble in their wit, and more graceful and perfect in the performance of many little feats of agility in conversation which come easily to those who have been used to consider language rather as a toy than as an instrument. She had all these advantages, and she aimed at nothing in conversation which she could not accomplish with ease and grace ; so that one felt as if she might have been more brilliant than she was had she been disposed to try. She had sense, and strength and clearness of purpose upon all occasions, and a harmony and unity of the whole being, inward and outward, which, being so perfect, was in itself a charm. But what perhaps most charmed me in my gravity was a fresh lightheartedness, new to my experience, as well as contrasted with

[1] Sixth son of first Lord Bagot : consecrated Bishop of Oxford in 1829 ; d. 1854.

[2] The second Earl of Sefton was a hunchback.

[3] Taylor is best remembered as the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. He died in 1886.

my own conditions of existence. . . . Of casual and superficial susceptibilities she knew nothing; and when the deeps were broken up, which could happen to her as to others, it seemed as if she could suffer only in paroxysms, and that in these she must either conquer or die. Her way was to conquer; but once she did nearly die; her strong nerves gave way, and for some months she was unable to speak intelligibly or to walk. These physical consequences being removed, however, and her health restored, she resumed her constitutional sprightliness; the past was past, and not a trace of a trouble remained.[1]

Taylor's intimacy with Hyde, the second of the Villiers brothers, began with their simultaneously entering the Colonial Office as clerks in 1824. It brought him continually to Kent House, and Miss Theresa is not the only one of its inmates of whom he has given the outlines. In Mrs. Villiers he saw

'a woman of a strong and ardent nature, but also a woman of the world; George was gay, graceful, brilliant and pre-eminently popular; Charles, with still more wit than George (who, however had not a little), was sarcastic and unpopular, but amongst friends very agreeable; Hyde's face was that of a fair and distinguished-looking child grown to the stature of manhood . . . calm, self-governed, ambitious; . . . Edward, whose dear friendship was the treasure and charm of my middle age . . . was unlike Hyde, who resolutely went his way in life with a calm and equable energy, still more unlike those of his family, whose gaiety and wit were everywhere seen in society and everywhere admired. . . . If his constitutional melancholy could not be quite dissipated, it gave an additional charm to the brightness that broke through it; and never in any man have I known, and rarely in any woman, has nature accomplished a harmony so perfect between the countenance and the mind.

> 'There was a brightening paleness in his face
> Such as Diana, rising o'er the rocks,
> Showered on the lonely Latonian: on his brow
> Sorrow there was, but sorrow not severe.'

In 1823 young George Villiers's prospect underwent a change. Both his uncles, Earl Thomas and the Honourable John, were old men, and although Mrs. Villiers seems to

[1] Sir Henry Taylor's *Autobiography*, i. 84, 85.

have misunderstood their motives, it is evident that they wished to do a kindness to their nephew.

George Canning was always friendly to the Villierses, and, being Foreign Secretary at the time, wrote to Sir Charles Bagot on 3rd January:

Mr. Villiers's friends are very anxious for his return to England on leave of absence—Lord Clarendon particularly. There is no hurry. If he is here by Easter it will be time enough. Send him, therefore, when it suits you, with your first dispatches, and keep the messenger in store.

George's father, having been lucky enough to retain under the new king the favour and emoluments he had enjoyed under the late one, also writes to Bagot about this time.

. . . His Majesty has of late so far graciously interested himself in George's favour as to write twice to Lord Liverpool recommending that he might be employed in some public office or become a member of a public board. The second time was in consequence of his perusing an extract from the very delightful and unsolicited letter which I received from you six months after your acquaintance with my son. It seemed to have pleased, and to have made so strong an impression that I am assured 'H.M. wrote in the most affectionate and pressing manner,' and I am further told that Lord Liverpool, in an immediate reply, promised that he would not fail 'to pay due attention to H.M.'s commands.'

He goes on to beg that George might be sent home with dispatches—that is—at the public expense, 'for such is the real state of my own circumstances that I could not defray so heavy a charge by my own means.'

Mrs. George Villiers to her son George.

Brompton Row, *7th February* 1823.—My ever dearest, dearest George,—I must now acknowledge your dearest, dearest letter of January 7th. . . . I am so sorry Sir Charles [Bagot] has not more books. I do not know why, but I fancied he had quite a good library, and was likely to have loads of French *mémoires*. Nothing can be more amiable (*ergo*, like yourself) than all you say about one of your brothers having any place that could be procured, instead of you; but of course that must all depend upon circumstances. I never reckon upon any-

thing, but if (I know it is only a Spanish castle) this commissionership could be obtained, which is *at least* £1200 a year, it would be very desirable for you to have it, as it would enable you to be *deputy-father* to your family, and help your brothers into professions, and comply with Lord C[larendon]'s wish to have you at home. *B.b.*[1] told the Governor that this was the sort of thing he ought to have tried for himself; but the Governor said, which I fully agreed in, that the difference of life between 63 and 23 was alone sufficient to make you the more eligible person, and that he well knew you would do as much for the family as he would. Then it is such a good thing to get hold of; for, supposing at any time you could be made Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, you have something to give up, and a bird in hand is always a good thing.

If nothing but a small thing can be obtained in some public office, I agree with you in wishing it to be for your brothers. . . . If I could anyhow get anything better for Hyde, I should not despair of getting Edward into Hyde's shoes; but I get dreadfully tired of *nothing* being done. . . .

In another letter about this time Mrs. Villiers shows that she scarcely gave the credit due to George's uncles for their exertions on his behalf.

BROMPTON ROW, *25th February* 1823.— . . . I had brother John[2] for an immense time, and proportionate bore. He asked me if you was coming home, and as I had never said anything about it, and of course knew he would object, I was obliged to mind my P's and Q's how to answer; so I said I hoped so—I trust he will come home this year, tho' I have no idea *when*. He said, with his patronising smile—'I suppose you think you should like to see him.'—'Oh yes,' I replied, 'I am quite sure I should like to see him; but I am quite sure also that, unless I thought it for his interest to come home, I would not let my wishes influence me the least in the world.' We then talked it over a little, and he asked if it was for anything good that you came. I said I hoped so, or at least that no good was likely to arise unless you did come home; that you was now as well qualified for promotion in your profession as if you had been ten years, and that Sir C. [Bagot] had himself advised you to be looking about, etc. etc. And then afterwards I told him that Canning had been very kind in asking

[1] George's uncle, John Villiers, afterwards third Earl of Clarendon.
[2] The Hon. John Villiers, succeeded as third Earl of Clarendon in 1824.

Sir Charles to facilitate your return, but that as anything like a favour ought never to be mentioned in these days, I wished him not to do so (these are the words he generally gives me, so I was determined to have the start). However, I succeeded in fairly talking him down, and by means of saying that it was Sir C.'s advice, Canning's facilitating and only on leave of absence, he had not a word to say, and now I think nothing can be made of this to old Clarendon.[1]

The way in which John heard it was by a letter from Lord Dunglas,[2] whose mother left me Lord D.'s letter, which is really a most amiable one, and I love him more than ever. I must copy an extract from it. . . . 'I have not words to express to you the kindness of your nephew to me; I shall never be able to repay it. So kind-hearted and considerate, he really seemed to feel as if it were a loss he had himself sustained. I am only sorry that I am going to lose so delightful a companion. I never saw a more thoroughly honorable-minded gentlemanlike person. I am sure I have every reason to love the name of Villiers.' Is it not *gentil*? I do love him so for appreciating my George! . . .

So George was brought home and given a seat on the Board of Customs, a service which has diverted so many men from loftier aims by offering them the certainty of a competence for life.[3] To the degree in which he had won the confidence and esteem of his chief during his three years service at St. Petersburg the following extracts from Bagot's letters of a later date bear testimony. There was a difference of twenty years between the ages of the correspondents.

Sir Charles Bagot to George Villiers.

Brussels, 31*st May* 1825.—. . . I am exceedingly pleased with my cook. He turns out a most admirable artist, and his taste, design and colouring are excellent. . . . I ought also to tell you that I have discovered *turtle*, at the ironmonger's of all places! It is preserved; but it comes straight from the W. Indies and is *just as*

[1] Thomas, second Earl of Clarendon.

[2] Succeeded as eleventh Earl of Home in 1841.

[3] Readers will not have forgotten how nearly Colonel Arthur Wesley or Wellesley resigned the army in disgust after the Netherlands campaign of 1795; and how, acting under his brother, Lord Mornington's, advice, he actually applied for a commissionership of Customs. The history of Europe might have taken a very different course had his application been granted.

good as the fresh. I mention these little trifles in order to ensure your coming to Brussels. . . . Yesterday I dined with his Lowland Majesty to meet the Duke of a place called Cambridge somewhere in the English fens, where they teach arithmetic. This Duke, with his Duchess and Dukelings, set out for England this morning. Him I had not seen for 14 or 15 years : her I never saw before. He is just the same good-humoured rattle that he always was, and she, I think, is a very personable body for a Princess.[1]. . . I was told that Mother Lieven was to pass thro' here last week, but I have neither seen nor smelt her. . . . I have seen (but only once, for she dreads *coqueluche*[2]) Madame Zourieff, Madame Naliskin's daughter. Faith ! she is *very* pretty, and with such manners and so much a woman of fashion, that among these dumpty hideous Flanders Gorgons she is *qualis inter viburna cupressus*. . . .

BRUSSELS, 23*rd September* 1825.—Villiers, my dear boy, I have 'used you beastly,' as Mother Quickly says. I received both your letters—that from Paris ages ago, and that from England a week ago—and I ought to have answered them, I know I ought, but latterly I have had most royal excuses. For the last 8 days I have never spoken or eaten with less than Kings or Kings' sons. They have very nearly killed me. I have a great mind to marry my kitchenmaid and retire, like Sir Tizzlemy. King of Prussia, King and Queen of Holland, Duke and Dss. of Clarence, Duke of Cumberland, Prince William, Prince Charles, Prince Albert, Prince Frederic of Prussia, Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederic and Princesses, Prince Louis of Hesse-Homburg, Prince Hellcat and Prince Splitwig—these have been my playfellows for more than a week, and I have played till I am nearly dead. Now I must begin packing up for Hague, and making arrangements for the movement of my vast army ; then I must travel somewhere to get out of the way of my own things and people, and then I must pass two or three scrambling weeks before I can settle down, like a stork, into my Dutch nest. So it goes on, and so it will go on until I ossify and St.-Helensify.

. . . Mother Lieven arrived here yesterday, and was to have gone on to England to-day ; but she is ordered to dine at the Prince of Orange's,[3] so waits till to-morrow. I do not intend to

[1] Princess Augusta, daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse-Cassel.

[2] Bagot's children had the whooping-cough.

[3] William Frederick, formerly Prince of Orange, abdicated 1840, died 1843.

call in upon her, unless she makes some *démarche* towards this house, that I may teach her manners.

The Hague, 2*nd June* 1826.— . . . We have glorious weather, and are in the virginity and honeymoon of green peas and red mullets; but our canals stink like Madame Lieven, in spite of all our narcissuses and jonquils. The King, much to his discontent, is still here, being grievously afflicted in his right buttock, which is suppurating a kind of Dutch sauce. . . . You must not tell Falck [1] that I speak so lightly

> 'Of all those evils and distresses
> That incommode his master's fesses.'

. . . I charge you not to read *Woodstock*: so deplorable a book never came across me before.

It is quite true that my lady gets up at 9 o'clock, goes to bed at 12, takes walks, scolds the maids, looks after household affairs, does up the accounts (wrong), etc. etc. The consequence of all this is that she tells everybody she was only 26 last February, and goes into the d—st passion if they don't believe it—quite like Lord Peter in the *Tale of a Tub*.[2] . . .

The Hague, 9*th August* 1826.—*Mentiris impudentissime!* I have written to you as Eloisa never wrote to Abelard. Not a post has left this place without carrying six, or I may say eight sheets of paper addressed to you, and telling you exactly what was passing at Vienna and Paris and Constantinople, besides a great deal of very piquant private news. D—n your three stories; I read them when I was a boy in Smollett's continuation of Hume under the head of Queen Anne.

Well, I have been as civil to Mr. Lushington as three *petits dîners de famille* could make me, and this morning he is gone to Amsterdam. He seems clever, but he abounds in small literature, curled whiskers, political æconomy, and some other modern vices of which time will no doubt correct him.

What I think of Miss my daughter [3] I will tell you. Her beauty, *selon moi*, is rather that of countenance than of feature. Her complexion and the real beauty of her mouth will always put her in the rank and category of pretty persons; but her great *attraits* will always be her expression and play of

[1] Dutch Ambassador at St. James's.

[2] Sir Charles Bagot married Lady Charlotte Wellesley-Pole, daughter of the fourth Earl of Mornington, in 1806.

[3] Emily, married to George William, tenth Earl of Winchilsea, in 1837.

countenance, and her gentle, *distingué*, un-missical manner. She and Lord and Lady Maryborough left us the day before yesterday for England. . . . It broke my heart to separate again from Emily, but it would have been too selfish to keep her here, with the certainty of Dutch fogs and the chance of Dutch husbands.

Yesterday I received an account from St. Petersburgh of Messieurs les pendus sur les glacis de la Forteresse. Kakovsky, Mouravieff, Bestekeresffky, Ryleieff, all took the morning air. The rest (some 120) were classified—15 condemned to death, but the sentence commuted to perpetual mines; the remainder sent to Siberia for different periods or made common soldiers of, all having been previously degraded. Troubetskoy was sent to the mines for life; Serge Volkousky for 15 years. As soon as the gentlemen were hung, there was a grand Te Deum in the Place d'Isaac, which was then purified by Archimandrites and holy water. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple (Nic and frow) [1] set off in a chaise and four for Moscow. . . . This letter will not go till Tuesday, but I write it now because I shall have no time to-morrow, seeing that I shall be employed in shooting flappers at Osborne's (Gogmagog's [2] son) near Haarlem. Exit old Winchilsea: Who gets Burleigh? Who gets the Garter? Is it Jane Earl of Harrowby, or will they give it to Devon? . . . Friday, 10th, I came back last night from Osborne's. I smote three savage canards, a snipe and a dove.

BRUSSELS, 6*th February* 1827.—It is very true, my dear Villiers, that you are as near perfection as any man I ever saw—in Knightsbridge, and if you are something less active than Miss Seward in writing letters to your friends, surely some allowance ought to be made for a retired life, gouty fingers, and a slowish understanding. . . . Considering all the physical and moral disqualifications under which you labor, I think your answer to my letter of 1826 remarkably quick, and was both legible and (in parts) quite intelligible. . . . We have some of the best company here that you can imagine. Harriet Wilson's husband, and they say Harriet herself,[3] and Thomas Cotes, and Mr. Gawler (now Bellenden Ker) who ran away 2000 years ago with

[1] The Emperor Nicholas I. succeeded Alexander I. on 1st December 1825, when the conspiracy of Pestal and the Dekabrists broke out, and was suppressed with great severity.

[2] Duke of Leeds.

[3] Harriette Wilson, a well-known demirep (1789-1846), who published her own memoirs in 1825. She married one M. Rochefort in 1826.

Lady Valentia, and Mr. Erskine, Lord Buchan's nephew, who has swindled the whole town, gentle and simple. . . . What you tell me of home politics does not surprise me. I have long seen black clouds gathering in Downing Street. . . . It seems to me pretty clear that the D. of W[ellington] is lending himself very willingly to an attempt to place him in the shoes of the D. of Y[ork], not only as Commander-in-chief, but as head of an ultra- and anti-Catholic party, who mean to turn out Cornelius Agrippa's man (do you read Cobbett?) if they can, and get hold of the government. . . . I am told that the Poodle has declared his marriage and confesses that he is tied.[1] . . .

The following letter refers to the secession of the Duke of Wellington and five others from the Cabinet in consequence of the Duke's feud with Canning.

Brussels, 24*th April* 1827.—. . . You have certainly told me a great deal that I had not heard from other quarters. *Quel événement* altogether! To this moment I have not recovered my amazement at what has passed. That six men (for I will not speak of Peel, whose course has been alike intelligible, reasonable and straightforward), but, I say, that *six* men should have been John Donkies enough, because they wished, from sheer temper, to plague another man, to put at the absolute disposal of that other man all their places when he neither expected nor desired it—when they knew that there was no sort of intention of cramming the Catholic question down their throats—when they knew that they might, if they would, have swallowed his ascendancy—have made a government upon the same footing as the last—that they should do all this with the evident certainty of offending the King by their desertion of him—of disgusting the people by that very desertion—and of placing the man they wanted to destroy in the situation of being the protector of the Crown and the People, does appear to me to be the greatest triumph of housemaidy spite over common sense that the world ever heard of. That Dukes of Montrose and Lords Westmorland *et id genus omne* should have made such a mistake, is just within the limits of strained comprehension; but that the Duke of Wellington, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*, should plump into such a bog surpasses all imagination, and I verily believe the whole set to have been moonstruck. *Quoiqu'il en soit*, they have cut their own throats from ear to ear. They have

[1] George Byng, M.P. (1764-1847): married Harriet, daughter of Sir William Montgomery.

given to Canning the most splendid triumph that man ever obtained since Pitt in '83 (the only parallel in history), and they have done the King more good than 'could ten thousand soldiers armed in proof.' My own opinion is that, long ere this, Messieurs the Seceders have discovered these truths; and moreover, that the new machine will march well.

The thing that seems most wanting may be strength in the House of Lords; but the great posts have been so liberally assigned that I think that there will be no very great difficulty upon these points, even if (what I take to be totally impossible) the Lowthers and Rutlands and Newcastles, and lumbering Peers of that kidney, should go into direct opposition to *the King's Government*. But no, no! they will never get beyond the cross benches, and before October, when it is too late, they will come whimpering back. *Je les connois*. . . . Yesterday was the King's birthday,[1] and I had the misery of giving a great birthday dinner; but it was only to foreign ministers and ministers of State, and we did not exceed 26 people; so it was less horrible than my Russian dinners of 100 covers to the jovial Sons of Hemp and Tallow. To-day I am going to dine with the Prince, and therefore with the Princess, of Chimay—the famous Madame Tallien of the French Revolution. The Prince of Orange has been saucy, and I have been forced to *arranger le petit bonhomme*.

These extracts from Bagot's letters have carried us beyond our dates. Harking back to the year 1823, when George Villiers was appointed a Commissioner of Customs, it is possible to glean some knowledge of his proceedings from such letters as have been preserved. The scene of his labours was the new Custom House in Thames Street which was opened in 1817, no fewer than three of its predecessors having been burnt down—the first in the Great Fire of London in 1666, the second in 1718, and the third in 1814.

Nothing is more rare in George Villiers's correspondence than any reference to religion. He entertained throughout his life such a horror of intolerance, and so sincere an aversion for ecclesiastical controversy, that he seems to have avoided anything that might lead him into that maze. But from his sister Theresa he withheld none of his inmost thoughts. After she had been 'out' for a couple of seasons, and after a

[1] The King of the Netherlands.

love affair which promised happily at first had miscarried, she felt some qualms about the frivolity of London life, and imparted her misgivings to her brother.

George Villiers to his sister.

Castle Hill, *November* 1823.— . . . You may perhaps think that I talk and act lightly upon serious subjects ; but I can safely say that few people have thought more seriously than I have upon the subject of religion ; few people have a deeper sense of its utility and importance, and few people, I am sure, derive more daily and real comfort from it than I do. But the more I consider it, the more I am convinced that it is not God's intention that we should eternally have before our eyes another world and nothing else. I mean by that, that we are not to act according to the letter, but the spirit, of His word—that future reward should be the general stimulus in this world—that the fear of God and love of His commandments should influence and actuate all our doings, and that the exercise of our religion should be constant and sincere—I hold to be *absolutely indispensable* for every Christian ; but that we should constantly be urging and goading our thoughts . . . never for a moment to lose sight of God and of another world, I do maintain is following the letter, and not the spirit, of His word. We are sent here with great and important duties to perform, and, like the unworthy servant, we shall not be held guiltless for their non-performance because we have endeavoured always to fix our thoughts on God and nothing else. . . . I have for some time past thought that your opinions were getting a little more gloomy than would be for your comfort ; so, as you and I can have no other object than the happiness and improvement of each other on this most important subject, I think the discussion of our mutual opinions never can do harm. . . . I can't tell you how I *long and pine* to see you again. There 's no day on which I don't meet with a ½ hour or an hour that I feel I should so much have liked to pass in a *coze* with my dearest sister. . . . I sometimes feel so sorry you *are* my sister. I wish to heaven you were my cousin, for I think we should suit each other *so* well as man and wife !

This is almost the only letter I have found in which George touches otherwise than slightly, though never slightingly, upon spiritual matters. In secular affairs he was fulfilling to

a degree remarkable in so young a man, the office of 'deputy-father' to which his mother had invited him.

As the mother of a large family, Mrs. Villiers could not be exempt from trouble and disappointment. Among six sons, reared in the highly flavoured atmosphere of the Regency, there was sure to be one or more whose conduct would cause anxiety and pain. George himself was no ascetic, nor was he proof against the allurements which the frankly lax manners of the time ensured to a young man of attractive personality. But he never failed in tenderness and consideration for his mother; it was to him and his sister Theresa that she turned in every difficulty, and never turned in vain. Mrs. Villiers had been in such very bad health for some years when she wrote the following letter, that it seemed unlikely that she would survive her husband, although, as it turned out, she did so for twenty-nine years.

10*th July* 1825.—My nerves are now grown so weak, my own dearest George, that I never can trust myself to speak on any subject which interests me, and as I should be sorry to make the subject of this letter (which is not otherwise distressing) in any way painful to you, I prefer this mode of saying my say. A person does not die the sooner for making a will, but they live happier after it is done. And I shall be more comfortable after I have expressed my wishes to you, which I do in the fullest and most implicit confidence that they will, with *you*, be as sacred and binding as if correctly and legally drawn up.

Your sister may never marry, or at any rate may not marry in my lifetime, and of course *she* is the great and natural object of my solicitude. Therefore in turning and re-turning the subject in my mind, it has occurred to me to mention to you that I have reason to believe that my aunt means to leave £6000 divided between me and my children—£3000 being (if I recollect right) my share. Now as I *may* die before my aunt, this sum would (I suppose) go to the Governor,[1] or if he was no longer alive, to you; and as I hope and believe *you* are never likely to want it, I should very much wish it to go to your sister if she is unmarried. If she marries a man rich enough for this small sum not to be an object, I should much wish it entrusted to you for the two youngest

[1] The writer's husband.

boys, Montagu[1] and Algy,[2] as they *may* be very destitute of means for completing their education ; whereas I reckon that all the others can now make their own way with the assistance of the £400 from Lord C[larendon], which I should always wish to be appropriated, as long as it is continued, to the purpose of education, and to be transferred from one to the other as soon as the elder is provided for by his profession.

I am not sure of what the circumstances are under which that annuity ceases and £5000 to be paid ; [3] but if it appears that that sum is to be raised and paid from the Grove estate, or any other of the Clarendon property, supposing you or your father to be in possession of that property, I should wish to forego the claim and leave it to you, only requesting you, as long as your sister is unmarried (after the death of your father and myself), to pay her an annuity of £200 ; and if she marries so as not to want it, I should then wish that £200 per annum to be employed by you in aid of the education, or starting in profession, of Montagu and Algy; and when they were in a condition to maintain themselves by their profession, I should wish the whole to revert to you. This *may* be all nonsense, but I have an idea that at the Governor's death the £5000 was to be paid *to me* instead of the annuity.

The greatest comfort I have in the world, my beloved George, is feeling that your sister and younger brothers will be under *your* protection. I most fervently hope and pray that *you* may some day have a son who will behave to you as *you* have done to us—you, who in sickness, sorrow, prosperity or adversity are always the same kind friend, the same tender and affectionate son. I cannot help giving myself the pleasure of expressing this, not merely for my own satisfaction, but because I know it will ever be a pleasure to you to reflect on the comfort which you have afforded me in this lingering illness, and on how thoroughly I appreciate and value every one of your numerous and unremitting, soothing attentions to me. Till you have a son like yourself, *you* cannot fully enter into the comfort which *you* give us, or till (which Heaven forbid you should have) you meet with unkind and ungrateful children can you know the poignant misery that is inflicted on me by others. On this sad subject I will only say a very few words. . . .

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Durham, died in 1861.
[2] Lieutenant R.N., died in 1843.
[3] As provided in the marriage settlement of the Hon. G. Villiers as a younger son of the first Earl of Clarendon.

The 'few words' cover many pages of letter paper, and refer to some youthful indiscretions and thoughtless unkindness of two of the writer's younger sons.

Heaven bless and protect you, my beloved George. No words can give a just idea of the intensity of my affection for you, which I feel can never cease while I live.

The charge thus laid upon George Villiers was carried out in letter and spirit to the end of his days. He became the true head of the family, none of whom ever turned to him in vain, whether for counsel or cash. After succeeding to the earldom, his private income was scant enough for what is expected of one in that position, but he always managed to lend a helping hand at the just moment.[1]

Meanwhile, broken in health and distracted by debts, George Villiers the elder was drawing near his end. Despite the many more or less lucrative offices which he held, his financial circumstances had reached a crisis.

Early in 1827 he wrote to his eldest son complaining of his 'wretched state of body and mind. I can get no sleep night or day from the reflections on my present state, after a struggle of 16 years to support my family in the best manner I could conceive, from the untoward circumstances into which I have been thrown.' He had laid out a lot of money in taking a farm close to London—138 acres for which he paid £370 rent—and 'last spring,' says he, 'by the violent and long drought I indisputably lost full £400 on crops burnt up.' He ends by declaring that the establishment in Kent House must be broken up, and appeals to George to arrange for their existence elsewhere on a humbler scale. A few weeks later he quitted the scene of his troubles for ever, dying on 21st March 1827, and leaving his eldest son to unravel the tangled skein of his affairs.

Shortly after his father's death, George, who was now actual, as he had long been virtual, head of the family in Kent House, had to undertake an exceedingly delicate duty.

[1] He made his brother Charles a voluntary allowance of £300 a year, and continued throughout his life to do so, even after Charles had been granted a pension of £2000 a year in 1866. Lord Clarendon provided in his will for his successor continuing this allowance, which was done accordingly till Charles's death in 1898.

Among the many admirers of his sister Theresa, the most ardent seems to have been a certain wealthy young peer who pressed his suit unsuccessfully, but, being deeply in love, did not abandon hope, and, knowing Hyde Villiers's ambition to enter parliament, offered to secure his election for the borough of Hedon in Yorkshire, defraying all the expenses. Hyde at first suspected that this was an attempt on his lordship's part to ingratiate himself with Miss Villiers and her family; but on receiving his assurance that he had given up his suit, he accepted the offer, was elected, held the seat against a petition, and retained it till 1830.

His lordship, however, continued to pay his addresses to Miss Villiers, and whispers, equally unkind and unjust, began to go about regarding the nature of the bargain between him and Hyde. George, and doubtless Hyde also, felt that such injurious rumours must be stopped at almost any cost, which led to George writing as follows.

My dear P——, —Altho' I have been deeply interested in all that has passed lately between yourself and Hyde, yet, as it was not in my power to interfere in his election, and I was out of town when the consequences of it took place, I have hitherto forborne to take any part in these painful discussions. My deliberate opinion that there is but one mode of restoring Hyde to the place he held twelve months ago in public opinion is my reason for now departing from the line of conduct I have hitherto adopted.

It is unnecessary for me to trouble you with the judgment I have formed of all that has passed of late, tho' I cannot help expressing my opinion that the commonest friendship for my sister or regard for her future should have put a stop in the very beginning to discussions in which her name has been so frequently and inconsiderately brought forward.

There appears to be no doubt that Hyde considered your original offer of bringing him into parliament as a means resorted to by you for furthering your views with my sister. He therefore declined it, and continued to do so, till you gave him fully to understand that you were convinced you had no chance with her, which was also confirmed by herself and my mother. Hyde further understood that you never intended to renew your suit,

in confirmation of which you said you should go abroad for two years. Upon these grounds, and the assurance that private friendship and political reasons had alone prompted your offer, it was accepted.

Owing to some misunderstandings (the particulars of which it it not my purpose now to inquire), it seems you did not consider your suit hopeless, or that your continuing your addresses as before was not an infraction of what you had agreed to. Hyde therefore finds himself in the painful situation of laboring under an obligation contracted thro' misapprehension, and the still more painful one of not being immediately able to relieve himself from it. Had you returned him for a borough of your own, his course would have been simple; but under the present circumstances of your having lent him money to come into parliament, if he were to vacate his seat he would be relieved from no part of the obligation.

Unfortunately we are not in a situation at this moment to repay any part of the money; but, in the common course of nature, the time is not distant when I shall be able to relieve him from an obligation which we both feel he cannot accept with honor; and I can only assure you that, was it in my power, tho' at *any* sacrifice, not an instant should be lost in the repayment.

I hope therefore you will have no objection to comply with the following proposition. You must be aware that many of the election expenses remain unpaid, and that the petition will be no inconsiderable addition to them. I would beg therefore to suggest that by a bond or letter of credit on [*illegible*], or any other means you think preferable, you will secure Hyde from a recurrence of those distressing difficulties which have been as detrimental to his credit as the reports circulated against him have been to his honor. I will then beg you to consider this letter as a distinct and *general* pledge for repayment of all Hyde's election expenses; and, as soon as their amount can be ascertained, I will give you a *specific* pledge for repayment. You must be as well aware as I am that it will not be in my power to specify the *time* of repayment; but, as it is only since the expenditure of the money that we have felt ourselves bound to consider it a debt, I hope you will feel that everything in our power has been done to relieve Hyde from an obligation, the contracting of which I fear he will long have cause to regret.

The routine of daily attendance in Thames Street was

George Villiers
afterwards 4th Earl of Clarendon
Ætat: circa 21.

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD

broken occasionally for the Commissioner of Customs by official visits to Wales, the Isle of Man, and the north of England; but a more complete change came in 1827, when George Villiers was sent to Dublin to assist in arranging the fusion of the English and Irish Boards of Excise. Then, and for long after, he kept his mother supplied with a consecutive chronicle of his mode of life. These letters, however, to which he constantly refers the other members of his family for information, have not come to light; and there are few others to supply their place.

It was at a critical juncture in Irish affairs that Villiers began his acquaintance with them. Canning had just formed his first and only ministry—Canning, whom the Duke of Wellington, with the utmost difficulty, had persuaded George IV. to admit to the Foreign Office as 'the last calamity'—Canning, against whose policy on Roman Catholic disabilities the King had charged Wellington to defend him.[1] But in five years the fickle King had veered to the wit and charm of his Foreign Secretary, and the course was understood to be clear for a Catholic Relief Bill. Wellington had always shared the views of Pitt, Castlereagh, and Canning upon this question, but had sunk his private conviction only out of deference to the Crown. In 1825, after George IV. had been induced to grant certain concessions to his Roman Catholic subjects in Hanover, the Duke submitted to the King a detailed scheme for the emancipation of Irish Catholics and provision of concurrent endowment. King George had thrown the paper aside, yet was now preparing his assent to the policy described in it. No wonder the Duke felt sore; the wonder—the pity—was that he showed it by resigning the non-political office of Commander-in-chief; resuming it, however, at the King's request seven days after Canning's death on 8th August 1827. Then followed the five colourless months of 'Goody Goderich's' administration, enough to prove that Canning's team could not be held together by any hand but his own; and in January it made way for a fresh ministry under the

[1] 'My reliance is on you, my friend; be watchful!' (George IV. to the Duke of Wellington, 13th September 1822).

Iron Duke, the King stipulating that the Catholic claims should continue to be treated as an open question in the Cabinet.

Nevertheless, Catholic emancipation was in the air. Wellington, with a soldier's faith in strong battalions, said to Croker—'Those who are for forming an exclusive ministry expect that I am to go into the House of Commons with *half a party*, to fight *a party and a half*.'[1] In the new Cabinet of fourteen there were five or six undoubted Canningites. Most significant of all, Lord Eldon was not offered the Woolsack, and the Canningite Lord Anglesey replaced the High Tory Lord Wellesley as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

George Villiers to his sister.

DUBLIN, *8th January* 1828.— . . . My time is drawing to a close here, and I am sorry for it—very sorry for it. I have met a vast deal of kindness—made some friends I think I can depend upon—not many enemies, I believe—gained some reputation, and have lived in splendid luxury—not a bad way of spending a couple of years. Still, I am far from satisfied; but I won't go into all that now. . . . I should like well enough to marry, *if* I found anybody fitting in all respects; but there is so much shut up in that 'if,' that I scarcely think it worth giving myself trouble about.

Mrs. George Villiers and her daughter spent the winter of 1828-9—part of it, at least—travelling on the Continent. A few letters have survived out of many which no doubt they wrote home.

Mrs. George Villiers to her son George.

NAPLES, *21st February* 1829.— . . . The weather has been delicious the last few days, and I dare say a month hence Naples, or rather the environs of Naples, will be very like Paradise; but *in* the town the smells are very anti-perfume indeed, and make the driving about very disagreeable. There has been a splendid 10 days chasse of the King's at some distance from hence. Just to give you a sort of idea of the thing, I must tell you that they killed upwards of 1200 fallow deer and near 300 wild boars, many of

[1] *Croker Papers*, i. 404.

which were killed by the Queen and Princesses! which is a beautiful specimen of female delicacy in the fair sex. The Stratford Cannings are here. He is improved, I think, in looks and manners. I don't think much of her looks. They say he is terribly unpopular at Constantinople and had better not return there.

Returning to London in 1829, George Villiers resumed duty in Thames Street without much hope of advancement to more attractive work. The Tories were still in power; Villiers and his brothers had avowed themselves genuine Whigs, and in pre-Reform days all promotion went by favour, as it is commonly reported that kissing still does. But the Whigs came into office with Lord Grey in 1830, when it became clear that Villiers's able handling of matters in Dublin had not been overlooked, and he was immediately chosen for some fiscal negotiations in Paris.

However, before this new appointment could be made the family circle at Kent House had been profoundly stirred by an event which George had long wished for, namely, the marriage of his beloved sister Theresa. She had not reached the age of seven-and-twenty without receiving many proposals of marriage; but, after a first engagement had gone wrong, she proved difficult to satisfy, waiting for one with whom she could feel on equal intellectual terms. Perhaps it was a common literary taste that first attracted her in Thomas Henry Lister, the son of a Staffordshire squire, who had won some reputation as a novelist and dramatist, and to whom she was married on 6th November 1830.

George Villiers to his sister.

18*th November* 1830.— . . . All you tell me of your happiness, my dearest girl, is really myrrh, aloes and cassia to my heart. It is not only its intensity but its durability that forms its great delight to me. It is not the gaudy, glittering sunshine of a morning at this time of year, which creates more fear than hope for the post-meridian prospect, but a bright, settled, cloudless blue sky which should warrant a bet of 100 to 1 upon a glorious sunset. . . . I should indeed like to be married myself—not for the purpose of procuring for myself your present set of feelings; that would

be as ridiculous for me as if I asked for a bit of the moon ; but for the purpose of being settled and in the hope of a really useful occupation of my time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lister took up their abode in that moiety of Kent House which was occupied by the bride's mother, the other moiety being still retained by Lord and Lady Morley. Such an arrangement might have been deemed a hazardous experiment, for Mrs. George Villiers was a woman of strong will and quick impulse, not precisely the qualities in a mother-in-law which conduce most surely to harmony. Nothing, however, could have proved a happier arrangement ; whereof convincing proof may be found in the fact that, after Lister died and his widow married a second husband, she continued to make Kent House their London residence.

Exactly a year later than the letter last quoted, George was writing to his sister in high spirits about some special work for which he had been chosen by Lord Althorp, the new Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer.

18*th November* 1831.—I have but a moment, for I am going to Paris directly (how that made you jump !). Althorp sent for me to say that the French are inclined to adopt a more liberal policy towards this country, and to remove some of the disgraceful clogs which at present thwart our commercial intercourse. They wish, therefore, that two commissioners should be sent from here to Paris to meet two on the part of France . . . their report to be the basis of a more enlarged and liberal system. He said he had fixed on me for this, and wished me to go directly. . . . I suppose, therefore, I must be off on Monday or Tuesday.

Villiers was appointed joint commissioner with Dr. John Bowring [1] to inquire into the commercial relations between Great Britain and France, with a view to modifying the customs duties of both countries and to arrange for the establishment of a daily post.

[1] Afterwards Sir John Bowring (1792-1872), traveller, linguist, and author of many works. A man of restless energy, he had been appointed by Herries in 1828 a commissioner for reforming the system of public accounts ; but the appointment was cancelled at the request of the Duke of Wellington, who considered Bowring a dangerous Radical.

I have consulted with Palmerston, wrote Lord Althorp on 25th November, and we agree that it is not desirable that you should have any formal appointment as commissioner to Paris, or any written instructions. You will not, therefore, have to maintain any official correspondence with this country, but will naturally put yourself on a footing of confidential communication with Lord Granville,[1] and let us know how you are going on by private letters either to Palmerston, Auckland, Thompson or myself. With respect to money matters, the Treasury will pay all your expenses. This, I think, is all it is necessary for me to say, and it now only remains that you should set off for Paris as soon as you possibly can.

George Villiers to his sister.

PARIS, *8th December* 1831.—I must write you a bit of a note, my dearest Thérèse, tho' I am quite in the state of surprise that a clock has always put Hyde in for the last 20 years, of having no idea, upon my soul, that it was so late. It has been quite delightful to me to see how you live in people's memories here, and I don't think you will dislike to hear it. In the first place, Lady Granville asked instantly after you in detail, and said—'*Ka-aln't* we have her here ?' and the girls just the same. I saw Mme. Graham two days after my arrival, and she asked after you. . . . Princesse Bagration came in, and Mrs. G. said—'C'est le frère de Miss V. que nous avons tous tant admirée ici,' upon which the Bagration shut her eyes and said softly—'Ah ! la délicieuse créature : comme je m'en ressouviens bien !' Then there is a Monsieur de Tréville who is my colleague in the Commission, and who is always interrupting our commercial colloquies by *lugging* you in—sometimes by the eyes—sometimes the countenance—sometimes *l'esprit* ; but he is a very excellent man, and you evidently form the chief commodity in *his* tariff.

Then Mornay[2] gave us a dinner the other day, at which there dined a most uncommonly good-looking gentleman-like young Frenchman—a M. Alfred de Voisin—who instantly asked after you. He said he had met you at Chamounix and had made a little expedition or two with you ; that he and his companion—a little Prince Galitzin—had fallen head over ears in love with you, and had nearly fought about which had found most favour in your

[1] The first Earl, British Minister at the Tuileries.

[2] Probably Charles, Duc de Morny (1811-1865), natural son of Queen Hortense of Holland and the Comte de Flahault.

eyes. This set Mornay off like a house afire, and he described all that he *had gone through* for you in the most vivid fashion imaginable. *En as tu assez?* Is your vanity sufficiently fed? for there really are several more recollections and suggestions.

3rd February 1832.— . . . The courier due here last night is not yet arrived. . . . It is supposed he is detained in London to bring over the millionth protocol and some cunningly devised reason for *not* ratifying the treaty on the very last day to which it could be postponed. It would be difficult to exaggerate the eagerness here for news—and *good* news—from England. People ask one for the latest intelligence, then go and take a turn upon the boulevards, and look quite blank when one assures them there have been no arrivals since their last question. In an evening I am never asked less than 20 times, 'Eh bien, le bill—comment va-t-il?'—'La réforme—passera-t-elle?' while others reproachfully shrug their shoulders—'Ces nouveaux paires—où sont-ils? ils se font joliment attendre, ces messieurs,' etc. etc.

The mission was entirely successful, the result being embodied in two reports to parliament, and henceforward Villiers was marked out for constant employment in the public service. As an indication of his opinions on home politics, which were then violently agitated over the question of Reform, the following letter to his sister may serve to some extent.

6 CLEVELAND COURT, *22nd October* 1831.— . . . All your remarks upon public men and things in your letters to my mother and myself have been very interesting, because they were unbiased by the opinion of others, and in exchanging ideas one never knows how much or little one adopts of other people's. Your remarks, *selon moi*, have been singularly correct and just. I entirely agree with you upon the gross indecency of a first minister inviting public wrath upon a whole class of men exercising their lawful functions according to their abilities and conscience, and I do believe that every interest, both of the Bishops and the Church, would have been so essentially promoted by their supporting the Bill that their vote is entitled to all praise for honesty, however much exception we may take to its wisdom. Do you know the passage in scripture which Grey began and left to the Bishops to finish? It is some prophet (not Isaiah) sent to I forget whom, to tell him to put his house in order—*for thou shalt*

die, thou shalt not live,[1] a case of home-thrust, I think; and accordingly every public meeting is *at* the Bishops, and the people are now quite familiar with the question of their expulsion from the House of Lords, and have no doubt of the great irreligion of their conduct upon the bill.

Lyndhurst being without one shred of public or private principle, your question is very natural as to why he pursued the uncompromising course he did. It was, of course, his own interest, and I have no doubt whatever he took a correct view of it. He has been anti-reform all his life: so have many of the government, you will say; but their justification is the necessity of not separating from the party they have adopted—that weakness in the government would now be ruin to the State, and that kind of *plausibilia* that retainers of power with a bad case use very unsuccessfully as dust to other people's eyes. But *l'ami* Lyndhurst has no case of this kind; if he had turned reformer he would have violated a principle *in order* to adopt a party, and not *in consequence* of having done so. His old friends would have broken with him and spurned him forever—his new friends having escaped his opposition, could hope no more good from him: he would be an article too damaged to bring anything but discredit upon them.[2] . . . Harrowby's was the most effective, as well as the best, speech, because he was the least liable to suspicion of sinister motive. His age, his political knowledge, his high character, his having twice refused the premiership, and his notorious bad health, did away with all taint of ambition or self-interest and left him a peculiarly unshackled arbiter upon an important constitutional measure.

[1] It *was* Isaiah, who was sent so to warn Hezekiah: 2 Kings xx. i.

[2] This is an unfair judgment upon Lyndhurst, who was undoubtedly sincere in opposing the Reform Bill.

CHAPTER IV

MINISTER AT MADRID

George Villiers was back at his desk in Thames Street before a sore trial befel him in the death of his favourite brother Hyde. They had been college companions at Cambridge, and George had always felt and shown a keen interest in all that concerned one whom many people considered the most promising member of the family. Younger by one year than George, Hyde had ceased in 1825 to live at Kent House in order to lodge with his friend Henry Taylor in Suffolk Street. Entering Parliament in 1826, he soon became marked out as a rising man, though his tendency to Radicalism caused George no little disquiet. Taylor describes him as possessing 'indefatigable industry and a clear understanding, set off by pleasing address and considerable power of speaking,' and he seemed on a fair course towards high office. But in 1832 an abscess formed in his head, and after three months of intense suffering he died at Carclew on 3rd December, being at the time parliamentary candidate for Falmouth. 'There is a great chasm,' wrote George Villiers to his sister on Christmas Day, 'in our happy family edifice. That in which we have found so much enjoyment—such just pride —cannot again be the same; but it may perhaps bind closer to each other those who are still left.'

His successful negotiation of the commercial treaty with France brought George Villiers to a turning-point in life. The general election of 1832 had landed his political friends in what promised to be a long lease of power. Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, and, recognising in Villiers a young man of no common ability, quick-witted,

tactful, of engaging manner, and withal a fluent linguist, thought pity that such gifts should be permanently buried in Thames Street. Moreover, Villiers had been entered to diplomacy, so here were all the materials of an effective minister. The embassy at Madrid was vacant, owing to the recall of Henry Addington,[1] who had acted as plenipotentiary there since 1829. Spain was about to be racked with the ferocious war between Christinos and Carlists; Palmerston had made up his mind to take a strong line in the quarrel, and he saw in Villiers the very man to carry out his policy. He offered him the appointment of envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary at the Court of Queen Christina. Probably few men have declined office so often as Villiers did in later years; few can have felt and shown greater reluctance to exchange the delights of home for the strain of public life. Whether he hesitated on this occasion we have no means of knowing. Probably he did not. He was a bachelor in the very prime of life; diplomacy had been the profession of his choice; here was a fair opportunity of re-entering it, and he seized it. Often as he had to differ in later life with Palmerston upon questions of public policy, he never ceased to feel a deep sense of obligation to him for his friendly act in giving him a fresh start, and he set to work at once to acquire the same fluency in Spanish as he already possessed in French and German.

When Villiers entered upon his duties as Minister at the Court of Spain, Ferdinand VII., the worthless Bourbon who had been restored to the throne by British arms in 1814, was on his deathbed. A brief recapitulation of the circumstances of this dynasty in Spain is necessary to understanding the situation as Villiers found it, and the causes that had brought it about.

In 1713 Philip V. altered by Pragmatic Sanction the ancient law of succession to the Crown, under which females in direct line were preferred to collateral males. Under the new law collateral males were given precedence over

[1] Nephew of Lord Sidmouth who had been Prime Minister, 1801-4. Henry Addington was Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1842-54.

direct female heirs. Philip's Pragmatic was repealed by Charles IV. in 1789, and the old law of succession was restored; *but the repeal was not made public.* In 1829 Ferdinand VII. was still childless, though he had been married three times. His first marriage, in 1802, was unexceptionable—to his cousin Maria Antoinetta, daughter of Ferdinand IV. of Naples. She died in 1806, and Ferdinand waited ten years, until he had been restored to the throne after the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula, before contracting a second marriage, this time an incestuous one, with his own sister's daughter, Isabella, whose father was John VI. of Portugal. When this queen died in childbirth in 1818, he chose a third wife in the person of Princess Maria of Saxony, against which alliance nothing could be objected on the ground of consanguinity. But when Queen Maria died in 1829 his Most Catholic Majesty led a fourth consort to the altar, and received the blessing of the Church upon his union with Maria Christina, daughter of Francis, King of the Two Sicilies, by a sister of Ferdinand himself. And as if the iniquity of thus for the second time marrying one of his own nieces did not suffice, this bride was also the niece of his first wife.

Although the Church thus connived with King Ferdinand in this revolting outrage upon natural morality, it was from an unhappy nation that retribution was to be exacted for the crime. In March 1830 Ferdinand suddenly caused Charles IV.'s Pragmatic of 1789 to be published, thereby re-establishing the former law of female succession.

Nobody paid much attention to it at the time—Ferdinand had no issue, male or female, and Don Carlos had long been recognised as his heir. But when Queen Christina gave birth to a daughter the situation immediately became intense, for, under the old law, restored by the repeal of Philip's Pragmatic, that daughter was heir to the throne. Don Carlos, backed by the whole clerical influence, brought such pressure to bear upon King Ferdinand that he, believing himself to be dying in 1832, revoked the Pragmatic of 1789 which he had published in 1830, thereby acknowledging Don Carlos as heir-presumptive. But Ferdinand

did not die when he ought. He recovered, and lived long enough to ensure the misery of his people for years to come. It is hardly credible, but it is not the less true, that he reversed the succession once again by re-issuing the Pragmatic of 1789 which made the little Donna Isabella his heir-apparent. No more powerful argument against autocracy can be found in history than was furnished by this act of Ferdinand's. Any ordinary household or place of business subjected to such wanton caprice must be doomed to hopeless confusion and come to a speedy end. A great kingdom so handled differs from humbler concerns only in this, that there is *no* end to the confusion into which it is plunged—no end, at least, except such as can be wrought by fire and sword.

The situation in Spain was complicated at this time by the state of affairs in Portugal. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, had abdicated the throne of Portugal in favour of his daughter Donna Maria ; but as she was only seven years old, he had appointed his brother Dom Miguel as Regent, coupled with the obligation to marry the child Queen Maria, his niece. Dom Miguel took up the Regency in 1828, tore up the constitution which he had sworn to observe, and had himself proclaimed king. Meanwhile, Dom Pedro, dethroned by the revolution in Brazil, had arrived as a fugitive in England, together with his daughter Queen Maria. Encouraged by Lord Grey's cabinet and materially aided by the French government, he collected a fleet and captured Oporto from the Miguelites. That city he managed to hold, but he had not sufficient force to reconquer Lisbon and the rest of his daughter's dominions. Louis Philippe tried hard to persuade the British government to join in an expedition to drive Dom Miguel out of Portugal ; but Palmerston did not fancy the idea of French influence being established in the Peninsula ; he would try whether King Ferdinand could not be induced to bear a hand in securing Donna Maria in her succession, seeing that her case might be regarded as on all fours with that of his own daughter Donna Isabella. Sir Stratford Canning [1] was sent out to

[1] Better known in later years as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

try and effect this, but, after four months spent in negotiation and intrigue at Madrid, he returned without having obtained the slightest success.

More effective were the operations of Dom Pedro's fleet under command of the British Admiral Charles Napier. On 5th July 1833 he attacked Dom Miguel's fleet off Cape St. Vincent and destroyed it, after which Dom Pedro's General Terceira obtained possession of Madrid. The British government then undertook to maintain the young Queen Maria against any attempt to disturb her on the part of King Ferdinand.

Such were the conditions prevailing when George Villiers was accredited to the Court of Spain; but they were completely altered by the death of King Ferdinand on 29th September 1833, the very day after Villiers's arrival in Madrid. Queen Christina immediately assumed the Regency in the name of her infant daughter Isabella, whom the British and French governments did not hesitate to acknowledge as Queen of Spain. But eight days after the death of King Ferdinand, his brother Don Carlos, having raised his standard at Vittoria, was proclaimed king, and the whole Basque population took up arms in his cause.

To meet this change in circumstances fresh instructions were sent out to Villiers. Being directed to resume the negotiations broken off by Stratford Canning, he found that most of the difficulties which had thwarted that Minister's efforts had disappeared with the person of King Ferdinand. Dom Miguel's presence in Portugal rendered the rising of Don Carlos far too formidable for the Spanish Minister, Ceà Bermudez, to regard it with indifference. But Ceà Bermudez, though opposed to Don Carlos, was at heart an Absolutist—a Moderado, as the reactionary party was termed. The Spanish Progresistas drove him from office, and placed in power Martinez de la Rosa, who summoned together the Cortes which Ferdinand had dissolved. Ceà had looked for support to the autocratic Northern Powers; Martinez, on the other hand, had cultivated relations with France.

It may well be asked what concern or interest the British

government had in the tortuous affairs of the Peninsula. The House of Lords had censured Palmerston for having sent Stratford Canning to Madrid; nevertheless among the instructions given to Villiers was one 'to second any inclination on the part of Spain to take joint action with Great Britain in settling the disorders of Portugal.' The fact is that Palmerston, always prone to commit his colleagues to a line in foreign policy which he allowed them no opportunity to consider in advance, had conceived the project of so encouraging the Progresistas or Liberals in Spain as to detach that country from the group of autocratic Powers, and of forming a western confederacy of Constitutional States consisting of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Spain and Portugal. A shadowy hope as concerned Spain so long as Ferdinand remained on the throne; but now that he was off the scene and Cea Bermudez *en retraite*, there seemed a better chance of effecting something. Palmerston responded warmly to overtures from Martinez. Without taking the cabinet into his confidence, he undertook that Great Britain should lend active support to the Constitutionalists in Spain and Portugal and so rid the Peninsula of both Don Carlos and Dom Pedro. Martinez, however, had been negotiating also with the French government, and Talleyrand, Louis Philippe's Minister at St. James's, threatened to make trouble if France were excluded from the arrangement. Then Palmerston played what he called his 'great stroke,' by inviting the co-operation of France. On 21st April 1834 he laid before his colleagues a draft which took away their breath; but, as he wrote in glee to his brother, 'I carried it through the cabinet by a *coup de main*.' Next day what became known as the Quadruple Alliance was formed by the signing of a treaty binding Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal to maintain Queen Christina and Queen Maria on the thrones of Spain and Portugal respectively.

With grave matters such as these agitating the political atmosphere, it partakes of bathos to find that among the earliest calls upon the attention of the British Minister at Madrid was the subject of the following correspondence.

Mr. J. Backhouse to George Villiers.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *5th November* 1833.—. . . The Duchess of Kent is desirous of obtaining for the Princess Victoria the autograph of the Queen Regent of Spain. It is wanted for a collection of autographs, and H.R.H. has no objection to its being known that it is for the Princess that it is desired. Will you be so good as to endeavour to procure it for H.R.H. ? . . .

George Villiers to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

MADRID, *2nd December* 1833.—. . . It having been communicated to me that it was your Royal Highness's desire to obtain for the Princess Victoria an autograph of the Queen Regent of Spain, I lost no time in making thro' the proper channel the necessary application to Her Majesty. Her Majesty was much flattered by your Royal Highness's request, and considered that she could in no way comply with it in a manner more satisfactory to herself than by availing herself of the opportunity to offer to the Princess Victoria, in the name of her daughter the Queen of Spain, the royal order of Maria Luisa, in token of that cordiality and friendship which it is Her Majesty's anxious hope may never cease to mark the future relations between the Princess Victoria and the Queen of Spain. The badge which accompanies the order is that which has been worn by the successive Queens of Spain from whom it has descended to her present Majesty. . . .

Sir John Conroy to George Villiers.

KENSINGTON PALACE, *23rd December* 1833.—. . . I am commanded by the Duchess of Kent to address you in this manner, with a view to your speaking to M. de Zea to arrange that the Queen Regent of Spain's flattering mark of good feeling may be *suspended* for the present, as it would create embarrassment to the Duchess of Kent; for, in the Princess Victoria's delicate position, as well as her own, the Duchess is very anxious to avoid anything that would look like marking it more than is necessary. Such compliments are not usual; without permission they could not be used; and, if refused, would be a source of vexation to the Duchess, as calculated to offend the Queen Regent. . . .

16*th January* 1834.—. . . The Duchess of Kent commands me to acquaint you that, since I had the honor of Her Royal Highness's desire to address you, Her Royal Highness is made very happy to find that there will be no difficulty in relation to the Queen Regent of Spain's most gracious intention of conferring on Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria the order of Maria Luisa, the receipt of which the Duchess of Kent now acknowledges with the most gratified feelings in the letter I forward to you herewith for the Queen Regent.

Of Villiers's private correspondence during the agitated year 1834, none of his letters have come to light except a few to his sister, Mrs. Lister.

Madrid, 8*th July* 1834.—. . . I have lately been working to make Martinez de la Rosa feel that he cannot assemble 200 or 300 men without calling into activity a certain amount of faction. . . . He is the most difficult man I have ever yet had to deal with; he has many estimable qualities; he is a just, benevolent and honorable man, but certainly possesses vanity and littleness in his composition enough to spoil ten good men. He is determined to be what Providence has denied to any one —excellent in all things; accordingly as a poet, a statesman, a dramatist, a Lovelace, a financier, an orator, an historian —he assumes for himself the first places and can endure no competition. Accordingly, with that unerring sign of a little mind, he seeks to surround himself with men miserably inferior to himself, who feed his vanity. . . . Most things are consequently left undone, and those that are not are, for the most part, ill done. . . . Therefore I never appear even to advise. . . . I merely throw out my ideas . . . and you would laugh, as I have done over and over again, if I told you how often he has given me, three or four weeks later, my ideas as his own, adding *que c'était une idée qui lui a passé par la tête*. . . . So you want me to lead the life of a hermit, do you ? in a place where I have no family, no friends, and which is as barren of amusement as the desert of Arabia. I can't quite promise you to do that, or entirely to break a certain tendency I have always had to pass a portion, however small, of my four-and-twenty hours in female society. There is no lack here of black eyes and pretty feet. . . . It is impossible not to observe all these matters; but I do so *en philosophe*; and suffice it for you, my dear little *married* disciplinarian, to know that I have not,

and will not have, any kind of entanglement or bother whatever. . . . Adieu, my dearest dear Thérèse. I have a lovely mantilla ready to send you by the first safe opportunity. Por el amor de Dios, have a wife ready for me when I return. *Je ne ferai pas le difficile* now about much money, provided she is a delectable personage.

Like all good women, Mrs. Lister could not look upon perpetual bachelorhood as anything short of a calamity, to be averted from one she loved as she did her brother George. From the day he left England, thereby forfeiting the chances of finding a nice English wife for himself, she had kept a watchful and discriminating eye upon all the young women she met. Though the project unfolded in the following letters came to naught, they illustrate the charming frankness with which Mrs. Lister discussed matrimonial schemes with her brother, and the confidence with which he entrusted his future happiness to her guidance. The subject of this letter was Miss Maria Kinnaird, ward and adopted daughter of Richard Sharp, commonly known as 'Conversation Sharp,' a well-known literary and commercial character, the bulk of whose considerable fortune Miss Kinnaird inherited at his death in March 1835. In that year she married Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary in the Irish Office.

KENT HOUSE, 19*th May* 1835.—MY DEAREST GEORGE,—It is quite impossible that I should let this post go without a few lines from me, because out of the fulness of the heart the pen will write, and my heart and mind are so brimful of your matrimonial prospects at this moment . . . that I must give vent. I do not know whether she may not have some attachment in the corner of which we know nothing, but which may steel her heart against all future advances; but I do not fancy it is so, and of that we have the means (thro' Adelaide) of knowing. She is not only very good looking at first, but I think she has a countenance that grows upon one as she talks. She looks very intelligent, has a frank, open expression and a *loving eye*. She is very pleasing in manners, quite self-possessed enough to be able to sustain easily a conversation with strangers, and yet enough of modesty to bring the colour into her face and

to betray a little shyness at being obliged to take her own part. Lady M[orley] came down yesterday when she was here, and was so pleased with her and admired her looks so much. She is left sole executrix to old Sharp's property and has business without end to do. She told Adelaide that for the last year or two Mr. Sharp had so instructed her on matters of business, and made her read so much on law, property, etc., that she thought she had almost qualified for the bar. Now this habit of being obliged *to think and act* is the very thing that, nine times out of ten, is so utterly wanting in a woman's education, and makes them so unfit to take the management of a house and to be rational companions. If she had not a farthing in the world I should say that, of all the girls now going, I had seen none more likely to hit your fancy and to suit you, than Miss K. I say this, you know, on very slight acquaintance as yet; but then I cannot help being influenced by looks and manner—the more so when the impression derived from these outward and visible signs is confirmed by the report of those who have known her long and intimately.

General Alava was here yesterday and we talked of your coming home on short leave. He said that when the [*illegible*] business was settled he thought you might perfectly; and as to stopping till that Northern Province war is over—you may just as well make up your mind to stay till your life is ended and till your mummy has mouldered away, supposing you to be preserved after the best and most approved fashion of the Egyptians. There has been war in Spain since the beginning of all things and it will last when all others have passed away. Your waiting for that which alone in this world is eternal, is quite absurd. Now what I should like is that, the instant this [*illegible*] affair is settled, you should receive a mark of approbation and come home to receive it. You might tell Palm. that your own private concerns would make it very convenient to come over for 6 weeks, and then it might soon be managed, if you do but take to each other, as I feel sure you would. It really tantalises me beyond my power of description to see a person whose mind, manners and person would suit your taste, with a purse at her command of sufficient dimensions to fulfil your wishes—to feel sure that that which you have long wished may be within your reach—that you may be *the* person in the world she would like, and that, for want of meeting that, she may be snapped up by somebody else. I really sometimes long

to send her a note to beg she will not engage herself till you come home! just to wait till she sees what a very superior article there is in the world to any she has yet seen.

Now, my dearest, you pique yourself on always arranging to do whatever you please, so do rack your brains by day and night to come over and see after this my treasure. In the meantime I shall cultivate her to the best of my power. . . . I really shall be ill or go mad if we find that her heart and hand are now quite free and that she is snapped up by some unworthy man—for every man must be unworthy compared with our dear George. You will think that this is one of the manias to which ladies in my condition are subject, and so perhaps it is; but if something is not done to satisfy it, it may be very bad for me. . . .

I can write no more now. We shall have such duets, for her voice is soprano and mine contralto, and I have just been learning such a pretty duet to sing with another woman. . . . If she feels that in sweetest harmony we could dwell, it would make her long to be in the family.—Adieu, dearest George, Ever your most affectionate sister, M. V. LISTER.

George Villiers to Mrs. Lister.

MADRID, *7th January* 1834.— . . . I like your account of *ma future*, though I have a crumb of suspicion that she is rather thin and not very pretty; but your account does not preclude her from the enjoyment of an intelligent countenance; which, if it is accompanied by a pleasing expression, is more important, because more permanent, than beauty. But how, with a mother unknown and therefore probably poor, can she be an heiress? I have always heard of old Sharpe's conversation, but never of his wealth. . . . I have such a high opinion of your judgment in general and your knowledge of what *ought*, and therefore what *would*, suit me for a wife, that I should be content to marry any woman, without seeing her, who had your unqualified approval. . . . In short, I give you *carte blanche* to arrange it for me *à la française*, and I consider that the *ne plus ultra* of confidence. I must add, however, that my views have, within the last year, undergone some modification. I now care more about the woman and less about the money than I did before. I have been a *grand seigneur*, *même un très grand seigneur*, for a twelvemonth, and my increase of happiness

thereat is very small; while at the same time I have been constantly feeling how great it would be if I were in the possession of a wife such as my imagination should picture. . . .

MADRID, *7th March* 1835.— . . . On Tuesday, the last day of the Carnaval, there were certainly not less than 35,000 people at a masked ball in the Plaza de Toros, which was completely full—the boxes and galleries, as well as the arena where the bull-fights take place. It was a pretty scene, as it always is, to see many thousands of people together in good humor and determined to amuse themselves; but the picturesqueness of such a reunion is greatly spoiled by the absence of national costume, which is beginning generally to disappear, and, as usual, more so in the capital than elsewhere. Nothing can be more graceful than the dress of a Spanish woman—the manner in which she puts on and wears the mantilla—the variety of colors she manages to combine, which, be they what they may, harmonise with the black mantilla—her short petticoats, which show off the almost universally well-turned ankle and little foot; for that is the pride of the sex here. An ugly face may be overlooked—an ugly foot never! A Spanish woman will starve herself, or resort to any of those means by which damsels prevent themselves from starving, sooner than not have a pair of black silk stockings *à jour* and black silk shoes to walk out in on a feast day. This pride in their feet and desire to display them make all Spanish women walk well—not pit-a-pat and in a hurry as French women do, but uprightly, slowly and with their toes out, which gives them an air of great dignity. And the fan, which is an appendage of absolute necessity, as the mantilla does not shade the face from the sun, gives them an opportunity of moving their bodies in an endless variety of graceful forms. A foreigner has no idea, till he comes to Spain, of the dexterity of which the management of the fan is capable. Divested of all this, and attempting to dress herself *à la française* as she hopes, a Spanish woman, unless possessing extraordinary beauty of face, becomes the most dowdy and unfair of her sex: her grace seems to vanish and she looks like an English country chambermaid. With the men it is just the same. They are, in general, a tall and well-limbed race, often with handsome countenances. You can conceive nothing more gaillard, jaunty and businesslike than an Andalusian in his brown jacket, embroidered all over with a sort of blue plush with silver tags, opening at the wrists with a row of filagree

buttons, which also plentifully adorn a small open waistcoat. His shirt collar is turned down, and a red or yellow silk handkerchief tied in a sailor's knot round his neck. His breeches are embroidered down the sides like his jacket, with long gaiters of a light brown leather worked in a variety of patterns, with shoes of the same material. His hat, fastened with a leather strap under his chin, is of black velvet, except the bottom part which is beaver. This, with a cigar in his mouth and a cloak thrown over his shoulders as a Spaniard only knows how to do it, makes the most complete picture of a *man* I know of in any country. When one sees this figure upon a horse with its long mane plaited and tail tied up with gay ribbons and a scarlet tassel upon its forehead, with his gun slung across his shoulders or fastened to his saddle, or when you see him sitting at his door with his guitar and singing as the natural relaxation from his labors, the warrior and the troubadour cease to be a legendary combination. . . . Isn't it, then, a pity to see such men *genteelising* themselves, as they think, by thrusting themselves into ill-made black coats and round hats, and even thinking that a cloak is becoming vulgar because it is national ? . . .

8th.—The courier did not go yesterday, so I open this to say a word of congratulation to you—to myself—to us all—upon this day, my dearest Theresa. You have exclusively occupied my thoughts the whole morning, and I don't know when I have passed a more agreeable time than in calling to mind all that is associated with the 8th March, on which day, truly, Mrs. George did the very best act of her life. Thinking of you since I first knew you, is unmixed pleasure indeed. God bless you !

Among Villiers's letters from home at this time, some of the longest came from the Hon. Emily Eden, an intimate friend from childhood and one of the most accomplished women in London. An immense mass of her letters remain among the papers at the Grove, redolent of the Whig atmosphere wherein the writer lived and moved and almost exclusively had her being.[1]

[1] She was the seventh daughter of the first Lord Auckland, and, having been born in 1797, was three years older than George Villiers. In later years she wrote some books which met with much popularity, among them being two novels, *The Semi-detached House* (1859) and *The Semi-attached Couple* (1860). She lived at Eden House, Kensington Gore, which became a regular rendezvous of the Whig leaders on Sunday afternoon.

Hon. Emily Eden to George Villiers.

Greenwich Park, 21*st October* 1833.—A large sheet of paper and a vigorous determination to write your Excellency a long letter! I am so tired of thinking that—'I really *will* write to Mr. Villiers to-day.' Perhaps if I write to-night, the thought will not recur to-morrow morning at its usual hour, and George [1] will not say—'Have not you written to G. Villiers yet?' Such a stupid question if I have no good answer ready; but while we were enjoying ourselves to our heart's content travelling about Germany, I gave the last zest—the finishing touch—to my happiness by abstaining from writing to any human being; so when we came back I had to write to my 24 sisters and to about 16 individuals who were all rather huffy and hurt. Now that they are all written smooth again, I may neglect them a little, I opine.

Our journey was so successful—pleasanter even than I expected, which is saying a great deal. We saw more, and hardshipped less, and we had lovely weather and not an accident—not even a loose lynch pin. . . . George thought he had left his gold pencil case at Brussels, but he discovered it in the wrong pocket at Antwerp, and that was our best attempt at a misfortune. . . . What a frightful country Holland is. I am proud of my skill in discovering that King William is not so sulky at being deprived of Belgium as at having been left with Holland.[2] It is such a great slop, he does not know how to mop it up without help. Indeed I have suggested that to our ministers, thinking they might begin a negociation on fresh ground—or rather fresh water. . . . Altogether, I think Belgium such a neat little kingdom and Leopold a very lucky man. We dined with him: he has mounted his court to a pitch of formality and magnificence that would deceive an unsuspicious stranger into the idea of his being a legitimate monarch. We could not have passed a duller evening, or sat in a more formal circle if he had been Leopold xiv. However, it was worth seeing and not really tiresome, as all such things are amusing *once*. I sat at dinner between the Minister of War (name unknown) and Vilaine Quatorze. That fourteenth villain cannot understand why the Queen is so in love with the King: the fact is evident

[1] Her brother, Lord Auckland.

[2] By the Treaty of Paris in 1814 Catholic Belgium was united to Protestant Holland; but fusion proved impossible, and in 1830 the Powers consented to their separation and the formation of two monarchies.

to the dullest bystander. I cannot see why she should not be. Leopold is just as good-looking as ever, and seems to have a very pretty manner towards her, and she seemed to do her part very well in a shy, gentle way. Except at Antwerp, where there is a Dutch party, and at Liége where there is a French party, they say Leopold is very much liked.

Oh Mr. Villiers! Bowring — your own dear Bowring: to think of my not having mentioned him sooner.[1] I make a point of liking all George's friends, so I say nothing; but I think you will allow that the first beginning—*le premier abord*—the rudiments of an acquaintance with Bowring—are hard to get over. He began by flinging himself at full length upon the sofa, saying —'Well! what have you been doing in the sketching line?' I was actually awed by his audacity into giving him my book. 'Ah—very good—very good. Well now, this is the result of travelling. I like a *result*. Always look for the result!' I really believe that I must be a fierce *aristocrate* by nature; however, I behaved no worse to Bowring than by contradicting every assrtion he made—on subjects of which I knew nothing. I actually argued myself black in the face about Spanish proverbs, Dutch fisheries and Belgian tariffs, knowing nothing about the language or the fish or the trade. I do not think our acquaintance was long enough for him to detect my ignorance, because he argued to the last just as if I were a reasonable creature, and, thank Heaven, after two days' wrangling I had the last word. He most politely saw us on board our steamboat at Antwerp, and did everything to make us comfortable, and, just as he left the deck, I contradicted him flat on a point of geography. *You* know what my geography is—worse than nothing—so that he must have been right, which made it the more necessary to take the contrary opinion. However, I must say that, barring his detestable manner (you and George must give *that* up), there is a great deal to like in him. He is so intelligent and quick; and then, with such a fund of vanity that it must be mortified ten times a day, he never lets the mortification fall on his temper, but is always good-humoured and obliging. . . . They say the first day he dined with Leopold he tripped lightly across the circle of ladies up to the Queen, and, hanging negligently over her chair, asked her how she liked the thought of 'leaving her little boy'! . . . Joseph Hume was asked

[1] Dr. John Bowring, fellow-commissioner with Villiers in negotiating the French commercial treaty in 1831-2; received knighthood in 1854, d. 1872.

twice to dinner and Leopold talked to him for an hour, and he left Brussels a confirmed courtier, with all his doubts about that £50,000 a year entirely removed. . . . Oh, and Powlett, by the way! I forget all the most interesting facts. He seems to be making a sad fool of himself. Sir R. Adair[1] asked me who it could be that Lady —— was travelling with. He had had an odd, mysterious note from him begging him not to let it be known she was in Brussels, as there were persons in her party who ought to wait on the King, but did not wish to be known. 'And then,' said Sir R., 'I heard that this person called himself Lord Melbourne, and I was quite vexed Lord M. should slight the king in that way, and was very much relieved when I found Lord M. was in England. Now who could this be? was it an official person?' I can't guess; can you? We heard the same foolish story at Frankfort, and they say the newspapers are full of it, and that it was placarded in the streets. . . . We go to-morrow to pass a few days with the E. Stanleys at Putney. I went to town yesterday to see Lady Fordwich[2] on her way from Panshanger to Italy. She seemed very happy and pleased with her new family and Fordwich looked in great spirits. Lady de Grey talked a small quantity of nonsense, and knows all the ill-natured things that have been said about Ann's [Lady Fordwich's] marriage. She gave me an account of her argument with Lady Jersey (who has distinguished herself in the ill-natured line) which made my hair stand on end for both parties! She calls Lord F. 'Ford,' but I was happy to see that his dawdling, gentlemanlike manner awed her when he was in the room. . . . I suppose you know that we all think of nothing but Spain, and I hear Lord Grey says your despatches are excellent.

Grosvenor St., *7th January* 1834.— . . . George and I have been for a fortnight at Bowood. The house was full of people and we enjoyed ourselves amazingly. It is always rather superior society in point of talk: there is less said about people, and more about books, than in most country houses; and there were besides Barringtons, Nortons, Kennedys, Lord John Russell, etc. etc., a floating capital of poets and travellers who furnished us with a little information. There was a Mr.

[1] Sir Robert Adair (1763-1855), British Minister at Brussels. He was an intimate friend of Charles James Fox, and Canning quizzed him in the Anti-jacobin as 'Bawba-dara-adul-phoolah.'

[2] Ann Florence, Baroness Lucas, married in 1833 to Lord Fordwich, afterwards sixth Earl Cowper.

Burnes who has been from Delhi through the Cabul and Bukhara to Ispahan by routes which no European has followed before, and he gave us his history, backed up by a map, in such a lively manner that I swallowed a small quantity of instruction without much nausea.[1] . . . What a woman Mrs. Norton is! as beautiful I think as it is possible to be;[2] much more so, even, than I thought her in London—but tiresome society, never natural for one moment, and affecting to be so much more wicked than there is the slightest call for. Your brother Edward dined here yesterday—very agreeable, as he always is. We had the Stanleys here, whom he had not met before, and he seemed to be much amused with E. Stanley's boyish spirits.[3] Mr. Tierney,[4] acid and acute, and the Right Honourable, extremely melancholy and gentlemanlike, wishing to be out of office (or I imagine in a higher situation) and dwelling with great pathos on the sacrifice he made for his country's good. I suppose you may have heard of the action Mr. Dicas brought against the Chancellor for false imprisonment, and tho' Dicas was non-suited, the Chancellor had to pay £22 costs. It is a subject to which he cannot bear the slightest allusion. Mr. Stanley was composing yesterday a mock heroic speech comparing the Chancellor's submitting to pay costs to all that was great in ancient or modern history. . . . Poor Mr. Lamb's death[5] is melancholy in many respects, and the opening it affords to Lord Howick is one of the distressing consequences which seem to weigh heavily on the minds of most members of the government. It is hardly to be believed that the Bear[6] was sent by Lord Grey to Lord Melbourne to ask for the place the night before George Lamb died. Nobody has seen Lord Melbourne since his brother's death, and therefore nobody knows what arrangement has been made. Mr. Stanley said he really had not the least idea what Lord G. and Lord M. had arranged, but everybody supposes it is settled in Lord Howick's favour,

[1] Sir Alexander Burnes, who, with Sir William Macnaghten, Lieutenant Broadfoot and Burness's younger brother were massacred at Cabul in 1841.

[2] Daughter of Thomas Sheridan.

[3] Afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby. He was at this time Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Grey's Government.

[4] Probably a son of George Tierney, leader of the Whig Opposition, who died in 1830.

[5] Younger brother of Lord Melbourne and Under Home-Secretary, Lord Melbourne being at the head of that department.

[6] Edward Ellice the elder (1781-1863), the Mentor of many Whig Ministries. He was called 'the Bear' in allusion to his connection with the Hudson Bay Company.

unless Lord M. makes some violent struggle to avoid it, after to-morrow, when the funeral takes place. . . . He has such an aversion to Lord Howick that it would not surprise me to find he had made a stand against him, as it must be very difficult to go on with a parliamentary Under-Secretary whom one dislikes.

Mr. Barnham has left Lady C. Grimston and gone down to Kendal to succeed James Brougham, so that the British countess may have the pleasure on his return of marrying her daughter to a member of parliament.[1] 'Catty is so in love with him,' she says, 'and I am sure you would not wonder if you saw the diamonds.'

I wish you would let me spend about £5 a year in such idle books as I think would suit you. There is a novel of Capt. Marryat's—*Peter Simple*—that would amuse you very much in the George Godfrey line, and Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1834 is almost better than any of the others. I am sure you must want some of that sort of diversion amazingly, after you have done a revolution or two for your morning's work. . . . Mrs. Fox Lane[2] rides about in a light-blue riding-habit something like Miss Jenny Wronghead's, and always accompanied by her father.—'Bless me!' said Lord Alvanley yesterday, 'so that 's her father. I thought it was a man hired by the month with the horse, and was saying to myself how lucky she was to find such a respectable-looking person.' The Edward Thynnes are going to be separated, which will be much to her advantage, poor thing. He has spent every sixpence, and treats her very ill besides. . . . I fully expect that *the* decisive cavalry charge to decide the Spanish succession will be made by Don Carlos's troops, mounted on the horses which the Poodle [Byng] has sent you by the wrong road.

The next letter comes from Miss Emily's brother, Lord Auckland, who had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty when Sir James Graham followed his chief, Lord Grey, in resigning office.

Grosvenor St., 10*th June* 1834.— . . . I am packing up at the Board of Trade, and have hardly yet recovered my sur-

[1] Lady Catherine Grimstone, eldest daughter of James, first Earl of Verulam. She married, on 14th January 1834, J. F. Barham of Stockbridge, M.P. He died in 1838, and she was married in 1839 to Lord Clarendon.

[2] Wife of George Lane Fox of Bramham, and daughter of E. P. Buckley of Minestead, Hants.

prise that the course of late events should have so sent me up the ladder. I am not quite happy with it, for I have no turn for great elevation and am not very confident of myself. However, there I am, and, having uttered a reasonable number of *nolos*, we are breaking up poor Greenwich [1] and Grosvenor Street and preparing to settle at the Admiralty. I have a retirement assured to me, and only wish that the crotchets of men were not so much stronger than their reasons, and that the old firm had gone on; but as this is not the case, we have only to make the best of our new firm; and the longer we can keep off that collision of Houses and extreme principles, which so many are driving at, and can continue to march on the road of rational reform, the better it will be for all. I am really sorry for the loss of Stanley [2]; the more so as the time is not very far off when he is in danger of becoming high churchman and high Tory. . . .

I have given Mr. Renny a letter of introduction to you and you will do with him what you please. I do not much like the class of men who build up recommendation upon recommendation from a variety of parties, until they get an appearance of being of consequence, and least of all is it fair to our ministers abroad to have such agents too much accredited to them. Nevertheless, this man has been well spoken of to us, and I have given him a letter, though letting him know my opinion of such missions. . . . All this *gallopante calamo*.

Many of the present generation must have been familiar with the appearance of the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, who remained father of the House of Commons in extreme old age,[3] but that bent and tottering figure retained little resemblance to the fiery young Radical who, in 1834, fought his way into Parliament and took his place in the advanced guard of Free Traders. Here is a report upon his election under his own hand:

[1] He had been a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital since 1829.

[2] Edward Stanley, about to become Lord Stanley through his grandfather's death, 21st October 1834, had seceded from the Government when Lord John Russell proposed to alienate part of the revenues of the Irish Church and devote it to secular objects.

[3] His last appearance in the House of Commons was when he was sworn a member after the General Election of 1895. Sixteen times had he been so sworn as Member for Wolverhampton. He died on 16th January 1898 at the age of ninety-six, having been a member of parliament for sixty-four years.

Charles Villiers, M.P., to his brother George.

20*th January* 1835.— . . . I leave you to judge what sort of a Christmas I passed in canvassing the freeborn of Wolverhampton—population 60,000, unknown before to any of them myself. However, as my difficulties were great, so is my victory glorious. The respectable people rather took a fancy to me, and I had the extreme good fortune to have opposed to me one of the greatest ruffians and blackguards that ever existed a [*illegible*] named Nicholson, and he did me the good turn of charging me with everything in the world; which, of course, not being able to prove, I became a sort of victim. . . . I ended at the head of the poll. It is one of the new boroughs and, as yet, uncorrupted. I announced to them when I first went there that I should be very happy to be returned, but that they must be prepared for my not spending one 6d. more than legal expenses; consequently I did not give a glass of brandy and water to a human being, would not retain any agent, or treat, or allow any ribbons, flags or music. My expenses have therefore been limited to the polling booths, a few cars used for my own canvassing and dining out, my living and Montagu's at the inn, and a dinner which I foolishly gave three nights ago to my own committee. I had hoped it would all have been under £200; I find everything will now be cleared for £250, and I am the M.P. for Wolverhampton. I think you will say this is doing pretty well. The only drawback to it is that, now that I am in, I don't care a damn about it and I am afraid my health will not stand it. This contest has been too much for me and my health does not improve. The people here are by no means Radical, and I should displease them if I voted through thick and thin against the present men. . . . If any factious opposition is offered to the government, I am sure the Reformers will put themselves in the wrong with the country and be weaker throughout the session. There is a general feeling, I think, that public character will be done for if the Tories turn Reformers; but I don't think it stands very high now, and that sort of thing is always said. . . . Montagu [1] has been with me all the time. He is a d—d good speaker, and the women were so gone upon him that he was quite a host for me. . . .

[1] His younger brother, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

The following letter is from Nassau Senior,[1] the economist, describing the social revolution effected by the new Poor Law whereof he was the principal author, for he wrote the report of the Royal Commission upon which the Act was framed. The forecast about the unification of the German Empire is not without interest.

LINCOLN'S INN, *1st December* 1835.— . . . You hear, I have no doubt, all English news in the best manner. As far as I can perceive, each party is equally afraid of the other. One side fears the King, the Queen, O'Connell, Sir R. Peel, the Radicals and the Moderates; the other side fears the ten-pounders, the tail, the Scotch and the Irish. The Whigs tell me that Lord Melbourne is tottering, that property has been frightened, and that some fine morning he will read, as Lord Lansdowne did last year, his dismissal in the papers.

The Tories say that the experiment of a Tory ministry has been tried and has failed; that Peel is a coward; that the Duke is disgusted with his High Church friends, and that they have no hopes for years to come.

On the whole, I am inclined to take the latter view of the case, and to believe that a Tory ministry will not be practicable for a very considerable time: certainly not until the Irish Church question has been settled, and the Tories do not seem anxious to promote that settlement. In the meantime our domestic revolution is going on in the most peaceful and prosperous way possible. The Poor Law Act is covering England and Wales with a network of small aristocracies, in which the guardians elected by owners and rate-payers are succeeding to the power and influence of the magistrates. By this time all Kent has been split into 21 poor law unions, Sussex into certain others; in short, the old parochial authorities have been superseded in half the county already, and will be superseded in the rest before the end of next year. Fifteen assistant-commissioners, with £1000 a year apiece to invigorate their exertion, are in constant motion to effect these operations and ten more are to be added to them. At the same time all the old corporations are overturned, and new ones are to be elected during the course of next year. All sorts of local ambitions are everywhere at work; never, in short, was any country more thoroughly dug up,

[1] Nassau William Senior (1790-1864) was the eldest son of the vicar of Durnford, Wilts.

trenched and manured than ours will have been during the last and the ensuing year. I trust that the crops will be in proportion to the tillage. I mention all this because you will not find it in the papers.

I passed last autumn in the south of Germany with a member of the Diet—Sieveking—who took advantage of a suspension of its sittings to travel with us. We talked German politics among the Heidelberg hills for a fortnight. His general expectation was that, as soon as Prussia ceased to be well governed, the people would require a constitution; and that as soon as she had a constitution she would swallow up the smaller states—all those who have joined her commercial league, and perhaps also Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria; in fact divide Germany with Austria. In the meantime, all that country is in great prosperity: such a contrast with France in the roads, people, inns and villages. . . .

All went well at first with the Quadruple Alliance. The Spanish General Rodil, co-operating with the forces of Queen Maria in Tras-os-montes, completely defeated Dom Miguel on 16th May at Asserceira. Dom Miguel wisely resigned his pretensions in consideration of a pension of £1500 a year, and retired to Italy. Don Carlos also seemed to think his cause was lost, for he applied for and obtained a passage to England in H.M.S. *Donegal*. Landing at Portsmouth on 18th June, he was received with royal honours, for, after all, was he not brother of the late legitimate King of Spain?

Nothing, wrote Palmerston to his brother, ever did so well as the Quadruple Treaty; it has ended a war which might otherwise have lasted months. Miguel, when he surrendered, had with him from 12,000 to 16,000 men, with 45 pieces of artillery and 1200 cavalry. . . . But the moral effect of the treaty cowed them all—general, officers and men, and that army succumbed without firing a shot. Carlos is come to London and will remain here.

Palmerston was reckoning without his guest. Don Carlos had left behind him a most capable lieutenant in the person of Zumulacarregui, a master of *guerilla*, who had everything in readiness for a fresh rising. Within a fortnight of

landing in England, Don Carlos gave his entertainers the slip; crossed over to France, passed boldly through Paris, where he attended a performance at a theatre, raised his standard at Navarre on 10th July and resumed the offensive. The war now took on a character of medieval savagery. Queen Christina's General Mina proclaimed that any person found out of doors after nightfall should be hanged; Zumulacarregui retaliated by shooting his prisoners. The Quadruple Allies were called upon to fulfil the terms of Palmerston's treaty—Great Britain to furnish arms, stores and ships to the Christinos, France undertaking to prevent munitions and supplies reaching the Carlists across her frontier, while Portugal would put in the field what troops she could spare from her own necessities.

When King William dismissed his Ministers in November 1834, the Duke of Wellington took over the Foreign Office from Lord Palmerston and sent Lord Eliot and Colonel Wylde to negotiate between the hostile commanders for observance of the usages of war among civilised nations. They succeeded so far as in obtaining the signatures of Valdez, the Christino Commander-in-Chief, and Zumalacarregui to agreement pledging them to respect the lives of prisoners, and to cease putting people to death for political reasons. He would have been sanguine, indeed, who could entertain any faith that these pledges would be observed. Moreover, the agreement was denounced by the Christinos as putting rebels and royalists on an equal footing. It was clear that Great Britain and France, as signatories to the treaty, must do something more than merely keep the ring for the combatants. Queen Christina's minister, Martinez, demanded intervention from both Powers. The French Government flatly declined intervention — not without some reason, for it was only twenty years since the French armies had been driven out of Spain, and the Spanish people had not forgotten the circumstance. Moreover, Palmerston was back at the Foreign Office in the spring of 1835; the last thing he desired was to see the French back in Madrid, and he instructed Villiers to inform Martinez that he must not look for foreign intervention until all the

resources of Queen Christina's Government had been brought into action.[1] At the same time the Governments of Great Britain and France adopted a middle course, whereof the results were deplorable enough to warn one against implicit faith in the facile formula *medio tutissimus*—a course to which Palmerston, of all men, was by nature least prone. Officers and men of both countries were to be encouraged to enter the service of Queen Christina. Palmerston obtained an Order in Council authorising the formation of a Spanish Legion, consisting of British volunteers to the number of 10,000, who were to take the field in Spain under their own officers. Owing to the provisions of one of Sidmouth's Six Acts,[2] this new force could not be trained in England; so recruits, who were readily forthcoming, were shipped off to the Peninsula on enlistment. The Legion was placed under command of Colonel de Lacy Evans, an extreme Radical, who had defeated the Whig Cam Hobhouse in an election for Westminster.

Like most half measures this proved an egregious failure, fully justifying the Duke of Wellington's strong disapproval, for he knew by bitter experience how little reliance was to be placed on the fulfilment of obligations by Spanish authorities. Evans was a gallant and experienced soldier, having been employed continuously on the staff in the Peninsular, American and Waterloo campaigns from 1812 to 1815, and he did what could be done with the means at his disposal. But many of his men were utterly unfit for service; out of 9600 in his command, 2300 never took the field; and although Villiers was unceasing in his endeavour to rouse the Spanish authorities to their duty, the Legion suffered grievously from neglect in furnishing it with transport and supplies. Yet Evans rendered the Christinos great service. His men fought splendidly, with all the more desperate courage because they knew that the Carlists

[1] F.O., Spain 439. 22nd May 1835.

[2] Commonly known as Castlereagh's; but if any minister was more responsible than another for these measures it was Lord Sidmouth, who, as Home Secretary, prepared and introduced them in the House of Lords. Castlereagh took charge of them in the Commons as leader of the House.

massacred all prisoners.[1] Among other exploits he caused the Carlists to raise the siege of San Sebastian in May 1836, losing 97 officers and 500 men out of his force of 6000. He was badly defeated at Hernani on 16th March 1837; but, having formed a junction with the Royalist army under Espartero, he reoccupied Hernani on 14th May. Supported by blue-jackets and marines under Lord John Hay, he stormed Irun on the 17th and received the capitulation of Fuentarabia on the 18th. This brought the period of two years, for which the Legion had been enlisted, to a close. The troops were disbanded; a few officers and men chose to re-enlist in the Spanish service; but Evans, having had more than enough of a wretched war, brought away the rest of them to England, 'where they arrived in the most miserable condition that can be conceived.'[2]

This outline of the fortunes of the Legion, necessary to an understanding of the peculiar circumstances wherein Villiers found himself as Minister in the metropolis of a country racked with an exceedingly ferocious civil war, has carried us far beyond a point to which we must now return. In 1835 the views of Great Britain and France on the Spanish question began to diverge. Palmerston's sympathies were all with the Progresistas or Constitutionalists, those of Louis Philippe with the Moderados or Conservatives, which two parties were so evenly balanced in the Cortes as to bring about incessant ministerial crises. Martinez de la Rosa, though staunch in opposition to Don Carlos, was also very unwilling to allow the growth of democratic ideas, and in this he had the support of the Queen Regent. Martinez was turned out of office in June, to be succeeded by the Moderado Count Toreno, who in turn had to yield to a defeat by the Progresistas. In this condition of affairs all parties turned to Villiers for advice. He was consulted alike by the Queen Regent, Toreno and

[1] Don Carlos issued a proclamation that the convention signed with Valdez at Lord Eliot's instance did not apply to foreigners, and that all Englishmen taken under arms would be shot. In two years' campaign Evans lost only forty-seven men taken prisoners. These were all shot in cold blood, while the lives of eleven hundred Carlists taken by the Legion were spared, of course.

[2] *Annual Register*, 1837, p. 308.

by Mendizàbal, leader of the Progresistas. He told the Queen Regent that he had no authority to interfere in the name of the British Government, but when she pressed for his advice as 'an English gentleman in whom she had entire confidence,' he told her frankly that he thought she must make up her mind to a Progresista ministry.[1] She followed this advice, though with reluctance, by sending for Mendizàbal. Immediately the Moderados appealed to France, representing that they had been the victims of an English intrigue.

The French Cabinet was divided upon the Spanish question. It contained two inveterate rivals—Guizot, who hated the Quadruple Alliance, as he hated everything in which Palmerston had a chief hand, and Thiers, who was eager for active intervention in Spain on behalf of the constitutional party. After the defeat of the Moderados in September and the accession of Mendizàbal to power, relations between Great Britain and France underwent a severe chill. Louis Philippe and Guizot had come to the conclusion that England had destroyed herself by the Reform Act, and was no longer desirable as an ally, in which belief they were confirmed by Talleyrand, who, returning from London in 1834, had reported that Great Britain was far on the road to revolution, and recommended Louis Philippe to cultivate relations with autocratic Austria instead. Consequently, without formally withdrawing from the Quadruple Alliance, the policy of the French Government veered strongly in favour of the Carlists; all frontier restrictions were withdrawn, and long trains of supplies and munitions streamed across the Pyrenees to the Carlist quarters.

The relations between the British and French Governments were further strained in 1835 by another circumstance. The Spanish treasury was exhausted and Spanish credit would not serve Mendizàbal to raise a foreign loan. Accordingly he proposed to Villiers that if England would advance £1,500,000, the exorbitant duties upon British imports would be reduced to a reasonable scale. Villiers,

[1] F.O., Spain 444. 15th September 1835.

of course, was not authorised to conclude any such bargain; nevertheless, as the case was pressing and as he had received special instructions to endeavour to get the Spanish Government to modify their tariff in favour of Great Britain, he did have a convention drafted, signed by Mendizàbal and himself, and forwarded it to Palmerston, stating that the only persons to whom the transaction was known were Queen Christina, Mendizàbal, himself and his private secretary, Henry Southern.[1] Palmerston, while expressing approval of Villiers having signed the treaty without instructions, informed him that he could not advise the King to ratify it.

> His Majesty's Government does not consider that it would be consistent with the spirit of the alliance that two out of four should make separately, and without previous communication with others, an engagement. . . . Great Britain would expose herself to the charge of having severed herself from her allies in order to grasp at an object conducive to her own particular interests.[2]

Nothing could be more honourable towards an ally than this treatment of the Spanish Minister's proposal; but unluckily, despite the precautions taken to keep the negotiations secret, the French Foreign Minister, the Duc de Broglie, received information about it from two different quarters. It is hardly possible that any other than Queen Christina herself can have betrayed the confidence. The French Minister, M. de Rayneval, obtained the information 'under the seal of the most profound secrecy,' and there can be little doubt that the Queen Regent, at heart a Moderado, took this means of bringing the Progresista Mendizàbal into disgrace. So there was an end of *l'entente cordiale* which Palmerston had plumed himself on having established—an end, not less decisive because no formal rupture had taken place. Just about this time M. Thiers became President of the French Council, an event most distasteful to Villiers at the time, although a few months

[1] F.O., Spain 445. 28th November 1835.
[2] *Ibid.* 439. 21st December 1835.

later he seems to have changed his views upon Thiers's attitude towards England and the Quadruple Treaty.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

6th March 1836.— . . . Thiers's[1] elevation disgusts my inmost soul: rather annoys it too, as he is an enemy of mine, fancying that I have exerted an undue influence here to the exclusion of France, and I may perhaps find him hostile in any thing he may think the English government wants at my instigation upon Spanish affairs. That 's my only reason for being annoyed; otherwise I am proud of his disapprobation.

You ask me if I think *la jeune France* will bear the yoke of L[ouis] P[hilippe]. I answer—yes: not willingly, of course, but they will be forced to do so by the National [*illegible*] *i.e.* the middling classes, who care for nothing but making money, and for that they are determined to have undisturbed tranquillity without a care for the price at which they purchase it.

Not the least difficult part of the task devolving upon Villiers as ambassador to the Spanish Court was the negotiation of a treaty with regard to the slave trade, the views of the British Government and people upon that profitable branch of commerce being wholly incomprehensible by Spanish statesmen. He accomplished it successfully, however, and the treaty was signed on 28th June 1837. Edward Villiers having undertaken to write an article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, George gave him materials for the same.[2]

Madrid, *6th March* 1836.— . . . With respect to slave trade materials—I begged Southern[3] to put down a few facts relative to the negotiation here, and you will find them in enclosure No. 1. I next send you (No. 2) a copy of a dispatch from me to the Duke of Wellington stating the steps I had taken after having received the draft of a treaty to be proposed to the Spanish government, as it will let you into the difficulties I had

[1] Thiers had become Chief Minister in January.

[2] Edward Villiers's article appeared in July 1836.

[3] Henry Southern (1799-1853) sent out as Villiers's private secretary and afterwards became secretary to the Legation. He founded the *Retrospective Review* in 1820, and in 1824 became joint editor of the *Westminster Review* with John Bowring. In later life he was appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic and afterwards to the Court of Brazil.

to contend with. No. 3 is the note I wrote to M[artinez] de la R[osa] which clinched the business and without which *nothing* would ever have been done. The *gentle* insinuation that he had broken his word of honor he could not stand, and from that moment he began really to intend making the treaty. No. 4 is the dispatch to the Duke of Wellington enclosing my note to Martinez.

I need hardly mention that the fact of my having furnished copies of my dispatches must be a profound secret. I have done so as I know no better way of letting you know exactly my position here and how much had to depend upon personal negociation ; for it cannot be sufficiently borne in mind that all those Spaniards who are not absolutely indifferent to the abolition of the slave trade, are positively averse to it. *We* think that an appeal to humanity must be conclusive. The word is not *understood* by a Spaniard. Upon this you may have a little episode upon the bloody, ferocious character of the civil war, and you may unhesitatingly declare that from no quarter, whether Carlist or Liberal, man, woman or child, is an expression of regret ever heard for the blood which is flowing—Spanish blood spilt by Spanish hands—and all the inhuman crimes which are committed on both sides. Appeal then to the humanity of such a nation in favour of a race which they look upon as mere beasts of the field ! Talk of our disinterested eagerness upon the subject to people who never do anything without a sordid or a selfish motive, who delight in over-reaching each other and always expect that a foreigner is trying to over-reach them !

Then Cuba is the pride and hope and joy of Spain. It is cherished as the only fraction left of the world which once owned Spain as mistress. Cuba is the place whence revenue comes and whither every bankrupt Spaniard goes in order to rob *ad libitum* ; and the idea of moving this country to take any step objected to by the whole Cuban community (that is, *bona fide* taking such a step or otherwise than with words) appeared *la mer à boire*, and *the* great achievement is that the real execution of the treaty is now put into the hands of the British government and the British cruisers by means of the equipment articles. This is the part that you should develop well, for it is the distinction between the old and inefficient treaty, and the present one, and the measure which makes success as certain as can be expected in a contest against human ingenuity and sordid interests.

No. 5 is perhaps scarcely worth sending, but you may possibly glean a hint from it. When I read *Anti-Metternich* I determined upon answering it, and on the same day, having to wait an hour in Mendizàbal's office till he returned from the Queen, I amused myself by putting down a few heads for an answer and a few facts which my memory supplied at the moment. With respect to papers you should refer to, you must read my note to Zea Bermudez dated 31st December 1833, which is in the class B of Slave Papers presented to Parliament for the year 1834. This will give you a pretty complete history, and as it is probably very little known, you can take from it safely all you may require. All the Slave Papers annually presented to Parliament will afford you information of the state of the trade and the efforts of the British government for its suppression. Then I should refer you to the article in the *Times* which you may remember C. Greville got inserted after the ratification of the treaty, and the answer to *Anti-Metternich* will likewise supply you with matter. . . . I should like to give you a tremendous dressing for having listened to that self-sufficient coxcomb and donkey Hammond [1] about Cordoba, instead of putting some little faith in me; just as you thought a year ago, when the quack Dr. Bow-wow [2] swore that democracy was the only way of combatting Carlism, that I was a mere Tory for calling his talk nonsense. However, my boy, you shall have it next time, with proofs that Cordoba committed no deliberate act of treachery, or treachery at all, in leaving Evans, nor was the Legion ever the least exposed in reality to being cut off to a man. The Carlists had all retired, and Evans was in no more danger than I am now; but it constantly happens that raw troops and bad generals fancy themselves deserted and in the jaws of death.

[1] Edmund Hammond (1802-90), clerk in the Foreign Office, became Permanent Under-Secretary of State in 1854, when Villiers formed a very different opinion of his quality. He was created Lord Hammond in 1874.

[2] John Bowring.

CHAPTER V

THE CARLISTS

'Guerra cominciata, inferno scatenato.'
Italian Proverb.

THE observance of birthdays varies according to the temperament, idiosyncrasy and habits of different families. In some households they pass almost or quite unnoticed after childhood; in others, they afford an occasion not to be missed of loving commemoration. Such was the invariable practice of the Villiers family, and George Villiers was never allowed to forget that he had been born on 12th January.

George Villiers to Mrs. Lister.

MADRID, *January 30th*, 1836.— . . . I will not let the courier depart without one word at least of thanks for the expression of all the kind feelings to which that 12th inst. gave rise. They gave me great pleasure, because one can never hear too often that one is loved by those one loves, and the assurance of your affection, who are so very dear to me, is always a renewal of happiness which improves and increases, instead of being weakened by age. . . .

Home letters must indeed have been a precious refreshment to George Villiers in these days, for the condition of affairs in Spain had sunk to the lowest depth of horror. Savage reprisals had been resumed on both sides and the war had assumed the character of a gigantic *vendetta*. Two examples may suffice as typical of scenes in all the provinces.

In January 1836 the Royalist General Mina laid siege to a fortress near Barcelona, where a considerable Carlist force was guarding a number of prisoners. To get rid of these, the Carlists flung them from the ramparts, firing at them as they fell. Many of these prisoners being citizens of

Barcelona, when the news reached that city the populace rose, forced the citadel, dragged out upwards of one hundred Carlist prisoners and butchered them in the streets. Even the sick and wounded in the hospital were not spared.

Mina was Captain-general of Catalonia and had opposed to him Cabrera, the ablest of the Carlist leaders in the south. Cabrera's mother, nearly seventy years of age, was seized at Tortosa and shot by Mina's orders. Cabrera retaliated by shooting the wives of four Royalist officers.

The dilatory action and futile strategy of the Spanish generals, and the frequent reverses they sustained in the field, produced bitter dissension among the Christinos. Mendizàbal, Villiers's one stay and hope, was driven from office, after fighting a duel with Isturitz, leader of the Moderados, who replaced him as head of the government. This caused a general revolt of Progresistas; the constitution of 1812 was proclaimed at Malaga, Saragossa, Cadiz, and many other towns; several regiments mutinied, and a large number of soldiers, many of them drunk, forced their way into the palace of Ildefonso, demanding audience of the Queen Regent. Queen Christina admitted a deputation of twelve, who argued with her for five hours; until at last, yielding to their violence, she consented to accept the constitution of 1812 'until the nation, represented by the Cortes, shall have manifested its will or adopted another constitution.'

Meanwhile there was civil war within civil war, royalist regiments fighting the National Guard which joined the revolutionaries. General Quesada acted with admirable promptitude, disarming the National Guard at Madrid and quelling the revolt there with his regular troops, but he paid for it with his life; for when the new constitution was proclaimed, he was dismissed from his command and murdered by the mob at Hortaleze.

All this, and much more, may be found in greater detail in Villiers's despatches of the period; but official despatches become public property; it is from the intimate correspondence of public men that one obtains the truest insight into character.

George Villiers to Mrs. Lister.

MADRID, 6*th February* 1836.— . . . I have often asked myself, without always getting a satisfactory answer, why I like being here, separated from everything which my disposition, as well as habits, had rendered necessary to the enjoyment of life. I live in the midst of vice and intrigue : I have not, during two years, met with an honest man, tho' the most fulsome self-praise and sickening pretensions to virtue are what one is obliged to bolt without a wry face, every time one talks to a Spaniard. There is no learning, no instruction, no taste, no conversation and no objects, except to ascertain what party, be it of Princes or Ministers, is likely to prevail, for the purpose of being found on that side in good time. A country in which the bounty of Heaven is perhaps more visible than in any other [is] inutilised and disfigured by the hands of men. I might extend this catalogue of evils indefinitely ; but still it would make no difference in the satisfaction I experience in being here, or my unwillingness to accept any other diplomatic post so long as I could retain this. . . . I feel so entirely embarked in the cause, the question, the country. I know, tho' I can't get the old women of Downing Street to see it as I do, that upon the issue of this war much of the policy of Europe must turn. Every day that the horizon in the East is darkening, does Spain become more vitally important to us. Then I cannot believe that a country with more undeveloped resources than any other in Europe is doomed for ever to beggary and degradation. My position is one which *should* help to bring about glorious changes, and that 's what makes me hope. I have met with nothing but disappointment, it is true : the mediocrity of those at home—their incapacity or unwillingness to look a difficulty in the face or deal greatly with a great question—the feebleness and blunders of those here—the perfidy and apathy of their agents—the absence of all those qualities which make a man superior to an ape—are certainly enough to have destroyed every germ of hope ; and yet I am more eager, and heart and soul bound up with the undertaking, than ever. The very difficulties attach me firmer to it, and I can hardly imagine the conjuncture of circumstances which would extinguish my belief in ultimate success.

There is another consideration, too, which greatly adds to my satisfaction at being here. Spain is a school for learning diplo-

macy founded upon the study of man—quite unique. I am convinced that I have improved more in *my profession* during two years here than I should in 20 as Ambassador at Paris. The theatre is small, but *there* is enacted, in all possible variety, every passion which can move the human mind. I have a front place, and can not only watch every movement of the actor, but I can go behind the scenes and see the man off the stage. . . . What practical lessons are to be learned here of the importance of energy and decision—how thoro'ly versed I feel in all the evils which an absence of moral principle can entail upon a nation, and the endless forms of misery which proceed from misgovernment! Loathsome studies, I admit; but to be a good surgeon, one must dissect many bodies. . . .

I have done what I know will be most agreeable to you, which is to discuss myself; and that 's what you have to do of yourself to me in return. . . . You know, my dearest Thérèse, that there is no way by which you can more effectually contribute to my happiness than by telling me of your own. This you can never do too often or at sufficient length. If I did not love Lister for his own sake, I should do so with my whole heart and soul as the source of your happiness. If you had married a man who ever cost you a tear, I *must* have killed him, and I have lived long enough in Spain to look upon such a necessity without flinching. . . .

8*th March* 1836.— . . . How often have I thought within the last twelve months that the time was close at hand when I might with propriety ask for leave; and there it keeps on—just ahead, like a will-o'-the-wisp. . . . The separation from those one loves is the worst part of diplomacy. . . . Circumstances have strangely combined to tie me down to this place. The policy which our worthy rulers *think* they are pursuing, because they know they *ought* to do so—viz. to make Spain an integral part of a western confederation of constitutional governments in opposition to the Barbarous Powers (as Bowring calls them)—enables them to take a more active part in affairs here than they have for years past had an opportunity of doing. Ye Gods! what a position we might have had here, and what a tower of strength might we have made here, had we acted with vigor! . . . Much as I want to see you all, I should hesitate to come away at this moment, just when we have got into the rapids and are being carried on to the fall. England or France might still throw us out a rope and haul us ashore easily; but

the niggers won't, and over we shall go—the Queen's throne and cause, Quadruple Treaty and Western Confederation and all.

18*th June* 1836.— . . . If this war was once over and I could make a treaty of commerce (that 's my grand object) I should exceedingly like to repose in some other Court. I wish I had been at Vienna instead of *Frederick Lamb in London* ever since the late Emperor's death.[1] I have a great idea that a brilliant moment has been lost there of gathering to us Austria and detaching her from Russia. . . .

It has been mentioned above that the letters of George Villiers to his mother have not been preserved. More 's the pity : for Charles Greville, having read some of them, noted their excellence. 'George Villiers's correspondence will some day or other make one of the most valuable and entertaining publications that ever appeared, though I shall not live to see it. He writes incomparably well, with a mixture of vivacity and energy peculiarly his own.' [2]

However, from the autumn of 1835 onwards George wrote pretty frequently to his brother Edward, for whom he always showed specially tender solicitude because of his wretched health. Edward married in August of that year Elizabeth Charlotte, fifth daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, 14*th October* 1835.— . . . As my mother is always a careful circulator of family epistles I conclude you have seen my different MSS. from here (written usually in a great hurry, because preparing letters beforehand or except when under high courier pressure is not *in me*, and I cannot attempt it), and you will have got from them an idea of the turmoil in which I have lately lived. It has been an anxious, but a very exciting state of things, and the position in which, from a variety of circumstances, I found myself placed, entailed upon me an amount of intervention and responsibility which were far from

[1] The Hon. Frederick Lamb (1782-1853), brother of Lord Melbourne ; ambassador at Vienna 1831-41, created Baron Beauvale in 1839, succeeded as third Viscount Melbourne in 1848.

[2] *Greville Memoirs*, iii. 365 (September 1836).

being disagreeable. Whether my proceedings have given satisfaction at the Foreign Office I have not the remotest idea, as you, who know the practice of that Temple of Procrastination, will readily believe. It is many weeks since I have received an acknowledgment even of my despatches, or a line either public or private. I can't say that I fash myself about it, for I neither ask nor wish for instructions and am quite contented to be left a free agent. Such being the case, it is very amusing to read the French newspapers, which, having no debates wherewith to fill their columns, have for the last three weeks been commenting upon the policy of the English government in Spain—*as if it had any*, and upon my instructions, as if they were lying before the editors. All agree, however, that there has been a grand struggle between French and English diplomacy, and, as I have *sorti le vainqueur*, the ordinary civilities of life are not entirely suspended between Rayneval[1] and me. He dined with me twice last week; we have never been upon other terms than those of perfect cordiality.

George Villiers had adopted Whig principles from conviction; but he was as far as possible from *doctrinaire* in his views upon the application of Liberal principles. Palmerston, though instinctively conservative, inclined to press Liberal constitutions upon nations which were not ready for them, in order that democratic England should not stand solitary among the autocracies of Europe. Villiers, on the spot, realised how hopeless it was to persuade the Spanish people of the merits of self-government.

Madrid, 13*th December* 1835.— . . . Thanks for Hook's novel, which I already see is amusing.[2] . . . The illustrated works I will not have at present, as I have ruined myself in pictures. Glorious ones I have got tho', and am become an enthusiastic amateur—I might almost add connoisseur.

Your livery question I answered the same day as I got it. I give a red waistcoat with the dark claret-colored coat; a light buff (straw coloured) does not go ill with it. . . . This, I believe, answers all your questions, and has nearly exhausted my time, which somehow or other slips away here worse than in any place I ever knew. I get up late, and from 11 to ½ past 2 or 3 my whole

[1] French ambassador at Madrid.
[2] *Gilbert Gurney* and *Jack Brag* were both published about this time.

time is spent in seeing people. I then go out, dine at 5, afterwards to the wretched theatre, which I hate, but am *abonné* in a box with some people I like. In the evening I sometimes make a visit or two or go to Rayneval's, and about three times a week at least go to Mendizàbal at ½ past 11. It frequently happens to me to stay there till 2 in the morning. My letter to my mother will explain to you what I am about all that time. So you see I have merely odds and ends of time for reading, etc., after the current business and the extra business are done. You would hardly believe what that amounts to, or the reams of written paper which have issued from this mission during the two years I have been here. Things are running the course they must run in this country. I don't despair, but I don't hope. I may call mine a state of doubt. Spain *may* ultimately be a Phœnix and rise from her ashes, but I doubt this burning being the last one. Some further process will be necessary before the *rudiments* of the science of governing will be understood, and before society can be fixed upon that permanent basis which shall secure its improvement and well-being. All that is passing here looks well to those out of the country, perhaps to the superficial observer within it; but all is hollow and rotten. It is the tinsel dress and forced smiles of a strolling player which the spectator is now applauding; were he to go behind the curtain he would see all that is wretched, vicious and hopeless. . . . The great mass of the people is honest; but it is Carlist; it hates what is called Liberal government—Liberal institutions—Liberal men—because by experience it knows that worse usage comes from that state of things than from a single despot. But where you and other foreigners make the principal mistake is in thinking the Spanish people are enslaved or tyrannised over. There is not in Europe a people so free: the municipal institutions in Spain are *republican*; in no country does there exist such real equality. The people govern themselves by a few ancient customs, care little for laws or royal decrees, and do pretty much what they like. There is no distinction of classes, and everything is open to everybody. All they want is to be robbed less by the Intendente and not so much teased by the Alcalde; that done, they would be perfectly happy.

It is a mistake to suppose that the regular clergy is universally obnoxious. It is true in the large towns, but not in the country. The monks are the resident proprietors, the country gentlemen

of Spain. They feed, employ and comfort the people; they are, moreover, the *aristocracy* of the poor. Every man, however humble and wretched his station, may thank himself that, without patronage, he can put his son in a convent and that son may rise to be Pope. Great care, therefore, should be taken in the removal of an order which, tho' most obnoxious as a whole, has great root in the country.

I have now only been talking of *plebs*: all the rest—*gente de frac* (people with coats)—are corrupt, selfish, ignorant, brutally and despotically tyrannical when in power, servile and intriguing till they get there. There is no probity or patriotism or public spirit—no confidence between man and man—no object but money—no means which are not justifiable to obtain it. Knowing this as I do, and as anybody may do who takes the trouble of enquiring, you may judge how sickening all their impudent boasts of courage and patriotism are, and how little real hope I have that the time is even near at hand when they will really be a tithe of what they pretend they are. . . . I have certainly had a great part in the late events, but as I have no wish to let my light shine before men, it has all been done with as much discretion and *occultation* as possible; but it has become more or less known, and the moderate and Carlist parties pour upon me the vials of their wrath in a most amusing manner. Among many other liberal and gentlemanlike interpretations of my conduct, the other night it was stated and agreed to *nem. con.* in a large company of male and female grandees that I had been the means of revolutionising Andalusia, and keeping Las Navas and his banditti threatening the capital, in order to avail myself of the state of confusion to introduce English cottons on my own account!

It would be very difficult, without writing a pamphlet, to give you a clear idea (supposing my own to be so) of the state of this country, but you may be sure that I have not understated either the desire or the fitness of the people for liberal institutions. The mass of the nation is Carlist and addicted to an absolute king. The rising generation, which might be called *Gallicé* Young Spain, is for improvement, for greater security of property, and a more active development of the resources of the country; but they would prefer its coming from the hand of a vigorous and enlightened minister than from a constitutional form of government, because they know the country is not fit for it, and will sooner or later shake off the yoke of the class

styled Liberals, who under that form of government would take the lead in affairs. This class includes all those who figured in the last constitutional epoch, and who are held by all the rest of Spain in an aversion which it would be almost impossible to describe. These men, including about 2000 returned emigrants, have made all the late revolutionary movements, first by means of secret societies, and at last by aid of the National Guard which, owing to the miserable indecision attending every act of Martinez's government, became at last nothing but armed *prolétaires*, always ready for a scramble, willing to obey the Juntas or the Inquisition if they promised them plunder, and adopting the cry of liberty because it enabled them to exercise the most unbridled tyranny. The government of Martinez and then of Toreno during a year and a half committed nothing but errors, satisfying no reasonable expectation of improvement, but, above all, taking no efficient means for putting down the Carlists or an end to the civil war. This produced alarm and consequently discontent (by no means the same as a desire for liberal institutions); the troops were all withdrawn from the provinces, and the scramblemongers took advantage of the discontent to erect themselves into juntas in one or two places. The example was soon followed, and people of no influence and deserving of no respect, aided by the National Guard, usurped the supreme power and gave the law to the respectable part of the community. Their first object was always to seize every valuable they could lay hands on, and to stop and appropriate to themselves all the State contributions; while the National Guard made *liberal* representations against everybody in place as being adverse to the progress of liberty, and upon these being turned out, the same made representations in their own favor to fill the vacancies.

In the province of Valencia, for instance, the National Guard and the rabble they armed scoured the country, imposing fines from 500 to 4000 dollars upon people under any pretext, beating and killing those who did not pay, violating the women and committing every kind of atrocity. This produced a Carlist reaction, and whenever the Carlists appeared in any force the patriots ran away; but if hard pressed they went over to them; and in this manner the Carlists were supplied with 700 new English muskets during the reign of the Junta at Valencia. The Junta of Barcelona was the one earliest established; accordingly it bore fruit first by trebling the Carlists, and Catalonia

is now in the greatest danger. The Junta declared that they should have 50,000 men in the field, and they could not get together more than 1500. At Malaga and Cadiz the patriot regiments which were ordered to be in the field by a certain day, remained on paper, and the Juntas of those two places in order to make a show released 1000 galley slaves, an act I should think unparalleled in the history of revolutions, as you may believe not one of those is to be found now, except upon the highroads robbing passengers or in bands storming villages.

You cannot call this a revolution or the expression of a national desire for liberal institutions, while every person of property or the least intelligence is upon his knees to the government to protect them against the Caffres, as they are called. Mendizàbal's promises of better things and, above all, his determination to apply his energies against the Carlists, have created a spirit of resistance, and the Juntas have been forced into dissolving themselves. . . . The more I see of this country, the more certain I feel it is *unfit* for liberal institutions, and that, even if there existed a desire for them, it would be necessary for their eventual success not to yield to that desire for a time, or until the nation's education had to a certain degree been made. . . . Give trial by jury, liberty of the press, or any other *desideranda* of rational beings to such a community as this, and you only descend into a lower pit of hell. Of all the men I have met with or heard of during a residence of two years, attentively observing all that passed around me, I have only found *three*—Alava,[1] Cordoba and Mendizàbal—in whose moral or *physical* courage, honor, disinterestedness, wisdom, justice or common honesty I could place implicit reliance. Those three men unite all these qualities: the rest would, *I know*, be found wanting in most of them. . . .

Madrid, 13*th February* 1836.—You are the best of boys, my dear Edward, for writing to me so regularly and so interestingly, and I will not deny that Aston's account to you of my F.O. and French reputation is very satisfactory to me, because I feel (whether people are right or wrong in their opinion is another question) that it is earned off my own bat; for nobody

[1] Don Miguel Ricardo d'Alava (1771-1843) served as one of Wellington's aides-de-camp during the war, and received his entire confidence. When Ferdinand VII. was restored in 1814 he rewarded Alava by putting him in prison as a *liberale*, but released him at Wellington's instance. He was Spanish Ambassador at St. James's in 1834 and at the Tuileries in 1835.

can say that I have ever received an instruction or a single crumb of support. By the holy poker! if my powers had been equal to my will, and if I had had the means of giving effect to my views—views which have always been fairly laid before my masters, always approved, and never acted on—you would have seen whether I would not have governed this country; whether this cannibal war, these 2½ years of *lèse-humanité*, should have been permitted, and whether Spain and England should not have been a source of strength and wealth to each other. Mighty presumptuous this sounds; but if you were in my place, you would at once see that it was *nothing*—neither difficult nor requiring much ability or courage. Where two rival parties are so nearly balanced as they are here, a mere trifle of assistance would turn the scale. England doing it might make the conditions she pleased, and they would have been cheerfully acceded to, for her interests are in seeing Spain powerful as an ally and prosperous as a customer.

In order to govern this country, the civil war being put down, common sense and an absence of passion are only required, and the threat of withdrawing English countenance would have given an English Minister the preponderance necessary for establishing things in the way they should go. *Diis aliter visum*, and it can't be helped; but if all the rest of our foreign policy is managed like the Spanish branch, why—it must be a great satisfaction to our enemies!

If, as you say, the government do not bitch matters, their position does indeed seem good—*i.e.* they are strong in the weakness of their opponents, for, with a hostile Court and House of Lords, their tenure ought to be frail. I have a kind of presentiment that leader Johnny will do his friends a power of mischief this session. . . .

Charles Villiers's estimate of the position of Melbourne's government was not so sanguine as Edward's seems to have been; but Charles was an impatient Radical.

Charles Villiers to his brother George.

11 WILTON ST., *Thursday* [1836.]— . . . You ask me what I expect respecting the present ministry. Why at first, I should say, some d—d stupid blunder owing to their self-sufficiency and ignorance of what should be known to them, but will shiver

them all to atoms (which would only require simple dissolution of body, for indeed they are not giants). Still I should not be surprised if circumstances beyond their own control might be the means of their continuance in office. There is no real disposition in what are called the Radicals to separate from them ; but there is a great aversion on the part of the Radicals to be called a set of time-serving, truckling knaves for abstaining from advancing any of those measures of reform for which they were returned, in order to support a ministry who, with less liberality than their Tory predecessors, exclude every man from any share in the government who represents a constituency in advance of their clique in political opinion. What would the Whigs have done without the Dissenters ? And how could the Dissenters be worse without the Whigs ? The Whigs obtained and retained power by reforming the House of Commons. They are told that if they enfranchise populous and manufacturing districts they will be compelled to give those voters the protection of the ballot. They say when the time comes they will consider it. *The time is arrived :* there is not a large and independent boro' that cares much for any other question. They not only refuse it, but say we are so hostile to it that we won't do what the Tories did about the Catholic question, and leave it open, and no man shall have an office who presumes to think for himself on that point. This was rather high ground to be taken in the days of [*illegible*] men and by such men as Lord North, Mr. Pitt, or even Liverpool and Castlereagh ; but surely such capers by such performers as Spring Rice, J. Russell and Cam Hobhouse remind one mightily of the frog in Æsop, and it is by continuing this strain of their [*illegible*] bellies beyond the intention of nature that they will risk the fatal rupture. Should Providence not have intended to destroy them soon, they will probably be endowed with reason in time, and they will be supported in the House with sufficient numbers to carry on the government. I have some reason for knowing that there would be considerable difficulty in forming a Tory government. Better men than the last they would attempt to combine, but only by the exclusion of others, who would not view that exclusion as necessary. Displeased and disappointed men soon join the ranks of opposition. Peel will not undertake a forlorn hope again, and I question if Wellington would relish the part of second fiddle again. Ireland would not present any obstacle to forming a Tory government as people say, and that will be

seen before the end of the session. Mulgrave has done much to make it too hot for a successor of different views ; [1] but still O'Connell will not keep his men together. . . . If there comes a dissolution, a great many timid, half-and-half, glory-of-the-British-constitution, rally-round-the-throne people would get returned ; but there would also be a larger number than usual of independent, general-happiness, things-to-be-measured-by-their-utility people returned. What would never appear again would be the good old Whig. That cannot exist again, and its component parts will take different directions—some to make a Tory, some a Radical. But what you may be very sure is that, come what will, the direction things are taking is onward and not backward ; and if a Tory government was to come in to-morrow, it would greatly advance Liberal opinion, for they would be obliged to establish landmarks upon the ground of their predecessors, which no future men could get behind. . . .

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, 11*th July* 1836.—. . . I have long been convinced that, for real, solid enjoyment, there is nothing this earth can afford comparable to the affection which two brothers can feel towards each other. . . .

. . . You do *quite* right, my dear boy, to tell me all that is said about Cordoba, the Legion, etc. If one does not know how one is attacked, one cannot be aware of how to defend oneself. . . . Of this you may *rest assured*, that since that cursed Legion set foot in Spain, it has never ceased to be a daily thorn in my side, that I have been daily occupied in its behalf, and that *nothing* has been done for it—not a want supplied or a complaint attended to—but thro' my intervention and remonstrance with the government. It is perfectly true that I would not make myself a partisan in certain calumnious accusations, and that I would not insist upon the payment of certain accounts which I knew were impudent attempts at robbery ; but everything that I ought to do, and that it was possible to do, I have done, and can prove it. . . . If you could but know the flagitious job that that Legion has been, and the number of scoundrels and *ignorami* that are among its officers, you would not wonder at the annoyance which awaits every one who has to do with it. Cordoba may be—I dare say is—jealous of the Legion ; he

[1] Lord Mulgrave was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

would be more or less than a Spaniard if he was not, for the first principle of a Spaniard's nature is hatred and jealousy of foreigners; but I declare to you I don't know any proofs of it. The only thing approaching to one is his not reinforcing Evans sufficiently at this moment. When Evans went to the coast, all he asked was to have 10,000 men. I have arranged that he should have 11,000. I know that is not enough for active operations; but Cordoba and the government both swear that more cannot be spared at this moment, because an army has had to be formed in Aragon and Valentia where the factions are now swarming.

However, I cannot write more upon this subject at present, for whether it is from the general effects of heat, or whether I have had a *coup de soleil*, I know not; but I never was in such a state of *physical distress* in my life before. It seems to me that I have a tight band of iron round my head: I can scarcely drag my legs along, and it is with difficulty I keep myself awake. . . .

It was indeed a marvel that Villiers kept his health as well as he did; for, if he had any faith in the adage 'Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde,' he never translated it into practice. Throughout life he turned night into day, and day, or the best part of it, into night, seldom leaving his dressing-room till near midday, and atoning for that by working till four and five o'clock in the morning. And while he worked, he smoked incessantly. At Madrid he acquired a taste for cigarettes, which at that time were almost unknown in England. The tradition still lingers in Downing Street how, when Foreign Minister, he used to sit down to a batch of papers with a bundle of cigarettes beside him, which was usually finished before the papers. For a simpler, more wholesome mode of life he was not without occasional longing. Thus in 1840 he wrote to Dr. Ferguson: 'I think the stuff you sent me is doing me good. If I was a gamekeeper and could walk over a large manor every day for the next three months, I dare say I should be perfectly well.' For a country life, however, he had little inclination, though he greatly enjoyed travelling in fine scenery. Perhaps, had he been closely cross-questioned, he might have given a reply somewhat on the lines of Sir Michael le

Fleming's, who, when Boswell called upon him to admire the fresh fragrance of a May morning, said—'this may be all very well, but for my part I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse.'

M. Thiers had not been long in office before Villiers conceived a better opinion of his policy towards the Quadruple Treaty than he had entertained at first. There had been much misunderstanding. Villiers, as has been shown, earnestly desired vigorous intervention as the sure and only means of restoring order in Spain. Whether that intervention should be joint or several he did not care; only he wished it to be prompt and effective. Thiers suspected him of using his influence to exclude France from any part in the settlement of Spanish affairs; but the two men soon got to understand each other better. Metternich offended Thiers by refusing to recommend his Emperor to accept the proposal of the Duc d'Orléans for the hand of an Austrian archduchess, and this caused Thiers to press Louis Philippe to interfere vigorously in Queen Christina's cause.

George Villiers to M. Thiers.

MADRID, *le* 22 *juillet* 1836.—MON CHER MONSIEUR THIERS,—Je ne laisserai pas partir un second courrier sans vous remercier du très aimable billet que le général Alava m'a communiqué. Je ne sais quelle lettre de moi il vous a montrée, mais je sais que je n'ai jamais écrit ni rien fait, depuis que je suis en Espagne, que je ne porterais pas volontiers à la connaissance du gouvernement français. Je regrette à present de n'avoir pas écrit directement à vous-même; l'idée m'en est venue, mais d'abord je ne voulais pas empiéter sur votre temps occupé d'une manière bien plus importante; et j'étais, je l'avoue, un peu piqué que vous ayez pu me croire *un si mauvais anglais* que de vouloir agir dans un sens contraire à l'alliance française, laquelle depuis la révolution de juillet a été pour moi un *culte* comme la plus heureuse combinaison de pouvoir et d'intérêts que l'histoire ancienne ou moderne ait jamais présentée pour le bien du genre humain.

Si j'ai eu un regret c'est qu'on n'ait pas tiré tout le parti d'un pareil état de choses dont il étoit capable au moins en

ce qui regarde l'Espagne, où pour la première fois la France et l'Angleterre se sont rencontrées sur leur ancien champ de bataille, sans rivalité, ayant un intérêt commun, et cet intérêt en tout conforme à celui de l'Espagne; ayant aussi, qu'il me soit permis d'ajouter (car de causes apparemment triviales proviennent quelquefois des conséquences importantes), leurs représentans unis autant par l'identité de leurs opinions comme par les liens de confiance et d'amitié réciproques. Il est impossible donc de douter que l'avenir de l'Espagne était entre les mains de ses alliés; mais comment s'est-on servi de cet important pouvoir? Presque trois ans se sont écoulés depuis que la France et l'Angleterre par leur reconnaissance de la reine ont disposé de la question du droit au trône, et il y a plus de deux ans qu'elles se sont engagées à des mesures dont le but était de chasser le prétendant et d'établir la tranquillité en Espagne. Depuis ce temps la guerre s'est progressivement étendue, et le trône de la reine est plus chancelant qu'en 1834. Les moyens, donc, n'ont pas été conformes au but, et non seulement tout le parti possible n'a pas été tiré de l'alliance quant à ce pays, mais l'alliance même en souffre, car elle n'a pas le pouvoir réel que lui donneroit la force morale de l'idée que ce que la France et l'Angleterre veulent est une nécessité absolue, et tous ceux qui craignent cette alliance et qui désirent l'interrompre ont le droit de la regarder comme peu stable devant des anciennes rivalités ou une collision supposée d'intérêts.

Je n'ai pas la présomption de vouloir révoquer en doute la sagesse du gouvt. françois en refusant l'intervention quand l'Espagne, il y a un an, la demandait à genoux. Il suffit qu'on l'ait refusée pour prouver qu'en l'accordant il y auroit eu de graves inconvéniens; mais je la désirois ardemment, parce que d'abord on y auroit vu une preuve de la parfaite confiance qui existe en Angleterre vis-à-vis de la France, et 2° parce que j'étois aussi certain qu'on peut l'être d'un événement non avancé qu'elle auroit effectivement et d'un coup rempli le but désiré; car l'Espagne d'aujourd'hui n'est pas l'Espagne de 1808 ou de 1823, et la France aurait pu intervenir, il y a un an quand elle fut sollicitée par l'Espagne, ou il y a quatre mois quand elle fut invitée par l'Angleterre, avec le plus complet succès et à peu de frais.

La co-opération avec les parties au traité quadruple sauvait l'honneur national de l'Espagne. Les Carlistes désiraient voir l'entrée des troupes étrangères auxquelles ils pourraient mettre

bas les armes sans bassesse (ce qu'ils ne pourront ni ne voudront jamais faire à leurs compatriotes), et le gouvernement de la reine aurait eu la force nécessaire pour réprimer le parti révolutionnaire—méprisable en fait de nombres et sans écho dans le pays, mais que les circonstances d'une guerre civile ne manquent pas d'augmenter et de rendre formidable. Et puis, comme le chemin a été facile et ouvert pour venir à l'appui de la reine ! Elle a d'abord en sa faveur tous les avantages que donnent *la possession*, et elle est appuyée par une partie de l'Église, par la totalité de la Noblesse, des propriétaires, du commerce, tout ce qui est élevé, éclairé, et riche—par toutes classes enfin qui, quoique désirant secouer le joug sous lequel elles ont si longtems gémi, sont par leurs intérêts et leurs opinions les plus opposées à l'anarchie.

Du côté de D. Carlos se trouvent rangés les moines et le rebut de l'Église, les employés sous le régime absolutiste, et tous ceux qui, désirant vivre par les abus, sont ennemis jurés de toute réforme à ceux-ci, la partie la plus brutale de la société. La meilleure ne veut et ne doit pas succomber et c'est ainsi que la cause de D. Carlos est véritablement celle de la révolution—. Chaque pas en avant que fait cette cause, plus la guerre civile s'étend et plus la révolution fait de progrès.

Le gouvt. de la Reine est un système de juste milieu, luttant non pas pour l'existence, mais pour obtenir la force nécessaire, et le grand *desiderandum* est qu'il puisse utiliser cette vaste force d'inertie qui existe dans ce pays, et qu'il serait alors facile de réveiller (car c'est surtout en Espagne qu'on aime à venir à l'appui du plus fort) et ainsi de tenir la balance entre les deux partis qui se disputent à présent la victoire. Dans ce combat la cause de la reine pourra faire naufrage, mais ni l'un ni l'autre des combattans ne remportera la victoire. Tellement je suis convaincu, enfin, que la cause de Don Carlos est celle de la révolution, que je ne demanderai pas mieux que de prouver devant le tribunal des Puissances du nord que, pour être conséquentes avec leurs propres principes, ces Puissances devraient appuyer la reine. Son trône une fois fermement consolidé, on pourrait laisser le système du gouvernement en toute sécurité à ses adhérens—*Ils sont Espagnols !* et il y auroit plus à craindre une trop forte dose de despotisme que de liberté.

Pour amener un pareil état de choses les plus beaux momens sont déjà passés et il est tard, mais pas encore trop tard. La cause originale de la guerre a été complètement perdue de vue ;

c'est à present une de partis et d'opinions—les uns ni les autres ne cèderont *jamais*, et à moins qu'un troisième parti n'intervienne la lutte sera éternelle.

Une pareille intervention *en faveur de la Reine* serait reçue avec reconnaissance par la totalité de ses adhérens, et les Carlistes ne la regarderoient pas de si mauvais œil, car ils y verroient la protection pour eux-mêmes, et le pays entier—soit Cristino, soit Carliste, soit apathique (cette classe si nombreuse)—est dégoûté, épuisé, et ne désirant que le repos bénira la main qui la garantira. . . .

Au moment actuel, si l'armée française qui est à présent au delà des Pyrénées marchait pendant trois ou quatre jours vers le midi, je ne vois aucune raison de douter que la tempête qui agite maintenant ce malheureux pays, se calmerait comme par enchantement.

Si vous me lisez jusqu'ici, je crains que vous vous serez déjà repenti de votre invitation que je vous écrive, et je sens que je vous sois également excusé pour la longueur de cette lettre comme pour la franchise avec laquelle je me suis exprimé; mais en traitant de l'Espagne il est difficile d'écrire peu, et en vous cachant mes véritables opinions j'aurais manqué aux sentimens bienveillans que vous m'avez temoignés. . . . *Le 25 Juillet.* Cette lettre fut écrite il y a trois jours quand je croyais que le courrier de l'ambassade allait partir. Depuis ce temps les événements désastreux se sont suivis rapidement, et je suis plus que jamais convaincu de la nécessité d'une influence étrangère, s'il est à désirer que l'anarchie ne s'établisse pas permanentement dans la Péninsule.

Les événements désastreux referred to in Villiers's postscript were the mutiny of the royal troops at La Granja, where they forced the Queen Regent to accept Calatrava the Progresista as minister, and to subscribe to the Constitution of 1812. Then followed sanguinary riots in Madrid, where the Captain-General Quesada was murdered, as described by Villiers to his brother Edward.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, 31*st August* 1836.—MY DEAR EDWARD,—I have been wanting and going to write to you for some time past, but I think a reference to my family letters will shew the cause

of my silence. These hasty scrawls have given but an imperfect idea either of events in general or of my own position during the fortnight of crisis. The former have been the most painful and important that have occurred since my arrival in this country: the latter has been perhaps the most disagreeable of my life. The few days of imprisonment at La Granja (San Ildefonso) were enough to slay an angel with mere impotent rage. To see the Queen *gardée à vue*, insulted in every manner, dictated to in her most important functions of government by 1000 common soldiers first excited by money and wine and then, frightened at their own acts, impelled to every caprice which a sense of their own temporary power and that of self-preservation could dictate, was altogether the most revolting spectacle I ever assisted at. Its painfulness was increased by the doubt which attended the Queen's fate, and indeed the fate of us all, for the soldiers were ready for *anything*. The non-commissioned officers who made the revolt lost their prestige with the men four-and-twenty hours afterwards, and the consequence was that responsibility rested nowhere, and the group of soldiers which happened to be the most numerous decided upon what they should do, which was ordinarily in direct opposition to what had been settled half an hour before. Nothing would persuade these fellows that they were not being deceived, and they were ripe for all the wanton acts which fear, ferocity and indecision could generate. If the Queen on the first night of the mutiny had not sworn to the Constitution, she and her children would have been massacred beyond a doubt. If the garrison and government at Madrid had either held out and refused to proclaim the Constitution, or had sent a force down to attack the mutineers, the Queen and the Court and every person of note, including of course the Dips, were all to have been carried off, when the plan would have been to have marched in the direction of a large Carlist force which was then not more than 90 leagues distant, and the mutineers would then have passed over to the Carlists, making themselves welcome with a free gift of the Queen, the Diplomatic Corps and the whole of their officers, without any human power being able to prevent it. I think you will allow that would have been as pretty a kettle of fish as ever was prepared for the curious in revolutions and civil wars.

In Spain there is always a great jealousy of foreigners, but at the same time a sort of instinctive respect for the representatives

of foreign Powers; but our friends of San Ildefonso were animated by no such feeling; they stopped my courier and insulted William Harvey and Southern whom I sent to remonstrate, and on the following day only returned me a portion of my letters with the covers torn off, having cut open my bag and dealt the same with the correspondence of the French embassy. They opened and read in the public place all the letters which came by post, some of which committed the people to whom they were addressed, who were immediately searched for in order to be shot. One of them took refuge in my house, and the soldiers were looking for him all day, swearing they would burn the house where he was found. Then the illness of poor Rayneval, for whom I had a great regard, added horribly to the painfulness of what was going on. From the day he was taken ill I had no hope for him: if there was any, it depended upon his being kept quiet, sleeping and perspiring within the first four-and-twenty hours. On that night the whole affair took place opposite his windows, and during seven hours a more infernal scene of disorder never was beheld. During much of it the soldiers were firing their muskets, first, to frighten the Queen into compliance, and then by way of rejoicing that they had attained their object. Two balls entered Rayneval's room, and instead of the quiet which might have saved him, he became delirious from thinking that the whole was directed against himself. He was afterwards haunted by the idea that the Queen would immediately return to Madrid, and that he should then be left behind in that lone mountain residence exposed to be taken by the Carlists (a most well-grounded fear), and during three days we were unable to send a letter to his wife at Madrid, who was ignorant of his dangerous state until she learnt of his death.

Then, when we returned here, matters seemed but little mended. The soldiers of San Ildefonso[1] had indulged too much in the delights of indiscipline to think of abandoning them so soon, and everything which a spirit of lawless riot could do, they did. It was not to be expected that the rest of the garrison should remain uncontaminated spectators of the money, idleness and debauchery which mutiny procured for their comrades, and the whole of the troops were gradually sliding into the same state, and we knew that the *barrios bajos*, which for ferocity and love of plunder need not fear competition with

[1] The slum quarter of the town.

any canaille in Europe, were only waiting till the confusion got a little worse confounded to fall upon the town and sack it. From this *agrément* we have been saved solely by the courage and tact of the Captain-General,[1] who has managed to make the whole of the worst battalions march against the Carlists; and out of evil has come some good, for the National Guards, hitherto the symbols of disorder, have been so thoroughly frightened at seeing real disorder face to face and knocking at their doors that they have become the most sober and reasonable of men, and I am convinced that, for a time at least, there is no force to which the tranquillity of the capital could be so safely intrusted as to them.

I assisted unintentionally at the battle between two regiments the day after I returned here. I had called at the French Embassy, which is close to the barracks, and was just going away when I was advised to stay, as there was a great row about to begin. I said that I would pass through the garden which leads in the direction of my house; but when I got into it such a tremendous fire of musketry began on all sides that I retreated into the house, from which during three hours there was no possibility of stirring. The populace fetched some artillery and fairly battered in the barrack, the guns being planted literally at the door of the Embassy. The greatest danger, however, was that the soldiers insisted upon being let into the house, because it commanded the barrack. If they had obtained that, the populace would have come in too, and the property, if not the lives of the inmates, would have fared but ill. The greatest mortality was *within* the barrack, the besieged having quarrelled among themselves, and set to fighting as if to offer a picture in miniature of what is going on thro'-out the country among the Queen's party, which, neglecting the common enemy, thinks only of cutting each other's throats.

As for the party or for the general politics of this miserable bear-garden, I have not time to-day for writing about them. You know what my opinion has been almost from the first about Spanish *Liberals*, and I think you will admit that I have not been very far out in my estimate of their ignorance, their passions and their incapacity for anything but mischief. . . . [*Cætera desunt.*]

The mutiny at La Granja and the accession of Calatrava

[1] Quesada, shortly afterwards murdered at Horteleza.

to office were more than the Bourbon stomach of Louis Philippe could stand. He would not raise a finger to assist what he called the Jacobins of Madrid against the Carlists, and he laid his veto upon Thiers's preparations for armed intervention. Thiers thereupon resigned, and was succeeded by Count Molé, which practically meant the secession of France from the Quadruple Treaty.

M. Thiers to George Villiers.

Paris, 7 *septembre* 1836.—Mon cher Monsieur Villiers, —Je réponds bien tard, et quand je n'ai plus rien qui vaille à vous dire, à l'aimable lettre que vous m'avez écrite il y a un mois. Vous savez que j'ai donné ma démission, et que j'ai été remplacé par M. Molé. Je l'ai donnée pour avoir persisté dans les opinions conformes aux vôtres sur les affaires d'Espagne. Je déplore l'erreur de notre gouvernement sur ces affaires, aujourd'hui les plus graves du monde. Je suis convaincu que, l'année dernière, en portant un coup au Carlisme on aurait empêché l'anarchie de [*illegible*]. Je suis certain que cette année même on le pouvait encore. Maintenant, la même situation va se reproduire, et peut-être la même faute. Les chefs du dernier mouvement sont—quelques-uns du moins—gens d'assez d'esprit pour savoir que l'ordre est la première condition de salut pour un gouvernement, surtout pour un gouvernement révolutionnaire. Ils savent aussi que leur constitution de 1812 est impraticable; telle, du moins, qu'elle est sortie du tems où elle fut créée. Ils savent que la reine Christine est la princesse reconnue par la quadruple alliance, et c'est mettre le traité en péril que d'en choisir une autre. Ils savent tout cela ; ils veulent se conduire en conséquence ; mais pour prévaloir sur les hommes violens et effrénés il leur faut de la force morale des succès contre le Carlisme. C'est la situation de M. Toreno, [*illegible*], etc., descendue plus bas. Je crains la même marche et des conséquences progressivement plus affreuses. Dieu veuille en préserver l'Espagne, la France, l'Angleterre—l'Occident en un mot—qui est notre portion d'univers, celle où nous devons chercher à faire prévaloir une politique uniforme, à la fois libérale et modérée ! Je fais pour celà des vœux ardens ; je n'élèverai la voix que pour cet objet, qui est le plus important de tous à mes yeux; car du reste je ne suis pas homme à me jeter une sotte opposition. Si l'ambition avait prévalu dans mon cœur.

j'aurais gardé mon poste et sacrifié ma conviction à mes intérêts. Je ne l'ai pas fait pendant que j'étais au pouvoir—je ne le ferai pas après. Je ne parlerai contre le gouvernement que sur la question d'Espagne ; je fais des vœux sincères pour ce malheureux pays. Dites à tous les hommes qui peuvent influer sur ses destinées que ce qu'ils ont de mieux à faire c'est de s'arrêter —c'est de s'épargner de nouveaux excès—c'est de ne pas donner à l'Europe de hideux exemples, et que [*illegible*] de l'homme qui a le plus fait et le plus voulu faire pour l'Espagne. Adieu : mille amitiés,— A. THIERS.

It was now clear that no assistance could be expected from France in suppressing the Carlist rebellion. In vain did Villiers assure Lord Palmerston that the British government could put an end to carnage and anarchy by landing a sufficient force in the Peninsula. The Carlist chiefs would not dare to stand before British bayonets, but would lay down their arms at once. Such was Villiers's firm belief, and he was in a better position than any one else to form an opinion ; but his advice was not followed. The British government continued the policy of half measures. Lord John Hay's squadron still hovered off the coast, landing bluejackets and marines whenever there was an opportunity of supporting the Christinos troops. More Palmerston would not do without the co-operation of France, and that was now not to be had.

Great and perplexing were the difficulties Villiers had to encounter at the hands of the Spanish ministers. The people were sick of the war ; very few of the lower or middle classes cared one *peseta* whether Queen Isabella or Don Carlos should wear the crown of Spain. They feared the Carlists more than the Christinos because of the frightful severity with which the Carlists punished those who resisted them. Moreover, the incapacity and ill success of the royalist generals were patent to all men, and took the usual effect upon those who preferred to be on the winning side. Villiers trusted Mendizàbal as the one capable man in public affairs ; but he had to bring strong pressure to bear, even upon Mendizàbal, before any improvement could be achieved in the Queen's cause.

George Villiers to Sr. Mendizàbal (draft for translation).

Madrid, 28*th October* 1836.—My dear Mendizàbal,—If, as it is said, Gomez has entered Estremadura, defeating all the plans of Rodil and eluding the pursuit of Alain (into the nature of either of which it is unnecessary to enter) it is clear that the government must take some immediate steps to rescue itself from disgrace and the country from imminent danger; for it will no longer serve to say that the present ministry has done all it can, that it has appointed generals who enjoyed reputation and sent an ample force against the rebels, and that accordingly there is nothing more to be done. A month ago the public was content to wait the results of the measures adopted; but these measures have all failed, and if Ministers say there is nothing more to be done, the public will justly reply—'then let others take their places and see if they can devise other measures.' If public opinion were not to be so pronounced, and if the Cortes did not proceed to act upon it, the future of the country, which depends upon the war, must become dangerously compromised, so long as generals who have demonstrated their own unfitness are continued in their commands. It is to avoid either of these alternatives that I am anxious to see the government take the initiative in vigorous measures, unless they intend to abrogate their power or allow it to be snatched from them and placed in irresponsible hands. They have already allowed themselves to be frightened from their duty of proposing to the Cortes the reform of the constitution, for doing which they might be supposed to possess superior knowledge and more data than any chance member of Cortes; and a committee of the Cortes for conducting the war has now been formed, which will probably usurp the powers of government, and perhaps ere long convert itself into a Committee of Public Safety. The government will be deeply responsible to the country and to the allies of Spain for thus indirectly aiding the progress of revolution. The people wish nothing but repose, and they would desire to see the government take measures for securing it; but, rather than not have those measures, they would prefer that some other body usurped the power that legitimately belongs to the government; and thus the Cortes will have the support of the country in arbitrary and illegal acts or in setting aside the executive power.

In order to avoid this disastrous state of things, I would suggest to you whether an immediate change might not be made in the Ministry of War and in many of the military commanders. If it is true that Flinter made a gallant defence at Alameda with a few men against the whole rebel force, let him take the command of Rodil's division. Let Espinosa be displaced, and Miravel, who is brave and active and now in Andalusia, be appointed Captain-General *ad interim*. Let Pardiñas, who has twice saved Oviedo, be ordered with Peon's division to pursue [*illegible*], and let all these men know that their promotion and reward, or their disgrace, depends upon their immediate success or failure. Let it be known that generals and colonels are henceforth to be made in the field of battle, and not looked for in the [*illegible*], and I believe such a new spirit would be infused into the army that successful results might reasonably be looked for. You and I have often agreed that, in the presence of military triumphs, money will soon come in and political excitement soon die away. To carry this into effect you must be sure of a Minister of War who will enter into these views ; and if [*illegible*] or some general known for his love of justice and discipline could be found, I believe such a system might succeed.

It is absurd to say there is nothing more to be done. This is not the language of statesmen or patriots, but of men who are without resources or who are out of temper at the failure of a first attempt. *There is a great deal to be done* ; and if the present Ministry do not attempt it, others will. I repeat, that it is to save the government from disgrace, and the country from new dangers, that no time should be lost in giving proofs of the vigor in which the public begin to consider the government is altogether deficient.

I have no objection to your communicating this letter to Sr. Cuadra, for he, like yourself, will do justice to the motives by which I am actuated in writing it ; but, as I have mentioned persons, I shall be obliged if you will either destroy the letter or return it to me.

Colonel George Flinter who is referred to in this letter was an Irish soldier of fortune, serving since 1833 in Queen Isabella's army. He was captured by the Carlists in 1836, was spared the usual doom of prisoners by shot or gallows, only to suffer frightful hardships in prison, whence he

managed to make a daring escape. He was placed in command of Toledo and performed brilliant service until the collapse of the Carlist cause; which notwithstanding, he was so harshly treated by the Spanish government that he committed suicide in 1838.

Colonel George Flinter to George Villiers.

In the Mountains of Inyillo, 30*th October* 1836.—Dear Sir,—I have lost everything but my honor. Commanded by Rodil to defend the open town of Almaden [*sic*] against the force of Gomez, notwithstanding that I represented to him that it was indefensible with 1000 *urbanos*, I defended it with desperation until the houses were all burnt, my ammunition expended and my points taken. But even then I refused to capitulate, but the officers delivered me up, fearing being put to death. I am a prisoner, suffering all the ignominy that you can imagine —robbed, naked, insulted, dragged from place to place, beat by the soldiers, threatened every moment with death, which will be the case, for I am not able to walk, for even water is denied me. My greatest crime is the defence I made, and, above all, being an Englishman. For God's sake, use your powerful influence to have me either changed or to have me sent to Madrid on my parole, not to serve until I am changed. Otherwise I am lost, for all the vengeance is directed against me. As an Englishman, I beg in the name of God that you try and take me out of this horrid situation—worse than death a thousand times. I am afraid that this will not reach you, or I would give you an idea of my dreadful situation. May God bless you and give you health to rescue from death and degradation your most humble servant, George D. Flinter.—My heart is ready to break. The brave, who are respected by the brave, are here treated in a manner I can't describe.

George Villiers had his equanimity disturbed about this time by the Radical views of his brother Charles. As a sound constitutional Whig, he feared the Radicals worse than he disliked the Tories, so he wrote to his uncle Lord Morley, as good an aristocratic Whig as himself, to inquire whether the state of England was really as threatening as Charles had described it. He received a very reassuring reply.

Lord Morley to his nephew George Villiers.

KENT HOUSE, 24*th July* 1836.—MY DEAREST GEORGE,—As you pass for being a young man who looks a little beyond his nose, and to whom the future state of his country and his own position in it are matters of due contemplation, I cannot refrain from taking up my pen (an old family expression) to remove some of the illusions under which you appear to be labouring upon three topicks; and I undertake this task with the greater pleasure as I hope that my communication may in some degree relieve your mind from the weight of some of those political alarms by which it now appears to be agitated. It is not for me to presume who are the individuals from whom you receive the mass of your information respecting things here; but from your letters I should consider that they came under that description of politicians usually known by the designation of *ultra-radical*, who think to give currency to their opinions by indulging in the most sinister anticipations.

Know, then, from your uncle that there is not the slightest ground for apprehension. The country is in an unexampled state of prosperity, and, what is equally important, of tranquillity and contentment. The talk about the reform of the House of Lords is all nothing at all. The House of Lords is supported by the great mass of the property and intelligence of the country, and was never in greater strength than at present. There is not the slightest ground for making any cry against it, except for two acts—one in 1834 for rejecting the Irish Tithes Bill when it had no appropriation clause, and again this session for not passing the Irish Municipal Bill, which, however, I expect they will pass next year; but it might be recollected that this was the first session in which it had come before them, and that the minority against the bill in the House of Commons was between 200 and 300. Be however all this as it may, the fact is that there is no disturbance, no agitation whatever, no hostility in the rival parties in either House of Parliament, no hostility in private society. The whole virulence which is felt is exhibited by the newspaper writers. The *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Post* brawl on one side, and the *Chronicle*, *Spectator* and *Examiner* on the other, but without producing the slightest effect. All the wearisome and persevering exertion of the *Times*, etc., to get up an anti-Catholick and religious feeling in the country has utterly and signally failed; indeed

(whether from its violence or otherwise I pretend not to determine) there is nothing better ascertained than the entire impotence of the Press at this time in England. This was irresistibly shown on the Poor Law Bill, when an extraordinary combination of hostility on the part of every journal (with two exceptions—*Chronicle* and *Observer*), both metropolitan and provincial, proved perfectly and completely inoperative. Under these circumstances, I can't do otherwise than expect you to calm your mind, and not to suffer it by exaggerated and prejudiced representations to be diverted from those great and difficult affairs, with which, almost unaided, you are charged *là bas*. *Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus*, you ought not to be plagued by wily writers, and especially those whose enthusiasm may be heightened by recent conversion. Granville [1] is here and very well. We talk much about you—I need not say what is his language of panegyric. . . .—Yours most affectionately, M.

George, having written friendly remonstrance to Charles about the line he was taking, received a voluminous reply, setting forth the Radical creed of the day.

17*th November* 1836.—My dear George,—I found your letter on my return on the 5th and have to thank you for affording me so much of that time which has been lately, and I trust still continues to be, so much devoted to the excellent cause that you are espousing. You are indeed in an interesting position, and right lucky, I think, to enjoy the means of doing so much good. You seem, indeed, to have availed yourself of your opportunity and to be doing credit to yourself and to this country; and as long as you show by your public conduct that you really desire to advance the cause of good government, and that you are above taking the narrow, selfish and bigotted view of what good government consists in, usually adopted by persons of station and fortune in this country, I care little for the somewhat vehement denunciations of liberals and liberal opinions which find their way into some of your private communications. I would observe that it is more philosophical to take a calmer view of things in politics, when everybody imputes the same motives to his opponent. Dishonesty and

[1] The first Earl Granville (1773-1846) was Ambassador at the Tuileries at this time.

incapacity are the old charges brought by every partisan that I can remember to have heard of against those opposed to him, yet it seems you suppose that they only belong to the party to which you are pleased to say I belong; and that consequently, from this penetration of their real character, you have resolved never to belong.

The history of my politics is shortly this. I am not the least ambitious of sharing either the honours or emoluments of any government, and therefore I never speculate at all as to which party I will or will not belong; but as long as I am in Parliament, knowing the inconvenience of some fixed rule for the guidance of one's conduct, I just consider in any case what, according to the best of my judgment, will conduce the most to the advantage of the community at large, without reference to particular interest or the consequences to this or that class or privileged body; knowing well however that nothing can conduce less to the interests of the community than anything that at least shakes the great principles on which our social and political existence depends.

The first of these, then, I regard as security to life and property; and not security in the narrow, aristocratic sense of the word, which only contemplates keeping the masses down and quiet, and suffering a comparative few to enjoy their power and leisure without check and without reproach; but that security which affords to every man the greatest possible protection in the free exercise of his industry and his intellect, and in the enjoyment of his property.

Now let me say that, half-educated and prejudiced as persons in our rank of life generally are, it takes a long time before we can give an important consideration to what are called popular questions, or before we can shake off that deep-rooted notion in the mind of every young aristocrat of this country that there are only two evils in politics to be averted: one is what is called the encroachments of the people, and the other the rising and violence of the people. The fact is we are often denouncing things as leading to scramble and confusion, simply because we observe their tendency to limit power where we have seen it enjoyed uncontrolled, and ultimately to disturbance if concession is not made. Whereas if we could regard these things with reference to general, and not partial, good, the irrationality and dishonesty would by no means be so apparent.

But what keeps the aristocracy here in a constant fret is

that, while they have been trained to the expectation of political power, independently of any qualification of merit or fitness for its exercise, the circumstances of the country have so entirely changed with the progress of civilisation, a constitution on such a system has become impossible, and they feel that they are already in this respect less fortunate than their ancestors, and that their prospects are becoming less and less bright. Their minds contracted and corrupted by education and their mode of life, they can't understand or fathom the real causes of their position, and, like rats in a cage, they keep writhing, biting and screaming, and fixing upon everything and everybody in the world the cause of their disaster.

Some of the Conservatives, however, are only rogues, and have wit equal to the discernment of the senseless rant of their associates. Amongst them I would name Goulburn.[1] He, like a wise man, sees that things can never last as they are, if all the improvements which are now aggrandising this noble country are to go on, and he boldly takes the bull by the horns (or at least one of them); he has watched the increase of liberalism with railroads; he sees revolution in every facility given to the intercourse of different parts of the country, and he calls upon the concentrated fatuity of this country, namely, the landed gentry, and those whom he pleasantly dubs the watch-dogs of the Church and Crown, to stand forward as one man (query—one damn fool!) and vigorously resist these innovations on their territory and invasion of their sweetest rights. Whether Horace Twiss[2] has taken up the steam department and Charles Ross the press, I have not heard; but there it is that they have at last caught the right pig by the ear, and they do see that all that makes the country great and rich is fatal to them, and that if wealth and knowledge are to be diffused at the rate that is now doing, what are to become of all the humbug and corruption which has given them a place in the world and which is essential to their glory? To be sure one ought to be very careful how one laughs at the Chinese or Otaheitans or any other ridiculous people, when one has such rampant idiots under our nose as are still exercising a great influence in this country.

I have just returned from a tour in Scotland and the principal

[1] The Right Hon. Henry Goulburn (1784-1856): Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1828-30 and 1841-6.

[2] Twiss sat for Wootton Bassett as the nominee of the Earls of Clarendon from 1820 to 1830.

manufacturing districts in Staffordshire and Lancashire, and, after hearing admitted by all men and masters that the prosperity of trade and manufacture throughout the kingdom, proceeding now from sound and healthy sources, is unparalleled in the history of the country, and when one sees the incalculable amount of capital employed and wealth accumulating in every direction, to come back to London and to look at the Tory newspapers, and to see there a handful of noisy and unprincipled brawlers predicting the end of all things from the advancement of liberal politics and the shocking march of radicalism, and that the future existence of this country depends upon ousting Lord Melbourne from the Treasury and O'Connell from Brooks's —why, if one didn't know that it all arose from a dirty conflict between two sets of scramble-mongers, one to grasp and the other to keep the victuals of office, one should only laugh heartily and not waste language in expressing contempt. Thank God! there never was a time when there was such indifference to this squabble, which has now been going on in this country for a century and a half; there never was a time when the great mass of the community could be less imposed upon by any body or any party. The common interest is far better understood, and the wisest mode of advancing it is also less difficult and more clearly seen than it ever was before, and I verily believe that neither despot, oligarch or demagogue will ever exclusively acquire exclusive influence in this country again.

The great test of the sound, steady character of the English was applied by Lord Grey's government when the Whigs, to destroy their old opponents, carried a measure in a manner that, in any other country, would have irrevocably shaken to its base every institution by which an old community was held together. As it has turned out, it has not been too much for the people, and it gives one confidence in proceeding firmly and fully to reform such particular institutions as have been too long disfigured by shameful abuse and injustice. Amongst these I name first the Church and the Law, and to the purification of both I hope the next parliament will vigorously apply itself. I should hope that such questions would engage more of its attention than the question affecting the particular constitution of the House of Peers. Were I a peer, I should feel differently, for I should be alive to the humiliating and unsatisfactory position the peers now hold in the country. From

their constitution nobody feels that they ought to be entrusted with the powers they have; but, fearing the disturbance which a change might occasion by their resistance, most people are unwilling to make the attempt to effect it; and, while some abuse them and call for reform by bringing them in closer relation to the rest of the community, others defend their existence as they are, trusting to their yielding to fear upon every occasion when their judgment is opposed. In short, I should feel that by reform they might become one of the most influential bodies instead of one of the most mistrusted and disliked in the country. I have seen enough of the House of Commons to see the necessity of a second chamber, and, as the House of Lords now exists, we are in the situation of having only one, which acquires a confidence (from its hostility to other more objectionable houses) which it does not deserve. I am almost inclined to think that delegation by the present peers of a portion of their own body would be preferable to the present constitution. It would be more in unison with the general sense in the country of what is right, which, after all, is a great thing; but at present you may be sure that the Lords Forester and Chesterfield *et hoc genus omne* are regarded now just as Gatton and Sarum were a few years ago before their destruction.[1] If you would save the old trunk, you may depend upon it you ought somehow or other to lop off the excrescences and reconcile it in some way to the present state of information and intelligence of the country. No institution can stand being behind that.

I cannot of course expect you to assent to my views in all these matters; but I shall not impute either roguery or folly to you for not doing so, for that would be bad manners and worse logic. You are doubtless quite satisfied with your opinions and I am so with mine. . . . I send you a d—d long prose, the result of your warning.

Feeling anxious that people in England should understand the real questions at issue in Spain, the condition of that distracted country and the surest means of restoring tranquillity there, George Villiers did not consider that there was any breach of diplomatic etiquette involved in

[1] Gatton, in Surrey, with from seven to twelve burgesses, returned two members to the unreformed parliament. Old Sarum, completely uninhabited, also returned two.

the publication of an anonymous pamphlet by himself. His brother Charles refers to it as follows :—

Tuesday [1836].— . . . You will before this have read the debate that took place on Spanish affairs, brought on by that little shrivelled old woman Mahon.[1] I had prepared myself from the brief of your pamphlet to orationise at some length on the matter, and *seven* distinct times did I rise for that purpose, but never till half-past one, when everybody was exhausted, would the chairman allow me to speak. I then had not five minutes. The extravagance of Grove Price was the only thing that seemed to interest the House ; his frantic gestures and his obvious insincerity, after first convulsing the House with laughter, appeared to alarm and shock everybody who witnessed it. At one moment he remained with his eyes fixed and turned to heaven for nearly four minutes, and it was thought he would not *come to time*. It is said that he has been once in confinement. . . . Had he been a sane man his speech would be a disgrace to the House, and if his speech is noticed in Spain, you should make it known that he is considered by everybody here to be out of his mind.

The pamphlet was generally thought to be yours before the debate was over ; O'Connell told me that after James Graham's allusion he had read it and thought it very able, and he quoted it himself. . . . I sent the pamphlet to Fonblanque[2] as soon as I learnt from Edward that I might do so, and spoke to him on the subject. . . . He has since spoken to me about it, and he says there are some passages in it quite masterly. I wish you would think of all this question in the view of what you could do if you were in England, and seek to justify your past interference, as well as the more effective interference in future, on some other ground than that of a direct commercial advantage, and also to show that it is an exception and does not fall within the general objection to meddling with other people's affairs. . . . I did not see what was put in the papers for Palmerston's speech on the Spanish debate ; but his defence was languid, I thought, and not near sharp enough upon those miserable whipper-snappers who are always barking at the Quadruple treaty, which they dare not, as they hope for pelf, recommend should be violated. . . .

[1] Lord Mahon, historian, succeeded as fifth Earl Stanhope in 1855, and died in 1875.

[2] Radical journalist, editor and proprietor of the *Examiner*.

George Villiers to Mrs. Lister.

MADRID, 14*th September* 1836.— . . . I won't launch into Spanish affairs to-day, for I have not time, and it is better to put my say into the general despatch, but I am horridly disgusted and tired and without hope here. If you get me appointed to an embassy, perhaps I would take it, though to leave Spain at this moment would not be creditable. The English government thro'out has been sincere, but weak; and, like all weak persons or bodies, full of hopes instead of deeds, till things have been allowed to come to a pass where they are beyond hope, and the deeds that would have been effectual and *practicable* a year ago would now be useless, and should not be attempted. The French government has always acted with bad faith, and now this Molé Ministry will be the *coup de grâce*. We shall not back out of the little we have done, but shall probably get up a wrangle with L[ouis] P[hilippe] about his violation of the Quadruple Treaty, in which he will be backed by the only people he really cares for—the Holy Allies: this country will be divided between chaos and Carlos: we shall have half broken with France, and of course, be left alone, as well as degraded, in order to do the best we can against the hourly increasing affronts of Russians, Prussians, etc. etc. . . . My only melancholy satisfaction is that I have copies of my predictions last year of all that would happen if things were allowed to go on in their train, and step by step these predictions have been, and are, in course of fulfilment. Do nothing or do well, was my constant clamor—do something and do ill, has been the reply.

To follow in detail the course of events in Spain during the year 1837 would swell these volumes out of all proportion to their purpose. The general state of matters may be gathered from George Villiers's private letter-bag at this time.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, 7*th January* 1837.— . . . In answer to your query whether I ever got a formal answer to the despatches upon the state of Spain, I did get one saying that the subject of these despatches had been called to the attention of H.M.'s govern-

ment, and the result was that the application of Spain could not be complied with for 3 or 4 reasons, each more shortsighted and frivolous than the other : among others, that H.M.'s government couldn't believe it was necessary—that it would deprive the Queen's cause of its nationality, etc. Just as if the government and partisans of the Queen were not the best judges of that when, after nearly two years of struggle, they found that they could not finish the war off their own bat. It was a fatal error on our part and will always deserve to be reprobated, even tho' things turn out ever so well here ; for, if they do, it is by mere chance ; and chance is a prop that I mightily object to lean upon, although it be the Downing Street battle-horse. Shutting one's eyes to what may be disagreeable and *wishing* for better things, is not the way (in the absence of Fortunatus's cap) to manage human affairs ; but that has been the system adopted towards those of Spain. A desire really appeared to exist how worst to adapt means to ends. . . . If I wanted to form a man to be Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I should like him to be placed in exactly the circumstances that I have been in for three years, in order that he might learn the importance of not taking resolutions without being prepared for their consequences, and all that which half measures and want of decision never fail to produce. Still, I should be sorry if this government were to go out, for the Tories would certainly be most lukewarm Queenites, and their return to office would be sufficient, although they did not violate the treaty or do any act in favor of the Pretender, to stimulate the hopes of the Carlists and to prolong the war. The longer *that* lasts, the more European will the Spanish question become, and the more the chance must be that everybody will be set by the ears. . . .

I need hardly tell you that I take in good part and without any apology your philippic about my own affairs, for I have very often said to myself the same things. I can hardly account for the invincible repugnance which I have for looking after what does or ought to belong to me. I put it off always, and yet if I had the management of anybody else's affairs I am sure that they would be scrupulously administered. The fact is that when I have a strong sense of duty about anything, I seldom fail ; but about what concerns myself, and upon matters where I alone can suffer, the sense of duty, which is the indispensable stimulus to my indolence, fails to act and things go to the devil. However, I think you will admit that the dismissal of my cook

is an omen of retrenchment and reform in every department. Madrid is as expensive as London, and my salary would do well enough here if I had it all; but £1200 a year goes in interest. If I had not to pay that, I should not now owe a farthing; but that cursed Wootton Bassett will be a mill-stone round my neck as long as I live.

Pray observe well whether this packet has been opened. I have a reason for asking, which I will tell you another time. . . .

Charles Villiers, M.P., to his brother George.

11 Wilton Street, 20*th April* 1837.— . . . The Radical party in the House are not for shrinking from obligations which have been incurred in the regular manner and which binds the country in honor; but what with the faithlessness of France, the worthlessness of public men in Spain, and the failure of the British force in the service of the Queen, our interference is viewed as a failure, and its object to be more remote at present than it has been before. Under these circumstances it is most desirable that some step should be taken to place our relations with that country on a more creditable and advantageous footing, and that should engage the attention of everybody who is answerable for our foreign policy. It is quite clear that assisting Spain in alliance with France when France is assisting her enemy,[1] is a very different thing, and that if we had contemplated the latter position we should at once have seen that the co-operation which we undertook to afford was worse than futile. France has acted with good faith, or she has not. If she has not, and we have been deceived, why are we to continue to waste our treasure and our credit in a course that we should never have contemplated had we expected the treachery of one party to the joint undertaking? Something decided must be done—that I tell you, or else we shall have the House of Commons refusing to support the Ministry on the ground of its foreign policy. My own opinion is that we should encourage France to take a more active part, and somehow get the insurrection put down and the constitution settled; and then, if they cannot govern themselves like a civilised people, why—we much regret it, but cannot help it. This can only be done by getting out the doctrinaires, and this should be done by every means in our power. As things are now, I fear that the House and the

[1] The Carlists.

country would not suffer our sending an adequate force for the purpose. . . . The idea uppermost in any man's mind who thinks upon this subject, ought to be that we are in a scrape, and that we must not lose any opportunity of getting out of it with honor and credit. Much now depends, of course, on the skill of our diplomacy at Paris. How far we can depend upon the requisite energy and adroitness in the hands in which it is now placed I am unable to say, but if it is not equal to the occasion, the sooner it is known the better. I am afraid that if the present ministry go out, it will be the worst thing that can happen to Spain. From the tone assumed in the debate the other night, I should be afraid the Tories would break the treaty and place Carlos on the throne. They are almost committed to the former. The Duke of Wellington's speech was poor, rambling stuff. He is breaking up very fast. His speech was delivered just like an old soldier telling a long story about a battle he had once fought. The existence of the ministry will turn upon the skill which Lord John shows in extricating himself from the pledge he has given to go out if those reckless idiots throw out the Municipal Bill.[1]

George Villiers to Mrs. Lister.

MADRID, *29th July* 1837.— . . . I complain sometimes of my life here, because it *is* complainable of, and because an Englishman, if he is worth a straw, always has his grievance ; but I can hardly make up my mind as to the effect that leaving Spain would produce in me—whether I should be frolicsome, like an old post-horse turned out to grass, or whether I should be like that retired citizen who, unable to bear the loss of his habitual excitement, took a lodging opposite his old shop. I rather incline to think that I, too, should take a house at Bayonne if I was recalled from here. I am sure that, if my family were not in England, London would appear insipid to me after this village. After all—here I am *somebody*, and in London nobody can be *anybody* ; so that I philosophise myself into bearing all here, except seeing things go ill when I know they ought and might be flourishing. . . .

MADRID, *16th September* 1837.— . . . I won't let the courier

[1] The Irish Municipal Bill was thrown out by the Lords on the motion of the Duke of Wellington ; but the death of William IV. on 20th June brought about a dissolution of Parliament instead of a ministerial crisis.

go without a line from me, though without entering into details, as in due season you will receive the family despatch—that is, if it ever arrives, of which I have not much expectation, as we are completely blockaded and no road is now passable. . . . On the 11th and 12th inst. Don Carlos, with all the different factions, amounting to about 18,000 men, arrived at four leagues distant from Madrid, and their *avant-postes* at half a league from the town. Their intention of taking possession of us was this time serious, for . . . Don Carlos had disposed everything for a triumphal entry into the capital on the 13th, and had even issued orders for holding a general levee on that day. Espartero, however, arrived to the rescue on the 13th. . . . Even if this aid had not arrived he would have found matters in a different state to what he expected, for the National Guards seemed to be resolutely determined to defend themselves to the last extremity. They are about 12,000 strong, and upwards of 2000 of the inhabitants besides applied to the government for arms, and during the eight-and-forty hours that the attack was expected, not a seditious cry was heard, nor was the public tranquillity for a moment disturbed; so that I am almost sorry the Carlists did not advance, for Espartero might then have fallen upon them under very favorable circumstances.

Since the 13th they have been hovering about Madrid at a distance of 4 or 5 leagues, and, incredible though it would appear in any other country than Spain, the government have had absolutely no correct information whatever as to their movements, nor does Espartero know in which direction to move in order to look for them! Did you ever hear of such people as these? . . . On the 12th the whole of Cabrera's faction occupied the heights opposite to Madrid; with a glass I was able to see all they were about. If you had been with me you would have made a lovely drawing, for the said *canaille* was very picturesque. They were in every variety of attitude, of costume, of colors, and looked like Italian banditti, of which one has seen so many pictures, reposing or waiting for travellers, but extended over a great space of ground and multiplied to the number of 3000. . . . God knows what will be the end of all this: the *crisis* never was more *critical*, and everything looks like a final break-up. . . . Desperate as the prospect looks, however, I feel so confident of the thing being still *saveable* that, if I were asked to what post in Europe I should most like to be appointed this very day, I would say Minister of War in Spain; which sounds

presumptuous, but I know these people so well that *I feel I have it in me to save them.*

Mrs. Lister having sent Sir George an engraving of her portrait by Edwin Landseer, he expresses delight with it as a likeness, except that there is something not quite satisfactory about the mouth. 'Considering that the mantilla was put on in England, it is not altogether bad; but it should have been gathered up more towards the throat and not allowed to go sprawling so much over the chest and shoulders.'

Charles Villiers, M.P., to his brother George.

11 WILTON ST., 22*nd August* 1837.— . . . I wrote to you before I left town and gave you in that letter a more copious detail of my election than you could have time to read. I certainly was lucky in having a constituency who could appreciate the very unscrupulous and incompetent blackguards who were opposed to me. . . . I was very desirous during the canvass to succeed, and I made great exertion, the effects of which I am feeling now, being not a little shaken by it. I certainly incurred expenses which I shall also feel for some time, and which I now find in some degree unnecessary; but, finding the Ministerialists—that is, Sutherland and Lichfield—going against me, I took fright and was determined not to be beat, if possible. The principal expense I incurred for this purpose was in retaining agents. I had three at 5 guineas a day, which is no bargain! Also the entertainment of a large party of canvassers at dinner each day at an inn is very pleasant at the time; but, like other pleasures, not without the alloy of a d—d expense. However, I shall recover myself, I dare say, in a year. I have had great satisfaction in beating all the fools and rogues who were opposed to me, and defeated some miserable scoundrels who, professing to be Liberal, were intriguing against me; so I don't complain. The Tories came by dozens to me at the races, assuring me that they would never oppose me again; so, if I manage well, I suppose I shall have the seat for life.[1] . . . I am surprised to hear that Ministers think themselves so firm in their seats after the drubbing they have had in the elections. There never were men, to be sure, whose

[1] He did so, until his death in 1898.

Mrs Lister.
(Theresa Villiers)
in 1837.
after a painting by Edwin Landseer.

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD

names carried less weight in the country than theirs, and the want of it was felt by every candidate. People seemed to think Lord Melbourne was the best of the bunch, and there are people who associate Johnny's name with the Reform Bill; but the people at large have not the same feeling towards them which we see at times inspired either by great talents, great deeds, or good character. The use of the Queen's name[1] in their favor was, as I think it ought to be, smiled at by everybody who heard it; for the fact of Parliament naming the Ministers of the Crown is a matter so notorious in England that to argue upon the fiction of the actual nomination is justly ridiculed. As everybody belonging to a Court is necessarily false, and as few have access there now but those who are interested in denying the truth if it is otherwise than they wish, it is impossible to know what are the real sentiments of this little Queen; but what is most probable is that she likes popularity, and, from what one hears, having good sense, besides that she sees the best prospect of having what she likes at an easy rate by retaining what is called a popular Ministry. I dare say she would avoid, if possible, the hullabaloo there would be in the country if the Tories were to come in again. . . . I am (for the redemption of my sins, I hope) obliged to go back to Wolverhampton to act as steward at the races, *which exactly suits me!!!* Three days of great general ordinaries and dances in the evening—if that is not paying dear for one's country I wonder what the devil is! I accepted it to get votes; but, having got them at no great bargain, this supplemental expense and bore is horrid.

Wilton St., 19*th September* 1837.—I am tied by the leg in this d—d infernal, pestiferous town, and nobody else in the same predicament. Oh yes! there is one other person, which is old Essex, who seems to stick to life as gallantly as his cousin.[2] . . . There will be a sharp fight, I dare say, when Parliament meets. . . . There are many who think that, for a Liberal ministry to stand, there must be a fresh combination of men. John Russell and Melbourne are names which the people rather like; but I question if there is another that anybody would move a step to retain. They are [*illegible*] by the influence of the Court. I dare say what is said of the Queen is true —that she prefers these men, 1st because she knows no others;

[1] Queen Victoria's.

[2] John, third Earl of Clarendon, who, like Lord Essex, was in his eighty-first year.

2nd because those of her relations who now guide her are with them. There are all sorts of stories afloat of her cleverness, goodness, etc.; but how can she really know anything? We all know what it costs us in experience to form any judgment about men and things: how can a girl of 18, without a miracle, be but very ignorant of all public matters? . . . I am very much obliged to you for what you say *in re* my re-election. My health is the d—d thing, which certainly does not improve; and the work, with my office,[1] is beyond my strength. . . .

Charles Villiers, a perfervid politician, had a vein of hardness in his nature which made him the only 'difficult' member of a singularly harmonious family. Correspondence with his elder brother breaks off in the autumn of 1837, because he had raised some question about money matters with keener regard for his own interest than for the feelings of others.

Mrs. Lister to George Villiers.

C. is one of those whom one must love in spite of his faults and not on account of his virtues. He has many merits and great cleverness, and mixed up with merits and talent is a singular wrong-headedness and puzzle-headedness. He has vexed us all and angered us rather, but he is not much lowered in my estimation by what has passed, for I cannot honestly say that I should have expected much better of him, and it does not efface from my mind the sense of much kindness and many hours of pleasure and mirth which he has contributed to the family circle. I would not choose such a man for my husband or my friend; but, as there is no selection in one's own family, I feel one has the right there to love without approving, and as soon as his temper will permit him to return amongst us all again, there will be, and *is* indeed now, no feeling in my mind that should prevent our being exactly on the same footing as heretofore. . . . Charles's best feelings are called forth by his family intercourse. I fear its having a bad effect upon him to live long without those softening influences. He is beyond my powers of description or comprehending, for with all his unmeasured and abusive language, and his want of integrity and straightforwardness in money matters, I do not believe he is devoid of

[1] Examiner of witnesses in the Court of Chancery.

affection, nor is he miserly or extravagant. He seems to like the by-way better than the highway, and he would rather do an honest thing in a dishonest manner than not. Of one thing I am sure, there is no mending him. . . .

Edward Villiers, having been offered the governorship of Cape Colony, wrote and asked advice of his brother George.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, 1*st July* 1837.— . . . I have weighed and turned the matter in all its different aspects with tenfold more interest than I should for myself. The result is, I assure you, favorable to your accepting the offer; and I assure you likewise that I had in the consideration of the matter to set aside more than one selfish feeling, for the idea of your leaving England for 5 or 6 years, thus making 10 or 11 that we shall have been separated, and that I am debarred from knowing and loving Elizabeth *de plus près*, is one that is *most, most* painful to me. But these are some of the ills that flesh is heir to, and they must not be allowed an undue weight when one is deciding upon the prospect of one's life, and upon questions which are of higher importance in the general sum of one's happiness.

Health was my first consideration. London evidently does not agree with you or E., and yet there, under present circumstances, you are doomed to live. The climate of the Cape, I have always heard, is perfection. . . .

Next, your prospects in England: they have long been matter of concern to me. No man's are worth a straw there who cannot at the Bar or in parliament carry fortune by storm, and hold her when he has got her (unless, indeed, he gets such a windfall as I did). You might possibly get some board—Customs, Excise or Post Office—but believe me, you would bitterly repent it. Believe one who has gone daily, *la mort dans l'âme*, to his drudgery without a hope of advancement or even of occupation for his intellect, during the best hours of his day and the best years of his life. You might desire such an appointment for the sake of the emolument, but you would repent it, believe me. Besides which, they are places eagerly sought after, and are only given for something in return, notwithstanding reform in parliament and governing by public opinion. You must not therefore reckon upon bettering your

fortunes in England, because one ought not to reckon upon chances. . . . There was a time when I thought of a colonial appointment for myself, among the various modes that occurred to me of getting out of the Custom House, and I never was able to make up my mind but to four—Gov.-General of India (of course I never dreamt of that seriously), Jamaica at the time the Emancipation Act was coming into operation, Canada on account of its troubles, and the Cape on account of its position, its climate, the importance it ought to be to us, and various notions of better government that I derived from Henry Ellis,[1] who had lived there long and who was a brother Commissioner of Customs at the time. . . . I have a conviction that your government would form a new era in that colony, and that no better opportunity could offer itself for showing all that I know you are worth, and which at present seems destined not to be called forth in the service of the public. . . . I do not take upon myself the responsibility to decide for you, but I confine myself, according to your desire, to giving my opinion, and I need not repeat how anxiously I have reflected on the subject.

I have only one thing more to say, and about that few words and no professions are necessary. We know each other well enough to make them anything but loss of time. I should like you to consult any lawyer and have a document drawn up by which I bind myself, in the event of becoming Lord Clarendon, to pay to you annually the amount you now receive from your office, if upon return from the Cape you are not reinstated in that office, or have no other of which the emolument is equal to it. . . . If by any improbable chance Clarendon should die during your absence, my first care will be to charge the estate with the conditions of the said document, in the event of anything happening to myself.

Some impatience had been expressed by Villiers's friends in England that no recognition had been made of the ability with which he had administered the affairs of the legation in circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, and especially of the success with which he had negotiated the Slave Trade Treaty. 'Les choses,' said Molière's Cathos, 'ne valent que ce qu'on les fait valoir,' and to honorific titles Villiers remained absolutely indifferent all his life; but he afterwards confessed to his brother Edward that if

[1] Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, diplomatist (1777-1855).

some recognition of this sort had *not* been forthcoming, he would have felt that he had failed to earn the approval of his employers, which would be a grievous thing to bear. When Edward expressed his indignation at the apparent neglect of his brother, George replied as follows.

25*th February* 1837.— . . . I should like to have an independent income—that 's the only wish I have, and even that does not disturb my sleep. Well, *that* the government cannot secure to me, and as for all the rest—it is but leather and prunella. To be made a Duke with the Garter would not add an infinitesimum to my happiness, and I don't care two straws whether the government bestow any reward upon me or not. My appointment here was one honourable to myself, and the taking me from the Custom House *did* make me happy. My career in this country has been satisfactory. I know I have fulfilled my duties in a way not usual with foreign ministers, and that fact is publicly known and acknowledged; that is my reward, and it would not be increased by the Bath.

Formal recognition came at last in the form of the Grand Cross of the Bath, 19th October 1837. The demise of William IV. involved the dissolution of Parliament. Villiers had now been nearly four years absent from England, and longed for release from a peculiarly harassing post. The Legion, fruitful source of worry ever since its formation,[1] was now disbanded, and as Count Ofalia had become head of a *Moderado* cabinet, Villiers saw little prospect of exerting any further influence for good on the internal affairs of Spain. The elections left parties in parliament much as they were before the dissolution, Lord Melbourne reckoning a majority of about thirty votes in the House of Commons; but, to quote the view expressed in the *Annual Register* for 1837—'Of power, in a political sense, Ministers had none; they could carry no measure of any kind but by sufferance of Sir Robert Peel.' In the precarious position of the government, Villiers saw a chance of freedom; for

[1] After the defeat of the Legion at Hernani on 16th March, Villiers wrote to Edward: 'I will say nothing about the Evans disaster. . . . You know my opinion of that worthy, and of the *canaille* he commands. I have always been prepared for a catastrophe, but the blockhead may thank himself for half that will be said in England about it.'

the sense of obligation to Palmerston which had kept him at his post hitherto would not be due to a Tory Foreign Minister.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

MADRID, *4th November* 1837.— . . . I have been so swamped with business these last two days, and the immense number of people which my Bath has compelled me to see, that twelve despatches and an inordinately long letter to Palmerston have left me very little time, and no vigor, for writing. Ten thousand, thousand thanks to you, my dear boy, for your kind congratulations. I know how hearty they are. . . . I assure you that my first thought upon knowing that I was to *get into the Bath* was for the satisfaction it would be to all of you much more than to myself. In justice to Palm. I must say that it appears that the civil Baths are limited, and he may therefore have had a difficulty in giving it before. . . . With respect to my leave, I will refer you to my letter to my mother. You will there see all the motives which weigh with me not to make use of it just now; but I do feel supremely happy in possessing it, for I now for the first time believe seriously that I shall see you all again, and get out for a while of this atmosphere which reeks with war and blood and angry passions. I have not ventured to fix in my own mind the precise time when I shall verify the happy plan, but be assured that the first—the very first—moment I think I may do so consistently with my duty (which for a week more or less I will not sacrifice), I start.

I have had a letter from Sir Wm. Woods, Clarencieux King at Arms as he calls himself, enclosing to me the *usual letter* to the Earl Marshal for permission to wear supporters to my armorial bearings, and desiring to know what beasts I will chuse for that office. I look upon this merely as a fee trap, and I suppose I must walk into it, tho' I am in no hurry for supporters or to pay more than I can help for my dignity; but if it is to be done, I should like it well done, and I will therefore beg of you to call upon the said *King*, who lives in Craig's Court, and collogue with him upon the subject. I believe Clarendon's supporters are two black eagles, which would go very well with the Prussian eagle, and I will therefore chuse them. I should like a drawing sent to me of these supporters, with the arms, as usual, upon the Prussian eagle. It will require some taste and not be very easy to group the birds; but if well done it

will be very handsome. Lord Cowper's arms are of the same kind, and might serve for a model. . . .

3rd December 1837.— . . . The newspapers I take in are the *Chronicle* and *Times*; Hervey takes the *Globe* and *Standard*, and Otway (just as one would expect from a jackass like him) the *Morning Post*, *Age* and *Satyrist*. . . . To judge of matters at home from a distance and hastily (for I have only had time to skim the papers), it seems that the days of the Whig government are numbered, for it can neither go on with or without the Radicals. I shall be sorry for their fall, because I hate and distrust the Tories; but I confess that the manner in which the event will then set me free will be a source of great, if not complete, consolation to me.

The Spanish government at this time was, not unnaturally, in great straits for money. To raise a loan in the ordinary way was impossible, unless at exorbitant interest. In these circumstances it is curious to find Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, forwarding to Villiers a singular proposal for advancing money to the Spanish government on the security of certain works of art. He had been assured by one Buchanan of Berners Street (apparently a picture-dealer) that a loan might easily be negotiated through any house in the City, without the government appearing directly in the transaction, on the security of four paintings by Rafael—the Spasimo di Sicilio or Madonna del spasimo, the Madonna del pesce, and two others.

It is curious, wrote Spring Rice, that the plan suggested by Mr. Buchanan is on the principle which, in the French War, was adopted by the Tuscan government, who made an offer of the whole Galleria Reale and Pitti collection to Mr. Pitt (I wonder the *name* did not catch him) for a loan of 200 millions, redeemable with 5 per cent. interest in 5 years. I think we might venture on a loan of £40,000 secured by the deposit of the four Raffaeles.

Whether or not this project was ever carried out, the pictures named are still at Madrid.

CHAPTER VI

WAR, DIPLOMACY, AND COURTSHIP

'Giebt es Krieg, so macht der Teufel die Hölle weiter.'
German Proverb.

THE year 1838 brought no mitigation to the ferocity of strife convulsing the unhappy realm of Spain. Indeed the system of reprisals became more universal, and the savagery with which they were carried out taxes one's belief in human nature. In the following letter Sir George Villiers refers to one out of a score of similar crimes which were rendering the name of Spaniard a byword of reproach among the nations. It is addressed to Colonel Wylde, the British officer attached to the Queen of Spain's army.

MADRID, *9th November* 1838.—SIR,—It is with deep regret that I observe that the same sanguinary system of warfare which at one time prevailed in the Northern Provinces, but was happily put an end to by the Eliot treaty, is now carried on in that part of Spain where the Carlist forces are commanded by Cabrera, and that the acts of barbarity for which that chief has always been distinguished have arrived to a pitch so intolerable that the Queen's general has at length been compelled to adopt measures in reprisal.

The wounded soldiers of infantry belonging to Pardeñas who fell into the hands of Cabrera were all shot on the following day. Those belonging to the cavalry were, by Cabrera's orders, formed into a circle, when they were charged and lanced to death by his cavalry. Not content with this inhuman violation of the usages of war, it appears that, ten days afterwards, he caused to be shot in cold blood 94 non-commissioned officers belonging to the same division. It would have been idle to expect that such atrocities should not excite indignation nor provoke a determined spirit of revenge among the partisans of the Queen in Aragon and Valencia, as well as the comrades of the murdered men. Accordingly, events which cannot be too much deplored

have taken place at Valencia, Alicante and Murcia, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of the Queen's authorities to prevent them; while the government, in order to moderate the irresistible force of public feeling, has seen itself compelled to establish juntas of reprisals, which will at least proceed according to the forms of justice, and may, it is to be hoped, put an end to popular excesses. General Van Haler, in order to maintain the discipline of his army, has found it absolutely necessary to order that, for every individual in the service of Her Catholic Majesty put to death by Cabrera, one of corresponding rank among the Carlist prisoners shall be shot.

Such is the present state of things, and it is one that can only be looked upon with unmingled feelings of horror. Nor is it likely to stop here, for on both sides it will produce increased exasperation, and an exterminating system of warfare will before long be acted upon throughout Aragon and Valencia.

The government of the Queen, I repeat, deplores it; but, the course of lenity which it has hitherto pursued being attributed to fear by the Carlists, they are emboldened to proceed in their system; and if the sanguinary acts of Cabrera were now, as heretofore, to pass without notice or retaliation, every city in the above-mentioned provinces would break out into open rebellion, and the Queen's troops could no longer be led into action where the combatants should fight upon such unequal terms.

Under these circumstances I consider it to be my duty as the representative of the British government, whose exertions have not been more directed to the support of the Queen's cause than to the mitigation of the horrors of civil war, to leave no means untried for putting a stop to the system which is now established in Aragon and Valencia. I have to request that you will communicate this despatch to Count Luchana, and suggest to his Excellency how signal a service he might render to the cause of Her Catholic Majesty, to that of humanity, and to the name of Spaniards in foreign countries, if, by an urgent representation to the commander of the Carlist forces in the North respecting the conduct of Cabrera and the dreadful consequences of which it has been productive, he could procure that that chief should be peremptorily ordered by Don Carlos to observe those usages of war which are practised among civilised nations.

The disorder referred to as having taken place in Valencia was of the nature of a reprisal upon Cabrera's

brutality. The Christinos rose, broke into the city gaol, murdered the commandant, Mendez Vigo, when he loyally attempted to protect his Carlist prisoners; and these, to the number of fifty-nine, were dragged out and cut to pieces. No wonder Villiers sighed for relief, sick of combatants that could inflict such misery upon each other, and of a cause that was so ineffectively supported as Queen Isabella's.

George Villiers to his brother Edward.

7th January 1838.— . . . This is really an infernal life, and it is one of unalloyed difficulties and vexation, for nothing can make these people wise or cowards brave or the ignorant learned in a moment. Time may perhaps do something, but the qualities indispensable for getting these wretches out of their abyss (and indispensable without a moment's loss of time) are all wanting, and I am heartily sick of them, all the more because I see in the present state of things germs of prolonged stay for me. A new matter has opened up, too, which I cannot mention by a French courier, but which I will tell you next Saturday. . . .

The commercial treaty with Spain which Villiers was conducting to a satisfactory settlement had confirmed Louis Philippe and his minister Molé in their determination not to assist the Spanish Queen's cause unless France could thereby score some advantage for herself. Hence the first indication of an intrigue to obtain the hand of the young Queen Isabella for a French prince, a design whereof so much was to be heard afterwards in the affair of the 'Spanish marriages.'

13*th January.*— . . . The amount of business that has crowded upon me to-day (or rather yesterday, for it is 5 A.M. on the 14th) is intolerable. Sixteen despatches have I written, of which more than half are very long.

The new matter that has arisen here, to which I alluded last time as likely to detain me, is a supposed intention of L[ouis] P[hilippe] to marry one of his sons to the little Queen, and to establish *à la Louis XIV.* a permanent French influence here. I can't say I much believe in such an intention myself, but Palm. says he is quite sure of it, and charges me to watch and

defeat it, which you may suppose I will do *cœur et âme*. . . . I am curious to know whether or not we have a right to the Prussian eagle.[1] Make Clarendon give you what information he can. . . . Palmerston says the government are not uneasy about Canada; but I don't pay much attention to what he says, for he always reckons that that *is* which he wishes. . . .

3rd March.—. . . I am perfectly *fascinated* (I can use no other word, for I am glued to the book) by the Duke of Wellington's dispatches. I am in a position to enjoy and appreciate them even more than the public in England, but I can well understand the sensation they have caused. . . . Identically the same people are the Spaniards of 1838 with those of 1808, and for every case of worthlessness and bad faith that the D. of W. cites I could produce a corresponding one—or twenty if necessary. . . .

Sir George's anonymous pamphlet had attracted a good deal of attention in England and was recognised as authoritative. On 24th March he wrote to his brother Edward: 'If people in general were to take the same view of the pamphlet that Sheil [2] and Taylor [3] do, I cannot for my part see any harm in allowing a small *filtration* of the author's name, tho' perhaps it might be better not to come from any of the family. C. Greville, however, and one or two others might state they knew it was mine.'

Sir George's uncle, John Earl of Clarendon, was in his eighty-first year, and news came that he was failing. Sir George, heir-presumptive to the title and estates, treated it nonchalantly enough.

17*th February* 1838.—. . . As for Clarendon, of course I have not a serious thought that he will be removed, or that when the cause of his illness—the cold weather—passes away that he will not be as spry and lively again as ever. However, in

[1] That is, in the Villiers arms. The right to add it to his armorial bearings was certainly conveyed to the first Earl of Clarendon by Frederick the Great's patent in 1782, and it was borne by the first three earls; but when Sir George succeeded as fourth earl, he retained the arms assigned to him with his knighthood, and the Prussian eagle was suffered to fall into disuse.

[2] Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851), dramatist, barrister, and politician, one of D. O'Connell's principal supporters. At this time he was Vice-president of the Board of Trade.

[3] Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Taylor (1800-86), author of *Philip van Artevelde*, was at this time a clerk in the Colonial Office.

case of an accident it is right to take some precautions in order that no undue advantage may be taken of my absence. My mother says that, if he were to die she should come up to town and do whatever is necessary in conjunction with you. This I approve of, but without any offence to her and none to Charles (for I mean none), I hope that *you* will be my representative and decide upon everything that admits of doubt. I shall feel sure then that everything will be done with more care and attention than if I were present, for you will do by me as I should by you, and be more eager for my interests than your own. However, I repeat that these are only precautionary observations, as I have no idea that C. will part with his existence so easily. Whenever he does die, I shall not be surprised if that legion of fat servants was all at once to become active and set to plundering the silver forks and spoons. . . . There will of course be neither inventories nor lists of anything, and I expect C. will leave disorder and debt to a frightful amount. I will just add that, should he die before I leave Madrid, I wish you would write me a strong letter upon the necessity of my coming home either to fulfil the office of executor or take care of my own interests: in short, whatever you think best in order to enable me to found upon it a letter to Palm. announcing myself as homeward bound; for I know from one or two sources that he objects to my leaving Madrid till I can get a settlement of the numerous claims against the Spanish government, because the creditors bother his life out. . . . It is therefore natural he should wish me to stay, and so I would if I were likely to succeed in what he wishes; but if I staid here 20 years it would not put money into the Spanish Treasury, and it is the want of it which prevents the settlement of the claims.

Strong objection was raised in Parliament to Colonel de Lacy Evans having been created a military K.C.B., a dignity for which, at that time, no officer under the rank of major-general or rear-admiral was eligible. It was urged in the House of Commons that there was no precedent for so rewarding an unsuccessful commander, and that the insubordination of the corps had been scandalous, and had been repressed by inhumane punishment. Palmerston, however, defended the course taken on the ground that Evans had done all that was possible with the materials at his disposal. Edward Villiers, having

written to ask Sir George's opinion, received a reply by no means flattering to the member for Westminster.

MADRID, 21*st April* 1838.—. . . As for Evans, he absolutely constrains me to vomit, and so he would you if you knew him as well as I do for a conceited, incapable coxcomb, with no real merit beyond personal bravery. A man of magnificent promise and mean performance, equally unable to bear good and adverse fortune, weak of purpose, greedy of flattery, and, like all those who have no knowledge of men, led by the people most unfit to guide. Here, he fancied himself Napoleon: in England he compares himself to the Duke of Wellington, and neither in Spain nor in England was he, or is he, anything but M.P. for Westminster. His seat in parliament was his idol, and his coming here—staying, fighting and going—all had reference to what he thought would be his constituents' opinions. Palm. chose to have him appointed, and therefore does right to stand by him; but he ought not to have given him the Bath. Some reward I should have given him, for he is to a certain degree a victim of party, but it should not have been one at which the army has a just right to be offended. Then as to the Legion—if you did but know how they have disgraced and degraded the name of England in this country you would feel about them as I do. . . .

Poor Taylor, I am sincerely sorry for his disappointment, for I know how bitter it must be to a man of his sensibility and to a mind which, incapable of falseness itself, is disinclined to believe its existence in others.[1] I should have been greatly surprised if S. Rice had upon a pinch of this kind developed himself in any other way than that which you describe. I never doubted that his heart was truly represented in his face, *et c'est tout dire*, for a meaner and more paltry, sneaking physiognomy never was looked upon. The son I never heard of, but if begotten by S. Rice (and nobody, I should think, could have interfered with such a bit of goods as his mother!) he is probably heir to all the low Irish virtues of his progenitor. In favor of whom did the girl do Taylor the good service of jilting him?

[1] Henry Taylor who, as mentioned above, had failed to persuade Thérèse Villiers to marry him, became engaged in 1836 to Theodosia, daughter of Mr. Spring-Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer (afterwards Lord Monteagle). The match was broken off in 1838 on the ground of Taylor's unorthodoxy, but was renewed, and the marriage took place in 1839.

In his next letter to Edward, Sir George refers to a question which had been on his mind for some time. He was no anchorite, and his life as a bachelor in the Spanish metropolis had not been without its alleviations, and in no sense could be described as *lonely*.

Τέρπεο καὶ Παφίῃ τὸν ἐφημέριον βίον ἕλκων.

But distractions of that kind lose their charm for a man advancing into middle life, and Sir George by no means neglected the many admonitions he received from home reminding him that it was high time for him to take a wife.

Sir George Villiers to his brother Edward

MADRID, 19*th May* 1838.—. . . I don't know when I have been so out of spirits as I am just now, and I am generally unwell into the bargain, which does not make me look at things more brightly. I have a great deal of gout flying about, and have some joint or other disabled for an hour or two at a time every day; but my head is so addled that I am more annoyed by that than anything else. . . . A journey at this moment would be the making of me, but God knows when I shall set out. I am very sure you will think me right in staying; indeed there would always have been a certain degree of wrong in my going at this moment; but after all that P[almerston] says, both publicly in his dispatch and privately in his letter, I could not leave Madrid without a manifest dereliction of duty and risk of quarrel with the government. After having done so much and labored so long, this would have been very little worth while; but the worst of it all is that I don't expect any good from this personal sacrifice. I have a presentiment that the parts of the scheme over which I have no control will be managed *à l'Espagnole*, *i.e.* utterly ruined. In that case I shall soon be able to get away; but if I am compelled to stay for a long time, I think it will be to good purpose, and it will be a prodigious and *personal* triumph to me; so that I hope I have a *hedge* in either case. But in this cussed country it's mere idleness to speculate upon events. . . . I like very much your description of Lord Shrewsbury's daughter; pray tell me more of her, tho' I can't woo at a distance. My aspirations after fortune are no longer what they were, and your example is much

more what I propose, if possible, to follow, tho' I have little hopes of its being with equal success. I am not quite my own master upon this unluckily, at least as long as Clarendon lives and has not another wife and son as old Essex[1]; for how am I to marry with my father's debts, poor Hyde's, my own, and £700 a year for Schedule A (Wootton Bassett) weighing upon me? There 's the rub! but I will remain what I abhor—single—all my life rather than marry for money exclusively. My unmarried state and my *advanced period of life*[2] give me many an uncomfortable hour, I assure you, and make me doubly anxious to go to England just at this time; for now, if I arrive in August or September, everybody will be gone. Lord Shrewsbury may not want a Catholic for a son-in-law, but doesn't he always insist upon having a German prince of some blood royal?[3] Who is the *Charlotte* you say is living with De Ros? . . .

Early in 1836 that remarkable enthusiast George Borrow had arrived in Madrid as agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society. It may be imagined that Spain, of all countries, was the least likely to extend a welcome to one whose mission was to disseminate translations of the New Testament. Mendizàbal, a Christianised Jew and Progresista, was at the head of the government, with whom Villiers obtained an interview for Borrow. Mendizàbal flatly refused to give leave for the New Testament to be printed in Spanish at Madrid. It was an improper book, he said. Might Borrow call next day and submit the manuscript in order to convince the Minister of the blameless character of the book? 'Certainly not,' replied Mendizàbal; 'you might convince me, which is the last thing that I wish to happen!'

Villiers himself, foreseeing trouble, had been the reverse of encouraging at first; but, yielding to Borrow's extraordinary powers of persuasion, he obtained from Isturitz, Mendizàbal's successor in office, permission for

[1] The fifth Earl of Essex married a second wife in 1838. He was then eighty-one, and died, without issue, the following year.

[2] He was just eight-and-thirty.

[3] Of the two daughters of John, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, the younger had married the Prince Borghese in 1835; the elder, whom Edward Villiers had commended to his brother as a suitable wife, was married in 1839 to Prince Doria Pamphilj-Landi.

Borrow to print and sell the Spanish translation of the New Testament. At the same time he warned Borrow to use discretion in order to avoid offending the feelings of the people. Now discretion was a virtue whereof Borrow was totally devoid. He placarded the streets with three thousand flaming advertisements of the book, which had the natural effect of rousing the ecclesiastical authorities to action. Isturitz's short ministry fell and was succeeded by one under Count Ofalia, a stern Moderado, with whom Villiers had little or no influence in domestic affairs. The sale of the Testament was prohibited, and Borrow, being suspected, rightly or wrongly, of continuing to dispose of copies secretly, was summarily arrested and imprisoned on 1st May 1838.

This brought the British Minister into a very difficult situation. He demanded of Count Ofalia the immediate release of Borrow as a British subject against whom no offence had been proved. He had been arbitrarily arrested by the Civil Governor, and imprisoned without being first taken before the Captain-General of Madrid, as the law required in the case of a foreigner. Ofalia directed that Borrow should be released on parole. Borrow refused to leave the prison until he received promise of reparation. In this he was supported by Villiers, who, failing to obtain satisfaction from Count Ofalia, wrote to Lord Palmerston, 'I consider that great want of respect has been shown to me, as Her Majesty's Minister, and that an unjustifiable outrage has been committed upon a British subject.'[1] In another dispatch to Palmerston of the same date he wrote :

> This disagreeable business is rendered yet more so by the impossibility of defending with success all Mr. Borrow's proceedings. . . . His imprudent zeal in announcing publicly that the Bible Society had a depôt of bibles in Madrid, and that he was the agent for their sale, irritated the ecclesiastical authorities, whose attention has of late been called to the proceedings of a Mr. Graydon—another agent of the Bible Society —who has created great excitement at Malaga, and I believe in other places, by publishing in the newspapers that the

[1] Despatch of 5th May 1838.

Catholic religion was not the religion of God, and that he had been sent from England to convert Spaniards to Protestantism. . . . The Methodist Society of England is likewise endeavouring to establish a school at Cadiz, and by that means to make conversions. Under all these circumstances it is not, perhaps, surprising that the Archbishop of Toledo and the heads of the Church should be alarmed that an attempt at Protestant propagandism is about to be made, or that the government should wish to avert the evils of religious schism in addition to all those which already weigh upon this country; and to these different causes it must, in some degree, be attributed that Mr. Borrow has been an object of suspicion and treated with extreme rigor. Still they do not justify the course pursued by the Civil Governor towards him, or by the government towards myself, and I trust your lordship will consider that in the steps I have taken upon the matter, I have done no more than what the national honor and the security of Englishmen in this country render obligatory upon me.

Count Ofalia's position was not an easy one. As a Moderado he could not dispense with the support of the Church, nor could it be denied that Borrow had transgressed both the civil and ecclesiastical laws of Spain. Borrow's arrest had been irregular, but it was not unreasonable. On the other hand, here was the British Minister demanding satisfaction, and the Royalist cause in Spain could not afford to offend the British Government. The difficulty was eventually settled by Villiers appealing to the Queen Regent, informing her that matters 'might end in a manner most injurious to the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries.' [1] Her Majesty desired her Minister to comply with the British Minister's demand, which he did on 11th May, and Borrow was set free next day, characteristically declining to accept the pecuniary compensation which he had formerly claimed and which was now offered to him.

In this affair Sir George Villiers allowed himself to be drawn into a difficulty through kindliness to an amusing, but headstrong, fellow-countryman. There was nothing in his own inclination or habits that would have prompted

[1] Despatch to Lord Palmerston, 12th May 1838.

him to encourage, much less to abet, any tampering with the religious belief of a Roman Catholic people. It had been better if he had adhered to his first intention and dissuaded Borrow from his enterprise instead of promoting it. But when Borrow's privilege as a British subject had been infringed, he could take no other course but insist upon redress, and Palmerston was not the man to find fault with any Minister for maintaining the honour of the flag.

A few extracts from letters to Edward Villiers keep one in touch with subsequent events in Madrid.

2*nd June* 1838.—. . . Madrid agrees with me wonderfully well, and it is an excellent place when one *is* well; but after having been ill it is very difficult here to get right again. I hardly know why, but it is a general remark. Change of air for a week would restore me completely; but if one goes outside the walls almost, one stands such a chance of being caught by the roving bands of Carlists or robbers that it is imprudent to venture. . . . I wish I could have left Madrid now, for I should have done so with colors flying as far as regards the Carlist cause, and in this perverse country I am always afraid of some unforeseen disaster, and never can reckon upon what is good. However, the Lord's (Palm.'s) will be done!

16*th*.— . . . I thought that nothing could have impeded my setting out towards the end of May, for I expected the negociation would have been a quick thing, and that the month I gave it would have brought matters to such maturity that I might safely leave them under such guidance as I could give from London. Circumstances, however, too long for narrating, added to the impossibility of *anything* ever going quickly in Spain, prevented the affair taking the turn I expected, and at that moment came Palm.'s injunction to conduct the negociation myself.

3*rd November*.—. . . I have not enclosed my family letter to you, but send for it to Knightsbridge if you care for tidings of Pandemonium. This place gets more devilish every day, and I more disgusted with it. . . . There has been a row here to-night and a deal of firing in the streets; but a certain number of rogues having killed a certain number of fools, order has been re-established, I believe, and so has martial law, which may keep people quiet or may make them furious, just as the

National Guard happens to view the matter. . . . I am dead knocked up. . . .

Towards the end of the year his mind and pen revert to matrimonial schemes.

25*th November*.—. . . Never mind what people say at Paris about Caramania. Be assured that I have the most ardent desire to be married, but that I would sooner remain single all my life than be married to her. I am delighted to hear the tone H. B. takes about me. I have heard nothing of or from her since a letter I wrote her last spring, which I intended should be a *finisher*, and which was so. . . .

Suddenly there appears in the correspondence the name of a lady who will figure to an important degree in the remainder of this narrative. Lady Katharine Barham (referred to as 'Katty' in the following letter) was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Verulam and widow of John Foster Barham, M.P., of Stockbridge, Hants, who died on 22nd May 1838. This lady's mother seems to have heard and repeated gossip about Villiers's popularity with the ladies of Madrid.

29*th December* 1838.—. . . All you tell me in addition to the volumes of information I have from my mother and Thérèse about Katty has increased a millionfold my eagerness to make her mine, and I now venture to hope that things have advanced too far for them to recede. But can anyone be expected to bear patiently the villainous gossip of Lady Verulam? It has put me in a state of irritation that I cannot control. . . . I *hope* it may do no harm, but it is the only way to render the thing difficult, for I dread a parcel of gossiping women, or men who may want to marry Katty, poisoning her mind or weakening her kindly feelings towards me. It was only since dinner that the courier arrived, and I have hardly had time to consider what is best to be done; but I think that the *crisis* ought to be hastened, and that the conduct of Lady V. has almost made it obligatory upon Katty to permit me to declare myself—don't you? The immense time that letters take coming and going is another difficulty, and I do dread some devilment occurring to prevent that which, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced will be a source of lasting happiness to us all.

When writing thus, Sir George Villiers was not aware that he had already been fourth Earl of Clarendon for a week, his uncle, Earl John, having died on 22nd December. On receiving the news, his first thought was for his invalid brother Edward and how he could help him.

MADRID, *5th January* 1839.—. . . When you are better and the weather less inclement, you will perhaps go to Leamington, and then you must do me a favour, and it would be a great one, by enabling me to feel that the very first use I had made of accession of fortune had been to contribute to your comfort. I want you to consider that you are living with me at Kenilworth, only, as the castle is in ruins and I am in Spain, we can't live there together; will you ∴ take a house for me at Leamington? I write to-day to Bidwell to pay to your order £100, which I hope will make this necessary expedition fall light upon you; and if it is the means of contributing to your health and Elizabeth's, I leave you to judge what my happiness will be in having assisted it even indirectly. . . .

12th.—. . . I should indeed have been vexed, my dear boy, if you had deprived me of the pleasure of contributing to your Leamington journey. I said £100 merely just to name a sum, but what would make me feel most comfortable upon the subject would be for you to keep an account of all that you may spend upon your residence there above that sum, and receive it from Bidwell when you return. I should like to know that you had not been put to ½d. expense in this compulsory chasse after health. Just do this to please me, and don't let us talk any more about it. . . . I hope that the Ld. Lieutenancy of Ireland will not be offered to me, for I shall refuse it. I know that the Irish would not object to having me, but the contrary; but I know better than to go and jump naked into a hornet's nest. There is nothing to be got there but annoyance, believe me, and going from the Spaniards to the Irish would be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Under present circumstances it would be impossible to quarrel with O'Connell, but I *could* not—would not—suffer myself to be trampled upon by him. . . . I wish I had time to write fully, but I am literally *suffocated* with all I have to do and am quite knocked up. I didn't go to bed till 5 this morning, owing to the quires of dispatches I had to write, and then passed the night in coughing and cramps in my legs, so you may suppose I am a poor devil to-day.

Lord Clarendon's proposal to Lady Katharine Barham was made by deputy, through his sister Mrs. Lister, who seems to have expressed some indignation because he showed so little lover-like impatience.

Lord Clarendon to his brother Edward

Madrid, 26*th January* 1839. . . . I am really quite surprised that to *you* it should be necessary to explain the line I adopted in my letter to Thérèse in speaking of Katty, which appears to have created so much family disapprobation. I should like to know how I was to have been *in love* with Katty. The thought of making her my wife was suggested to me six or seven months ago, not by my own feelings, but by my family anxious for my welfare; and, knowing that a person like Katty would ensure my happiness, I viewed the matter quite in the same light and determined to use every effort to bring it about; but that had nothing to do with *being in love.* I saw Katty seven or eight times in England, and nothing passed between us that might not have occurred to two persons the most indifferent to each other. Since I returned here I have had two or three letters from her which might have been published at Charing Cross without anyone suspecting that there lurked in them any other feeling than what a common acquaintance might entertain. My mother tells me that she has had some most interesting conversations with her, but that she cannot give me any details and only bids me feel quite satisfied. With this, and only this, my family expect I was to be over head and ears in love. Why, I must have had the imagination and idleness of an Italian boy of fifteen to have been so upon such slender provocation; instead of which I am of a mature age, unexcitable temperament and incessantly occupied with business in an important and responsible situation. Accordingly, I was not in love (nor have I ever been so yet in my life), and, not thinking it necessary to dissemble when writing to Thérèse, I told her exactly what was the state of my feelings, as to which I was and continue to be perfectly satisfied, for I feel contented and happy in the thought of having Katty for a wife. I believe she is the person of all others who is best suited to me, and whom I in my turn shall suit. I have no doubt either that, long before I marry her (if please God I do so) my feelings will be of a much warmer character, and that I shall end by being

as much in love with her as it is in my nature to be, and as devoted to her as a man can be to a woman; but until this state of feelings arrives, it does not exist, and, not existing, I don't pretend that it does.

However, my proposal is made, and I can only hope that my mother has not been too sanguine. I am still in that painful state of doubt that we must be in when one only knows such matters second-hand. . . . You have given me real pleasure by saying you think Katty will not listen to calumnies; and how right you were in putting her on her guard against Lady H— R—, who, like all the rest of those pseudo-devotees of that religion the basis and doctrines of which are charity, assume that the person or thing about which they are ignorant or doubtful must be bad. Lady H. R. knows no more about me than she did about you when she slandered you to Elizabeth; but she may perhaps have an idea, in which she would be quite right, that I would not make use of religion for my own interests or convert the Bible into a poll-book as Sandon did, or go hunting in fine carriages after crack preachers; and as in these outward shows consist probably her limited notions of religion, she may think herself justified in proclaiming me as an infidel and dissenter (such as I gladly acknowledge myself to be) from such spurious principles. . . .

MADRID, *9th February* 1839.—. . . A thousand thanks, my dear old boy, for all your kind congratulations upon the good fortune that has befallen me, before which everything else sinks, disappears, vanishes. The more I reflect upon it (and I do so pretty constantly, as you may believe), the more happy I feel and the more thoroughly convinced I feel that it is the wisest act of my life and the greatest luck that ever befell me. I only wish to heaven I was once back in England, tho' I was sure you would approve of my motives for staying on here as long as there is a chance of doing good. I can't say I think the chance improves; but still there are hopes, and to make any change in the commercial system of such a country as Spain would be an achievement to be proud of.

I assure you my grand object will be to live quietly within my income and to get rid of my incumbrances as quickly as I can. Upon this chapter I am determined to turn over a new leaf.

The last important business transacted by Lord Clarendon before he left Madrid for good was the con-

clusion, after long negotiation, of a commercial treaty between Great Britain and Spain.

23*rd February* 1839.—. . . I have ups and down in my hopes upon commercial affairs, the latter prevailing, I am sorry to say, and I daresay it will end in my coming away *re infectâ*. The suspension of the Cortes augments the difficulty, for it requires no common courage in a Minister to do an unpopular act, such as liberalising the commercial system, when it would be at the same time an unconstitutional one, for the assent of the Cortes is absolutely required upon all matters connected with the revenue. . . .

To Lady Theresa Lister

Madrid, 22*nd February* 1839.—My dearest Thérèse,—I conclude you would think it queerish if I let another courier go without a 'short and often' from me, so here goes, though do you know that I am beginning to feel idle about letters, and as if they didn't signify, which is the shadow that that great event—my departure—casts before it. . . . I don't dislike this feeling by any means: it 's a kind of stopgap in my impatience to get away, and I do long with an intensity of longing to be fairly out of Madrid.

You say you wonder what I shall like to do when I get home—whether to build and be a country gentleman, and to travel and see the world, etc. etc. I say ditto to you. I wonder also, for at present I haven't a notion. What I should like best would be for Katty to have some very pronounced wish or plan that she had set her heart upon, in order that I might carry it into effect. In default of that, I shall probably do nothing—in the way of plans, I mean—for I can't say I feel much inclined to build. I mean to save, not spend money, and my only fear is of becoming stingy and shabby. We can all of us rub in pretty well at the Grove, until I clear off some of the debt, and then we shall see. My delight and happiness will be a life completely domestic: all the rest is leather and prunella. I shall like whatever is comfort, and shall sedulously eschew all that is splash and parade. I am easily amused, but have no particular amusement; idleness, however, I have now in more abhorrence than even some years ago. I feel that the interest of business and the excitement of responsibility

are indispensable to me, and I believe I am never much happier than when I have more to think of and to do than I can manage in a given period. I cannot, at the same time (much as I have questioned myself), determine what kind of public employment I should like. To be a minister in these times is very like being a cock on Shrove Tuesday—a wretched animal stuck up for everybody to have a shy at. One can gather but little glory and much mud, and I don't see much chance of things getting better. Foreign affairs are what I should like: they are what I have most knowledge of and most aptitude for; but I would never take that or any other office until I knew whether I was likely to be able to speak; and my doubts upon that are so great that they form a drawback to all my plans and hopes. If I had had any practice early in life, I verily believe I should have been a decent speaker, but few men succeed in becoming so when they begin late in life. . . . Upon the whole, therefore, I feel *dans le plus beau des voyages possibles* about my futurity, and shall be inclined to let my boat float down the stream, and wait to see where the current takes me; without caring much either, as I can always let my anchor drop in that haven of happiness which I know I shall have in my marriage with Katty. . . .

Clarendon had the satisfaction before returning to England of seeing the Royalist cause decisively successful against the Carlists and the war virtually brought to a close. This result came about more through dissension among the Carlist chiefs and the revolt of the Navarrese battalions under Maroto than through the prowess of the Queen's generals, although these had about 225,000 men and 138 guns in the field against 63,000 Carlists with 80 guns. Lord Clarendon was in constant communication with Colonel Wylde and Lord John Hay, by whose efforts a convention between the parties was arranged at Bergara on 31st August for the pacification of Biscay, Guipuscoa and Alava. The greater part of the Carlist forces then laid down their arms, and on 14th September Don Carlos fled to France, where the government assigned him the city of Bourges as a temporary residence.

Howbeit, before Spanish affairs had taken this satisfactory turn, and before the conclusion of the commercial

treaty set Clarendon free to return to England, he received from Lords Melbourne and Palmerston communications which brought to an immediate issue his inclination for drifting down stream, indifferent as to where the current might carry him.

Downing Street, 16*th February* 1839.—My dear Clarendon,—To a man who has just succeeded to a title, who has been five years continually out of England and who is on the eve of being married, the proposal which I am about to make to you I am aware will not appear at first sight of a very winning or attractive character. But there are some small considerations on the other side, such as the prospect of rendering great public service and of establishing a high public character—motives I know of great weight with you—which may perhaps incline you upon reflection to listen to it with more patience and satisfaction. You see the situation which the government of the country are in with respect to Canada. It is evidently the right policy not to let time and opportunity escape us, but to strike while the iron is hot, and to make use of the recent rebellion and the present circumstances of the Provinces in order to establish in them a form and system of government which may have a chance of being stable, effective and permanent. We must bring into Parliament a measure upon the subject which will probably be based, at least in some degree, upon the Report which has been made by Lord Durham. We must have a new Civil Governor to carry our measure into execution, and for this purpose we require a man of great energy, activity and zeal, of much general political knowledge, who has given his attention to the general principles of politics and to colonial affairs in particular—such a man, in short, as I believe, and indeed know, you to be. This is my motive, therefore, in applying to you upon the subject and in asking you whether you are willing to undertake it. . . .

I can assure you that I have thought over this matter long and anxiously, and I have always come to the conclusion that within the range of my own knowledge there was no man so well fitted for the post as yourself, and no one whose appointment would afford a better hope of success in a matter which is certainly difficult, but not desperate, and in undertaking which great service may be rendered and great honour atchieved. . . . I can add with perfect sincerity that in what I have said

I speak, not only my own sentiments, but the real and decided opinion of all my colleagues.

I shall, of course, be anxious to receive your reply, as if it should be in the affirmative it will give me very high gratification and relieve me from very considerable difficulty.—Believe me, my dear Clarendon, yours ever faithfully,

MELBOURNE.

Palmerston wrote at less length but quite as urgently.

STANHOPE STREET, 17*th February* 1839.—I hope you will give the most favorable ear to the contents of the accompanying letter from Melbourne. I shall be very sorry to lose your assistance in Spain, but we have a still greater interest in our own possessions than in those of our ally Isabella, and in Canada there is a great work to be accomplished which requires an able and judicious workman to execute it. We all think that you would do the thing better than any other person, and therefore we are very anxious that you should accept the duty. The task is difficult, but the credit to be obtained by success will be great; and as I do not think you will publish illegal ordinances, issue proclamations attacking the Mother Country, or come away without leave, it is highly probable that you will succeed.

Clarendon's sense of obligation to the leaders of his adopted party, especially his personal feelings of gratitude to Lord Palmerston for having released him from the Customs, rendered it very difficult for him to refuse an offer conveyed in such handsome and friendly terms. He could not but feel gratified by such a cordial recognition of his past services and such a full expression of confidence in his fitness for high office; but the prospect of being separated again from those he loved with no ordinary intensity filled him with dismay. He would, at all events, return home and take counsel with those dear ones before deliberately submitting to a further indefinite term of exile.

It was a most critical time in the evolution of Canada. Lord Durham had resigned the High Commissionership in the previous autumn, angrily resenting the suspension by the government of his arbitrary ordinance of 28th June 1838. His resignation had been anticipated by his summary dismissal from office in consequence of the proclamation

he issued, complaining of his treatment. This indiscretion was to be atoned for by the masterly report which he presented on 31st January 1839, recommending the legislative union of the two Canadas and providing for the settlement of the specific grievances disturbing the peace of the upper and lower colonies. But, as Lord Melbourne explained in his letter to Clarendon, the legislation for carrying out the scheme embodied in that report had not yet been drafted when the offer of the Governor-Generalship was made to him, and the office possessed few of the political and social attractions which at the present day cause it to be regarded as more desirable than the Viceroyalty of India.

Lord Clarendon to his brother Edward.

Madrid, 27*th February* 1839.—. . . You will see my letter to my mother and the copies of those I send her; there is no use, therefore, in writing over again all they contain respecting this untoward offer of Canada—for untoward I call an offer which it is equally difficult to accept or refuse. All my tendencies are towards the latter, if I can discover a creditable way of doing it. In the meanwhile I think I have taken the prudent course of leaving the question of my decision entirely open, and I want you to give me your opinion in the fullest manner.

Lord Clarendon to Lord Melbourne.

Madrid, 27*th February* 1839.—My dear Melbourne,—I yesterday received your letter of the 16th, and I thank you sincerely for the kind and flattering expressions towards myself that it contains.

I will not enter into the question of my fitness for the arduous post you are desirous of committing to my charge, for the conclusion at which I should arrive upon it would probably be different from yours, and as the responsibility you incur in making such an appointment is great, so I presume you have maturely reflected upon its propriety. I am therefore inclined to defer to your judgment rather than my own.

I yield to no man in desire to render service to my country; but as I have no puerile ambition to fill high situations and

am determined never to accept any office without having at least some reasonable prospect of creditably fulfilling the duties which attach to it, I think you would consider I acted with a levity which was of bad promise if I at once accepted the Governorship of Canada in ignorance of the real condition and prospects of the country, of the measures intended by the government, and of the chance there would exist of carrying these measures to a successful issue.

Upon none of these questions am I in a position to form an opinion, nor, consequently, to give you a decided answer. Were I to send an affirmative one at this moment, I might upon arriving in England find myself compelled to retract; which, for the sake of the government and my own, I should be anxious to avoid.

Thus far, my views are of a public nature; but as regards my private position, I am sure you will admit that I cannot with propriety, when upon the eve of being married, enter into an engagement to go abroad upon such a mission without the previous consent of Lady Katharine Barham. After much reflection, then, it has appeared to me the properest course to accelerate my departure from Madrid and to give you in person an answer founded upon the data I require, but which I do not possess here. I intended to have gone home in the beginning of April; but now I shall be far on my road before you receive this letter. . . . Let me request you not to consider this in any way binding upon you. If in the course of the next three weeks you find any individual fitter than myself for the post, I hope you will unhesitatingly make the appointment without reference to the offer I have received from you. Having lived 5½ years abroad, having now a career in parliament open to me, being about to marry and to put some order in my private affairs (which have already suffered by my absence), I cannot but consider that leaving England again for an indefinite period, even under circumstances far more favorable than those in question, is a great personal sacrifice.—Believe me, my dear Melbourne, most faithfully yours, CLARENDON.

In the same bag Clarendon sent a letter to Palmerston.

I yesterday received your letter of the 17th and I now redispatch the messenger with my Canadian answer to you and Melbourne. It is but the first instalment of an answer. . . . It was impossible for me, as an honest man, to have given any

other; for altho' it is certain that I shall never publish illegal ordinances nor blackguard the Mother Country, the Government and the Parliament, nor send my reports to the newspapers instead of to the Colonial Office, yet this is not sufficient to form a decision upon, nor does it alone offer those reasonable probabilities of success, without which I am determined never to accept any office, great or small. What leisure I have had here has been devoted to studies which interested me more than colonial reading, and I am accordingly very ignorant of what has been done and what is intended in Canada, beyond what is to be found in the newspapers; and there everything is so garbled for party purposes that I am rather perplexed than enlightened with regard to the real state of affairs; but my general impression is that the government of Canada is a problem about as easily solved as that of Ireland, and that the evil there is so deep-rooted and the elements of confusion so far beyond control, that whatever measures are taken will only be palliative,—retarding, but not averting, some final catastrophe.

These impressions may be erroneous, but, such as they are, they exist in my mind, and acting under them I should have conceived myself bound, in the event of having to form an immediate decision, to give a negative answer to Melbourne's offer; for the man who accepts a post of high responsibility with the presentiment of failure hanging round his neck must be a fool as regards himself, and not far removed from a rogue with respect to his employers. Having no ambition to place myself in either of these categories, I have thought it best to decide upon immediately returning to England, and to collect the data for coming to an opinion. . . . There is likewise another reason why I cannot at this moment give a definitive answer. I am about to be married, as you know, and altho' Lady Katharine will doubtless promise to take me for better, for worse, yet I don't consider that gives me a right to expatriate her indefinitely without her previous consent. The soonest we can be married is the middle of June, and, as that is about the time that Melbourne informs me the new Governor of Canada ought to take his departure, I must inquire whether my Señora would like to pass her honeymoon on the Atlantic.

Charles Greville, who throughout his life remained Clarendon's intimate and trusted friend, strongly dissuaded him from accepting the Canadian appointment.

LONDON, 12*th March* 1839.—MY DEAR GEORGE,—The report which I heard long ago that the messenger who went off to you, 'fiery hot with speed,' took the offer of Canada, and you are coming home to answer in person. I am rejoiced to think we shall have you here again so soon; but the interest I take in your decision induces me to write to you my thoughts upon it, and I wish them to meet you at Paris, that you may ponder thereon.

I imagine that you have no particular inclination for the task that would be thus imposed upon you, and I own I hope you will decline it. I say nothing of the *agrément* or *désagrément* of the thing, because I am persuaded that you would be disposed to make great sacrifices for a real and strong case of publick benefit; but I think this would be a sacrifice infinitely greater than you can reasonably be called upon to make, and the publick benefit to flow therefrom is not great enough to make it imperative on you to do so. Your natural position is now in the House of Lords. You have never yet been in parliament, and you know how great the loss is to a man who aspires to distinction in publick life to have missed the early years of parliamentary training, which is so essential to success; and although you are still young enough to make up for lost time, you have no time to spare. Five or six years more are what you cannot afford to throw away for any object however urgent or plausible.

I think you could not go to Canada for a *short time* in justice to the government, or for a *long time* in justice to yourself and your family; nor do I see that much honor is to be reaped or satisfaction to be found in that field; for it seems to me that no measure that the wit of man can devise would promise a satisfactory and beneficial result in that colony. There are a thousand reasons (besides those which are personal to yourself) why it is desirable for a man in your peculiar position, with a celebrity and, at the same time, a character for moderation, unpledged and unfettered, to remain in this country, where one of the great evils of the times is that there are hardly any such men, when many are wanted. I always look forward to the breaking up of this government, and to the necessity of one being formed from which extreme opinions will be excluded, and in which it would be invaluable to have *fresh men* introduced. I think you could not accept the governorship of Canada without fixing your destiny and making up your mind

henceforward to serve the country abroad rather than at home ; which, if you were not in parliament, might be a wise determination ; but, as you are, and in the present state of publick affairs, I think particularly inexpedient. . . .

It really looks now as if Don Carlos was *on the go*, and it will be vexatious if you leave Spain just on the eve of the triumph of the cause you have so long and perseveringly upheld with such toil and anxiety. I don't think that anybody is yet aware of the cause of your return so suddenly, and of course I shall say nothing to any one ; but these secrets always get out through some chink or other.

Sir Robert Peel had no difficulty in forming a ministry after Lord Melbourne resigned, the *quondam* Whigs Stanley and Graham accepting office as Secretaries of State ; but his bark foundered before she left her moorings : the Bedchamber Question bringing the Prime Minister into conflict with the Queen who, being a Whig by inclination and early training and greatly upset by the loss of her Mentor Melbourne, would not yield a jot of what she deemed her prerogative to a Tory government ; so Melbourne resumed the conduct of affairs. Charles Villiers, having repaired relations with his family, who declined to quarrel with him, sends his brother an amusing sketch of the situation.

J.'s Hotel, 25*th May* 1839.— . . . I had a long talk last night with Baroness Litzen, who told me that in her opinion the *crisis* had been very useful, as Peel and the Duke evidently had not the slightest notion of what stuff the Queen was made ; that they thought to impose upon her every condition they liked and to convert her into an instrument for themselves ; but that they now have far different notions, and whenever they do come to power they will remember that the Crown branch of the legislature must be treated with consideration. She said that the Queen's description of Peel's face was perfect when he had recounted his difficulties and demanded *the* demonstration of confidence, and that she then said—'Then, Sir Robert, I am to understand that you look to the ladies for support in the House of Commons.' Peel, quite taken aback, said that the country would require a proof that he enjoyed the entire confidence of H.M., and the Queen replied—'To suppose that I

would allow my ladies any intervention in political affairs is to suppose that I should intrigue against my government. That is an insult to me, and I don't believe the country can require that,' etc. etc., all in the same style, but showing considerable readiness and spirit.

I hear that the penny post is to be conceded. That will please people, but it will satisfy no political exigeance. Upon the whole, however, I should say that the Radicals are less rabid than they were.

By a private telegraphic dispatch yesterday it is known that the Turkish troops have entered Syria and that hostilities have commenced with the Pacha of Egypt.[1] If this is true, and I believe there is no doubt of it, it is bad news; for the Pacha will probably lick the Sultan, and then, when he approaches Constantinople, the Emperor of Russia will consider he has a *casus fœderis* and intervene accordingly. Russian intrigue is, I daresay, as usual at the bottom of it. . . .

Those who have given attention to the private correspondence of this period must be familiar with the expressions of horror and passionate remonstrance directed against the various schemes of railway construction which were being promoted. Lord Clarendon, as owner of Kenilworth Castle, received through Sir Robert Porter, painter and traveller, the following fervent petition from Jane Porter, whose romances *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs* had won a considerable measure of popularity.

I have received, wrote Sir Robert from the West Indies, a letter from my sister who begs me to make a petition to you, which I now do in the full extract from her epistle. 'I will not allow this to go without expressing to your friend Lord Clarendon through you, your antiquarian sister's horror at the rumoured projection of a *rail road* thro' this most interesting domain of Kenilworth ! ! ! I pray you beseech him, by the shades of all the venerable and noble and chivalrous and beauteous memories thereunto belonging, that he will not allow it to be so desecrated. Our Henrys—our Edwards, with their royal trains, their princely huntings and their knightly jousts—our queenly Elizabeth with her court of heroes, gallant and poetical—her maidens, fair as

[1] Mehemet Ali.

her virgin self ; and Shakespear in the van and our own Walter Scott in the rear—all, all call out against the dire and wicked devastation ! So I do implore that if my spinster, feeble voice may not be heard in so august and clamorous conclave, that the classic and tasteful and truly patriotic Lord of Clarendon and of Kenilworth will hearken unto the petition of so many ages, and say No ! ! ! to the vile, sordid, levelling and oblivion-making intentions of these wretched gnomes of the earth and their strange volcanic apparatus.'

Still more significant of the prejudice prevailing among educated people against railways are the following entries in Lady Clarendon's journal :

3rd December 1840.—The jury have done their duty upon the matter of the accident on the Birmingham railroad which caused us such a fright the other day. They brought in a verdict of wilful murder against one driver, *felo do se* against the other, and a deodand of £2000 upon the engine. Lord Northwick claims the deodand in virtue of a grant by Stephen ! . . .

5th December.—The Birmingham Railway Company will escape the deodand of £2000, *in consequence* of the jury having brought in a verdict of wilful murder and *felo-de-se* upon the drivers ; for a deodand is penalty for an *accident* producing death.

CHAPTER VII

THE CABINET

Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
Κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
Ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
Κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἤν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος.[1]

Sir Thomas More is credited with having warned his son John that marriage was a matter of such chance as a blindfold man might have in putting his hand into a sack filled with eels and serpents in the proportion of nine serpents to every eel. Lord Clarendon may be deemed to have made his venture blindfold, inasmuch as he did so at a distance of seven or eight hundred miles from the lady of his choice, with whom he had but very slight previous acquaintance ; but in doing so he was guided by a pair of very discerning eyes—those of his beautiful and fine-witted sister, Lady Theresa Lister. He was married to Lady Katharine Barham on 4th June 1839. *Mariage de convenance* though it was, prefaced by no feverish vicissitude of courtship such as might fulfil the romantic ideal of the poets, yet it proved to be the foundation of all Clarendon's future happiness, for it was the union of two personalities, each the perfect complement of the other.

After Melbourne had resumed office, Clarendon had to defend his Spanish policy against a vigorous attack by the ultra-Tory Lord Londonderry. According to Charles Greville, the defence was very effective.

[1] Carve your way along the whole path of life ; in public affairs is [the opportunity for] honours and prudent action ; at home there is repose ; in the country is the grace of nature and in the sea advantage. In foreign lands, if you have it in you, there is fame [to be won].

25*th July*.—Lord Clarendon made his first appearance in the House of Lords the night before last in reply to Lord Londonderry on Spanish affairs, with great success and excellent effect, and has completely landed himself as a parliamentary speaker; in which, as he is certain to improve with time and practice, he will eventually acquire considerable eminence, and nothing can prevent him arriving at the highest posts. He is already marked out by the public voice for the Foreign Office, for which he is peculiarly well fitted, and there is no reason why he should not look forward to being Prime Minister in some future combination of parties, a post which he would fill better than any of the statesmen who now play the principal parts in the political drama.[1]

The speech gave so much satisfaction to Spanish Progresistas that Queen Christina's government caused it to be translated and circulated through the provinces. Moreover, though the national revenue was far from flourishing, they struck a gold medal in Lord Clarendon's honour.

Upper and Lower Canada had been united, in accordance with Lord Durham's scheme, in a single great colony, and Clarendon, had he so chosen, might have been its first Governor-General; but he declined the honour for reasons which may be divined, but have not been left on record. As for public life at home, he was by no means anxious to embark in a ship that was making such bad weather of it as Melbourne's. Sharing the general impression that the end of the administration was not far off, he prepared to take his bride for a tour in Italy. Lord Melbourne, hearing of this, wrote at once:—

South Street, 17*th August* 1839.—My dear Clarendon,—I hope that you are not thinking of going away before our parliamentary affairs are ended, and I hope you will not think of it then. I have not liked to appeal to you before it was finally determined what I shall say, and the same reason prevents me from being more explicit now or for doing more than expressing my hope that you will not hurry away.—Yours faithfully,

Melbourne.

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd part, i. 228.

Melbourne then offered Clarendon the Mastership of the Mint, a lucrative post, but without a seat in the Cabinet, though it was understood to be but a stepping-stone to that much-coveted dignity. The offer was declined, for Clarendon, having tasted the sweets of liberty, felt no inclination to exchange them for what the inexperienced term the sweets of office. Before starting for the Continent, he received the approval of his devoted friend Charles Greville.

DYRHAM PARK, 21*st August* 1839.—I enclose a letter from Taylor; pray burn it, and don't let it appear that you know from him what he communicates. This will make it all plain sailing for Melbourne as regards a *place* for you; but I still cling to the hope, as Rice is to be made a peer and as there will be several vacancies to be filled up, that more extensive changes may be in contemplation than we were aware of.

I was very glad to find by your letter that there was so much agreement on your part with all I said in my letter yesterday. It seems to me that we take the same view of the pros and cons, and are equally puzzled about striking the balance. I agree with you that it is a delicate matter how to give them the real reason for not joining them; but delicacy must not stand in the way upon such an occasion. The great point to urge is that the leaders in both Houses of Parliament stated that they were not strong enough to carry on the government, and Melbourne further enforced the point by saying that the greatest calamity which could befal a country was having a government not strong enough to carry measures which they deemed expedient for it. And yet they remain in! and the reason given for it is that 'as men of feeling they could not act otherwise.' I say nothing against this reason; they very likely could not act otherwise; but the reason . . . does in no way touch you, nor compel you 'to strap yourself on,' as you say, to their worn-out reputation, or to assist in inflicting 'the greatest calamity' on the country. Another point that I should be anxious about is that they should *properly* feel that you are not so insensible to the advantages of your position as to be had for the mere asking. They live in such a fool's paradise that they may really imagine it to be the *summum bonum* of any man's desires to belong to them; and I should say that there had certainly been some indication of this feeling as regards you; for tho' there has been *empressement* about stopping you

from going abroad, yet there has been also a perfect confidence that you *would* stop whenever you were asked to do so.

Upon the whole, my great hope is that you will be able to suggest some change or modification in the government and its system which may make it more satisfactory to you and enable you to join it. For tho' I cannot bring myself to wish that you should belong to them as they are, yet I am fully alive to the expediency—I would rather say the duty—which public principle imposes on you of doing all in your power to keep out a government which shall represent either principles of Toryism or of Radicalism which you think dangerous to the country. I certainly do think this *the most important moment of your public life*, and I wish with all my heart that my ability to give you sound and judicious advice was at all commensurate with my anxious desire to do so.

Melbourne was unwilling to forgo the advantage which Clarendon's reputation and experience would bring to his administration, for that, indeed, stood in dire need of stiffening.

Windsor Castle, 17*th September* 1839.—My dear Clarendon,—I hope and trust that the offer which I made to you before you left London made no other impression on your mind but the true and just one of the anxious desire entertained both by myself and all my colleagues to have your support and assistance in the government. This object, I can assure you, I have been desirous of seizing the first opportunity of attaining, and as the arrangements which have been made leave an opening, I take advantage of the earliest occasion of making you another offer, which, altho' perhaps not exactly what you would desire, yet upon one essential point will be more agreeable to your feelings and congenial with your views than the last.

It is that you should take the Privy Seal, which carries with it a seat in the Cabinet necessarily and of course. You are so well aware of the principles of the Administration, as well as of its prospects, that it is needless for me to enlarge upon either of them. With respect to men, you are acquainted with the appointments which have already been made, and I have only to add by the same post by which I write to you, I write to Macaulay to offer him the office of Secretary at War, vacant by the resignation of Howick. If this arrangement should be agreeable to you, it need not be carried into effect until near

the commencement of the session of parliament. Duncannon will continue to hold the seal until your return, and it would therefore not of necessity interfere with any of your plans of travelling. You would naturally return by the opening of parliament, and you need not return until then. At the same time we should, of course, be glad of your prudence and help as soon after we assemble for the consideration of public business as possible.—Believe me, my dear Clarendon, yours faithfully,

MELBOURNE.

Clarendon might have replied by quoting a single line from Ausonius—

'Cur me posse negem posse quod ille putat?'

but he did so as follows in fuller detail:

MILAN, 10*th October* 1839.—MY DEAR MELBOURNE,—I have this moment received your letter of the 17th ulto. . . . My own personal feelings about taking office at present are precisely the same as when we talked upon the subject before I left London. Never having been in parliament till this year, I wished to ascertain more satisfactorily than I had yet had an opportunity of doing whether I was capable of succeeding as a speaker, and, should that have been the case, I had determined in my own mind that whenever I did accept any office it should not be a sinecure, because, in addition to objecting to such offices on principle, I think if I have any aptitude for anything it is for active business. I likewise thought that, if I could be of use to the government, it would be as an independent member of parliament desirous of promoting Liberal measures in their most extended sense, but unfettered by office and not pledged to any party.

These are my opinions still, and I have troubled you with a repetition of them that you may know I was sincere in what I told you at the time you made me an offer which, upon other grounds, I felt myself precluded from accepting. If my decision on the present occasion is different, it is solely because I think you and your colleagues must see better reason than I do for expecting that I shall be of use to the government by becoming a member of it under existing circumstances. I am the more induced to think so because the proposal you have now the goodness to make to me involves an addition to the Cabinet, which you before told me was inexpedient. I shall accordingly give up my own opinions, for I don't think I should be justified

in refusing to put my shoulder to the wheel when I am told that such assistance as I can give is required. In accepting the Privy Seal I shall only regret that it carries with it no active duties to be performed. I shall gladly avail myself of your intimation that the arrangement need not interfere with our projected journey to Rome and Naples, and I shall therefore not go back to England till the beginning of January, unless you absolutely desire that I should hasten my return.

I will not conclude without saying how much flattered and obliged I am by the several proofs of your good opinion that I have received within the last few months, and assuring you of the satisfaction I shall have in acting with you and with your colleagues, for whom individually and collectively I feel great esteem, and with many of whom I have long had the pleasure of being on terms of intimacy.—Believe me, my dear Melbourne, yrs very faithfully, CLARENDON.

Charles Greville to Lord Clarendon.

EUSTON, 27*th October* 1839.—Edward sent me word just before I left that you had accepted the Privy Seal. I cannot help writing you word that I think you have done perfectly right, and that indeed you had hardly an alternative. When first I heard it was offered to you, I thought that you were quite at liberty to accept or refuse it, as you might be inclined, and that nobody could complain (after what you had said to Melbourne) whichever alternative you embraced; but on further consideration and some correspondence with Edward, I was quite convinced that the government would have a right to feel hurt and disappointed if you refused this offer, and that it would be very difficult for you to give any good and valid reason for so doing. I am glad, therefore, that you have taken it, though I feel that, if I had been in your situation, I should have felt just as you do—sorry that it was offered and, in a manner, forced upon you. At the same time, I am not quite sure whether this regret is altogether reasonable, and whether it is not really a very good thing for you individually, as well as for the government and the country. It places you at once in a position in which you may act a very conspicuous part, for I consider it a matter of course that the department of Foreign Affairs will be committed to you in the House of Lords; and as they are never discussed except in the House of Lords, you will be much more the publick organ of government than the Foreign

Minister himself, and, let what will happen to the government, you assume the highest station among the publick men of the day.

Then I think your accession to the government may be very instrumental to the prevalence of moderate, and at the same time of firm, counsels; for I know that if there is one object to which you will direct your energies more than to another, it will be to make the government of which you are a member assume an independent and consistent attitude, to act upon some clear and understood principles, and to throw aside that wavering, truckling appearance to which they owe the unpopularity, and almost contempt, into which they have latterly been sinking. It is impossible, too, not to rejoice at your taking office when one sees the manner in which your appointment is received by foe as well as by friend. You may not have seen the *Morning Post*, the article in which really surprised me, so complimentary was it, and you are now enjoying (not, of course, to last for ever) a reputation to which all parties alike bear favourable testimony. . . . If the *Times* could, as you suggest, be made instrumental to softening the asperity of party contest, I should be too happy to lend my small aid to such an end. . . . We have been in a state of complete stagnation of events publick and private, except for the moment when we were roused up by Brougham's hoax of his own death; for I fancy there is not a shadow of doubt that it was his own.[1] He will not hear the last of it for some time. If his object was curiosity to see what would be said of him, he may find some gratification in the panegyricks and regrets of the press, though I know not if the gall and wormwood of an article in the *Times* may not poison the sugared and honied draughts of the other papers. It seems to me a very miserable and unworthy jest, and was, in fact, nothing but a deliberate, circumstantial lie.

Lord Melbourne to Lord Clarendon.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *3rd November* 1839.—It was with the greatest satisfaction that I received your letter of the 10th ulto. from Milan, and that satisfaction I have found most cordially shared by all our colleagues and by those to whom I have communicated your acceptance of office.

[1] It was reported that Brougham had lost his life in a carriage accident at Brougham Hall. It was true that there was an accident, he and two friends being thrown out, but escaping without injury. Nearly all the newspapers published obituary notices of him on 22nd October, some of them the reverse of eulogistic.

I perfectly understood your feelings and opinions with respect to office, and in a great measure concurred in them, except that I do not think that the Privy Seal can be rightly considered as a sinecure place liable to the general objections to sinecures, in which I entirely agree. It is a sinecure with respect to its own particular duties; but it is not a sinecure with respect to the general business of the government, and it must be quite evident to you that it is absolutely necessary that there should be in an administration some persons who have leisure to give general assistance and also to undertake very particular extra work which may require to be done. I shall admit that such places are more proper for those who are, to a certain degree, withdrawing and retiring from parliamentary life than for those who are just entering it, and therefore I should have been glad, if I could, to have found for you a situation of more active duty and business. With reference to this, I should be glad to know whether, if any event should vacate the Post Office, you would like to undertake this task, which is not a light or easy one, and upon which the public attention is very much fixed at present.

We shall meet in town about the 18th inst., remain I suppose about a fortnight, and then adjourn for the Christmas holidays. I am not desirous of hastening your return, tho' I should be most happy to see you here; but I hope you will not be later than the time you mention—the beginning of January—as we shall probably meet parliament earlier than we usually have done—say about the 15th or 16th of January. . . .

Lord Clarendon to Lord Melbourne.

Rome, 22*nd November* 1839.—I received your kind and friendly letter at Naples. It decided my immediate departure for England, and I shall lose no time on the way, except that which the state of the weather and the roads may render unavoidable.

With reference to your question about the Post Office, I should say that, under ordinary circumstances, it would not be agreeable to me, considering that the office is one of mere routine without any particular interest, but demanding a great deal of time. Under the extraordinary circumstances, however, occasioned by the measure of last session [1] its character will,

[1] The institution of the Penny Post.

for a time at least, be altered; but as the machinery for carrying that measure into effect must, of course, be decided upon before now, and the Postmaster-General will, to a certain extent, be held responsible for its working by the public, whose attention you justly say is much fixed upon the subject, I feel that, while I am in ignorance of what the machinery is, I cannot conscientiously undertake the charge of it, nor, consequently, give you a decided answer at this moment. Neither, perhaps, is it necessary I should do so, as you only put a hypothetical question to me, and do not seem to contemplate any immediate change in the department. I will therefore only say generally that, having joined your administration, I shall do my utmost to render you service in any way I can; but as regards the Post Office, I think it may be matter for consideration whether there would not be something anomalous and possibly inexpedient in having a Cabinet Minister at the head of a department which, as appertaining to revenue, must always be subordinate to the Treasury.[1]

Melbourne's brother-in-law, Lord Duncannon, at this time held the offices of Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Land Revenue, or, as we now call it, of Woods and Forests. He vacated the first of these to make way for Lord Clarendon, in deference to whose objection to taking the Post Office that department was left in the hands of Lord Lichfield, who was not in the Cabinet. Other changes were made in the ministry: Lord John Russell exchanging the Home Office with Lord Normanby for the Colonial Office; Francis Baring[2] succeeding Spring-Rice[3] as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Thomas Babington Macaulay taking the War Office in place of Lord Howick, who resigned because the rearrangement of offices was not to his fancy. With Howick went his brother-in-law Charles Wood, Secretary to the Admiralty.[4]

[1] 'Lord Clarendon has accepted the Privy Seal, not very willingly, but feeling that he could not with decency refuse it. They consider his accession to the government a matter of great importance, and the Tories own it to be so, such a reputation has he acquired by the brilliant manner in which he conducted the mission in Spain, and by his popular and engaging qualities' (*Greville Memoirs*, 2nd part, i. 243).

[2] Created Lord Northbrook in 1866.

[3] Created Lord Monteagle in 1839.

[4] Created Viscount Halifax in 1866.

Clarendon was sworn of the Privy Council, of course, not until his return from the Continent; absent, therefore, from the Council of 23rd November, attended by eighty-three Privy Councillors, when Queen Victoria announced her intention of marrying Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. In connection with this marriage Lord Broughton has recorded in his *Recollections* how Clarendon's linguistic gift came in usefully to the help of his colleagues.

9th January 1840.—We had some discussion [in the Cabinet] as to the form in which the Royal marriage should be announced, and considered whether Prince Albert was competent to make a treaty of marriage. Palmerston showed the paper which Baron Stockmar had given him, and asked if any one of us could read German in a written hand. Lord Clarendon took the paper, and quietly reading it himself, explained the purport of it, and told us it was signed by Prince Albert himself, and not his father.[1]

In the early days of her married life, Lady Clarendon did what most people have done at one time or another—she began to keep a journal, she also did what very few people succeed in doing, for she persevered with it for thirty years, making it far more than a mere jotting of the daily round. It is a very remarkable document containing consecutive and original observation of men and measures by a woman of clear intelligence moving among makers of history. Having been accorded the privilege of perusing it, I have gained several glimpses *du dessous des cartes*, and have been permitted to quote from it on occasions.

27th January 1840.— . . . We dined at the Palace. . . . George took the Queen in. I did not know before that Lord Privy Seal ranked so high. . . . The Queen talked a great deal to Lord Melbourne. In the course of the evening the news came in of the division in the House of Commons about Prince Albert's allowance, throwing out £50,000 a year and substituting £30,000. There had been a previous amendment by Mr. Hume, for making it £20,000 a year, but that was negatived by

[1] *Recollections of a Long Life*, vol. v.

a large majority. The £30,000 was moved by Col. Sibthorpe and carried by a majority of 104. . . . The Queen took the news very well, though she certainly was much annoyed at the large majority. . . . When she heard Sir Robert Peel had spoken against the £50,000 she said to George—'And Sir Robert Peel spoke against it! It is too bad; I shall never forgive him.' The colour rose in her face when she said this. . . .

30*th*.—We dined at Lansdowne House. . . . There was a beautiful little statue of a child in one of the rooms by a sculptor called Roach or some such name.[1] I heard his history. He was footman to the late Queen of Prussia when quite a lad, and she used always to find him drawing or making little clay models in the waiting room. Finding out his talent, she had him properly taught, and one of his first works was a statue of her lying dead, which is now at Berlin.

The question of the amount of annuity to be granted to the Queen's Consort was not the only one of delicacy and difficulty to be carried through parliament by the Government. When the bill for naturalising Prince Albert as a British subject was before the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington objected that it did far more than that, inasmuch as it granted him precedence immediately after the Queen herself. The debate was adjourned accordingly on the duke's motion. This action was deeply resented by the young Queen, who wrote thus to Prince Albert.

The Tories are really very astonishing; as they cannot and dare not attack us in Parliament, they do everything they can to be personally rude to me. . . . The Whigs are the only safe and loyal people, and the Radicals will also rally round their Queen to protect her from the Tories; but it is a curious sight to see those who, as Tories, used to pique themselves upon their excessive loyalty, doing everything they can to degrade their young Sovereign in the eyes of the people.[2]

Clarendon was deputed to try and induce the Duke of Wellington to withdraw his objection. The result of his mission is recorded in Lady Clarendon's journal.

[1] The name was Rauch, and the statue is now at Bowood.
[2] *Queen Victoria's Letters*, 21st January 1840.

1*st February* 1840.—There was a Cabinet, and George spoke seriously to Lord Melbourne about the precedence question and offered to go to the Duke of Wellington and try to ascertain his feelings and intentions upon the subject. Lord Melbourne accepted the offer, and George wrote to the Duke and left the note himself. . . . He received a very civil answer from him saying he would wait at home till he came; so George walked off there immediately and had an interview of near an hour with the Duke. He represented to him that there was no real precedent for the present case, and that now was the time to make one—how natural and proper it was for the Queen to wish her husband to rank next to herself, etc. etc. The Duke admitted all this, but said the precedence of the royal family of England was settled by Act of Parliament, and that altering it in this instance would be committing an injustice to them that he could not approve of, and that the precedence of Prince Albert should be settled according to the precedent of Prince George of Denmark. He said he had had to do with many Sovereigns and always found he could bring them to reason. George asked him whether he had ever had to do with a young Lady Queen in love! The result of this interview was that the Duke did not change his intentions and it became evident to George that they mean to put Prince Albert below all the members of the royal family.

George came back to dine alone with me, and, after dinner, he wrote to Lord Melbourne to tell him the result of his interview and to say that, if he did not meet him at Lady Palmerston's that evening, he would go to his house to see him and give him further particulars. George went to Lady Palmerston's and, not finding Lord Melbourne there, proceeded to his house in South Street, where he found Lord Melbourne was gone to bed, but had left orders for George to be shewn up to his bedroom when he came. George found him in bed—everything in the room in a great litter, the bed *dirty*, and books, pamphlets, papers, boots and shoes all tumbling indiscriminately about. . . . George placed the matter before him in the strongest light; shewed him of what consequence it was that the Queen and Prince Albert should not appear to have received any injustice, and that the Duke of W. and the Lords should have prevented it; shewed him what a cry might be set up in the country through the influence of the Tory press; reminded him how small a matter Lady Flora Hastings' story seemed at first,

but what a large tree it had become to overshadow the land.[1] Lord Melbourne was struck with this, but said he had thought he had to do with discreet people in the Hastings business, but that Lord Hastings had not been so. George said he could not trust much now to the discretion of the House of Peers and the Tory Press. He also impressed on his mind that the Queen had not now to choose what precedence should be given to Prince Albert, but she had to choose between voluntarily yielding (as she perhaps *in part* would do) or having a precedence she thought too low forced down her throat; for there was undoubtedly an immense majority in the House of Lords that would follow whatever course the Duke of Wellington adopted. . . .

Sunday, 2nd February.—George stopt at Lord Melbourne's on his way back from the Grove. Lord Melbourne had not been able to persuade the Queen to yield about precedence. He suggested George going again to the Duke of Wellington, which G. declined doing; as he had no concession to communicate, he could not go again to pump the Duke as to whether he had changed his opinion or not. It was therefore settled between them that Lord M. should write to the Duke requesting him to state exactly what it was he meant to do. . . . George had told me before that Lord Melbourne's way at present of communicating with the Duke of Wellington was through Lady Burghersh. He told me to-day on his return from Lord Melbourne's that he had found out that formerly the Duke and Lord Melbourne used to communicate directly with each other, and that when the King of the Belgians came, the Duke of Wellington used to be asked to meet him at Windsor Castle, and that the King of the Belgians used to bring a formal message from the Duke to Lord Melbourne, so far friendly that com-

[1] Lady Flora Hastings [1806-39] was the daughter of the first Marquess of Hastings and lady of the bedchamber to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. In January 1839 she had to consult Sir James Clark about her health, and a wicked and groundless rumour was circulated that she was *enceinte* by a private marriage. Two other of the Duchess's ladies having made the accusation, the matter was laid before Lord Melbourne, who, after consulting Clark, declined to take up the matter. But the slander was pressed so assiduously that Lady Flora had to submit to a medical examination, which entirely exonerated her from suspicion. This judgment was confirmed by a *post mortem* examination, for the victim of this cruel persecution took it so much to heart that she died a few months later, 5th July 1839. 'It is inconceivable,' wrote Charles Greville, 'how Melbourne can have permitted this disgraceful and mischievous scandal, which cannot fail to lower the character of the Court in the eyes of the world.' (*Memoirs*, 2nd Series i. 172).

munication used to go on between them ; but that the last time the King of the Belgians was in England, the Duke did not send that friendly message thro' the King to Lord Melbourne, as the Duke was particularly angry (one thing he disliked particularly was Mr. Poulett Thomson going to Canada), the consequence of which was that the direct communications between the Duke and Lord Melbourne ceased, and the letter to be written to-day will be the first renewal.

Monday, 3rd February.—An early cabinet. Lord Melbourne had received an answer from the Duke of Wellington saying he would send him two prepared amendments—one in case of Prince Albert's being made a peer, the other in case he was not. These two amendments did not come till just before the cabinet, and it was clear from them that Prince A. was to be put below every member of the royal family. Lord Melbourne wrote from the cabinet to the Queen telling her that, in consequence of this communication from the Duke of Wellington, the cabinet had come to the decision to leave out the Precedence Clause *entirely* from the Nationalisation Bill. . . . I dined in Grosvenor Square. George came afterwards and told us what had passed in the House of Lords. He was, of course, very discreet about all the communications he had had with the D. of Wellington, and it was funny to hear Mama telling him what the Duke meant to do ! George went home before I did, and the thing being much discussed, I had some difficulty in being discreet, but succeeded. Papa,[1] by Mama's persuasion, determined not to vote, as he had received many personal kindnesses from the Queen, so he went to the play with Jane and my brothers.

Wednesday, 5th February.— . . . George dined at a cabinet dinner at Lord Palmerston's. He came home early and gave me an account of the evening by my bedside. The cabinet dinner had been very dull : the questions discussed were the Veto of the Scotch Kirk and the boundaries of Canada. He described very amusingly the ways in which different members of the cabinet fell asleep—Lord Palmerston in a deep meditation upon the Scotch Kirk—Lord Lansdowne in a graceful attitude—Macaulay severely. . . . Lord Melbourne told George the Queen had been very angry with him ; and upon George asking him why, he said that the Queen was talking to him about

[1] James, first Earl of Verulam (d. 1845), in whose house they were dining.

Prince Albert and remarking that one thing that pleased her very much was that he never paid any attention to any other woman. Lord Melbourne *inadvertently* (as he called it) answered, 'No; that sort of thing is apt to come later'; an odd remark to make to any woman on the eve of marriage—let alone *the Queen*. She said, 'I shan't soon forgive you that!' Lord Melbourne rubbed his hands when he told the anecdote and chuckled over it amazingly.

Saturday, 29th February.—This day additional in February, thanks to Leap Year. We had a dinner consisting of Lord and Lady Howick, Mr. and Mrs. William Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Lord Normanby, Mr. Lister, Mrs. Villiers, Mr. Tommy Moore,[1] Lord John Russell, Lord Duncannon and Charles Greville. The latter and Lord John Russell whispered nearly all dinner time, and afterwards when the ladies had left the dining-room.

The estrangement which arose in 1835 between the governments of Great Britain and France, principal parties in the Quadruple Alliance, had been confirmed by the course of events in the Levant, in regard to which the policy of the two Powers sharply diverged. Louis Philippe, taking alarm at the formidable character of revolutionary designs in his own capital, accentuated by more than one attempt upon his life,[2] sickened of liberal government, and aligned himself with the autocratic Powers of the North. England being thus isolated and a collision with Russia seeming almost inevitable in 1837, Palmerston abandoned the traditional policy of the Whigs and adopted that of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire. That integrity was seriously threatened at the time. Mehemet Ali, who was born in 1769 (the same year as Wellington and Napoleon), started in life as tobacco dealer in a small way in the insignificant Albanian seaport of Cavalla. In 1802 he was placed in command of a contingent of three hundred men to join the Egyptian forces of the Sultan in

[1] The Irish poet.

[2] Of these the most nearly successful took place on 28th July 1835, when a Corsican named Fieschi exploded an infernal machine in the Boulevard du Temple, as the king was returning from a review. The King was unhurt, but Marshal Mortier, General de Verigny, and twelve others were killed on the spot, and about thirty others wounded.

fighting the French. He distinguished himself so signally as to rise in 1805 to the Pashalik and remained Governor of Egypt for forty years. He continued fairly loyal to the Porte till 1831, when he put in force the intention he had long cherished of establishing independent rule in Egypt, captured Acre, and, after defeating the Sultan's troops in many engagements, obtained the cession of the whole of Syria by the treaty of 1833.

In the following years French influence became dominant in Egypt; the Egyptian army was trained by French officers, and in 1839 Maréchal Soult, the French premier, persuaded the other four Powers to address a simultaneous demand to the Porte that Mehemet Ali should receive Egypt as a hereditary pashalik on condition of his restoring Syria to the Sultan.

The demand was presented too late. Matters had gone too far. The Turkish army had crossed the Euphrates in April; the notes of the Powers were not presented till June; on 24th June Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet Ali's son, completely defeated and scattered the Sultan's forces, and on 29th Sultan Mahmoud died. Mehemet Ali was now virtual master of the Levant, and might order an advance upon Constantinople at any moment; but he had still to deal with the five Powers who had guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Palmerston drafted orders to Admiral Stopford to proceed to Alexandria and to demand from Mehemet Ali the restitution of the Turkish fleet which he had seized; but these orders had to go before Maréchal Soult so that the French fleet might co-operate with Stopford's. To Palmerston's disgust, Soult declined to interfere; the draft orders were returned to London. England and France were henceforth, so to speak, in opposite camps; England acting in the Porte's interest, France in that of Mehemet. This change in the situation was viewed with approval by Russian diplomatists, and Baron de Brunnow was sent to London to arrange concerted action with Palmerston. Russia was to move a fleet to the Dardanelles and an army to the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus in order to protect Constantinople from

Ibrahim's advance. When this proposal was submitted to Soult he declared that if the Russian fleet entered the Bosphorus, a French fleet should go there also, *not* with the object of coercing Mehemet Ali. Palmerston, having received assurances from Austria, now prepared to go forward without the co-operation of France, and a joint British, Turkish and Austrian fleet was set to blockade the coast of Syria.

Such was the situation at the beginning of 1840 when Clarendon joined the Ministry. He was filled with misgiving about the effects of Palmerston's policy, which seemed likely to convert France from a lukewarm ally into an active enemy.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

Thursday, 5th March.— . . . George told me he considered the Eastern question in a very disastrous state, and that if his colleagues persisted in bringing on differences with France, he thought he should resign. . . . Charles Greville seemed pleased with my telling him that his pamphlet had entirely settled the precedence question. He told me Prince Albert's precedence would be in the *Gazette* to-morrow, settled as his pamphlet suggested; that he would be next the Queen's person, before every one else, on all occasions, except where by Act of Parliament he was excluded from that place; which occasions are, I believe, only in Parliament and the Privy Council. This precedence is given him by the Queen's prerogative and patent.

Saturday, 7th March.—. . . George has had some conversation lately with Mr. E. Ellice (the Bear) [1] about the Eastern question. . . . He told George that there was an article in the *Morning Post* from the *Post's* Paris correspondent talking of Mr. Ellice's and Lord Clarendon's 'little intrigue' to displace

[1] Right Hon. Edward Ellice M.P. (1781-1863), commonly known as 'Bear' Ellice, from his connection with the North American fur trade. He was the first person engaged in commerce to enter the Cabinet, as he did in 1833; but he consistently declined to hold office after 1834, becoming the confidential adviser of the Liberal party (advice not always accepted at the author's value), *le grand faiseur*, in constant private communication with Guizot, Thiers, and other French statesmen. He married in 1809 Lady Hannah Bettesworth, widow of Captain Bettesworth, R.N., and youngest sister of the second Earl Grey. She died in 1832, and in 1843 Ellice married the widow of the first Earl of Leicester.

Lord Palmerston. Now as Mr. Ellice and Lord Clarendon have no intrigue whatever, and have only communicated together on the subject of the Eastern question in consequence of its having been accidentally discussed between them at Lord Holland's house, which induced a little further *conversation* by letter, just as any other private individuals might discuss any subject that interested them, the report in a paper of an intrigue to displace Lord Palmerston would, in itself, not be a thing worth caring about; but attendant circumstances make it a little disagreeable. To Lord Palmerston himself and to many other of the Ministers, George has openly expressed disapproval of Lord Palmerston's policy in this Eastern question. The public, meanwhile, has for a length of time pointed out George as the man for managing Foreign Affairs. George has a great personal friendship for Lord Palmerston, and has found him kind and friendly in their public and private transactions. The report is therefore disagreeable, but it can't be helped. George must, of course, speak in the Cabinet as he thinks best for his country, independent of personal friendships.

Several members of the Cabinet secretly shared Clarendon's misgiving about Palmerston's Eastern policy, but the only one who had the courage to express dissent, and to advocate the recognition of Mehemet Ali, was Lord Holland.[1]

Lord Palmerston to Lord Clarendon.

13*th March* 1840.—My dear Clarendon,—As you and Lord Holland have a weakness in favor of that aged *afrancesado*[2] freebooter, Mehemet Ali, I send you my remarks upon a letter written in his favour by some young gentleman whose name Lord Holland would not tell me but whose letter he sent me proposing to circulate it for the purpose of enlightening the Cabinet upon the great interests of Europe,—Yours sincerely,

Palmerston.

[1] Third baron (1773-1840), Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. When he died, these lines were found on his dressing table:

Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deigned to observe me say
I injured neither name.

[2] Frenchified.

The letter enclosed has not been preserved; but the covering note gave Clarendon an opportunity of dealing frankly with the irritating *canard* about his plot against Palmerston. No man that ever stepped was less disposed than Clarendon to intrigue for his own advantage; he had entered the Cabinet with reluctance, and, once in, he proved the most loyal of colleagues.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, 14*th March* 1840.—MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—I am particularly obliged to you for having sent me the traveller's letter and your observation upon it, for reasons, however, that I daresay will not occur to you. Altho' my views may possibly be erroneous, I have a very strong feeling upon this Eastern question; but I had determined to take no further part upon the subject, either in or out of the Cabinet, because, to my surprise, I saw in the *Morning Post* some time ago that my name was coupled with that of Ellice as being engaged in some intrigue against you; and although I know myself to be as incapable of an intrigue as of picking a pocket, yet others might not, and I was extremely annoyed at the slander. I did not do you the injustice to think you would believe I was meditating such foolishness, or that I could be unmindful of the special obligation I am under to you, and for which I assure you I shall always be grateful; but, by sending me yesterday your correspondence with Lord Holland, you have given me an opportunity of saying something upon the Eastern question and of writing you this note, both of which are a satisfaction to me.—Yours sincerely, CLARENDON.

Accompanying this note was a memorandum clearly setting forth the writer's conception of the principles whereon the relations of Great Britain with foreign Powers should be framed, especially in regard to the Eastern question. It is a lengthy document and applies to a bygone phase of the Eastern question; yet it deserves careful perusal, for it was written at a turning point in the annals of the Whig party, when, for good or for ill, Palmerston persuaded them to the policy of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire.

. . . I must in the first place disown the weakness you impute to me for 'that aged *afrancesado* freebooter, Mehemet Ali.' I can have no predilection for the Pacha over the Sultan; on the

contrary, my tendencies are naturally in favor of the Sovereign and against the Vassal; but I look upon Mehemet Ali as representing great power, which, however much its existence may be lamented, can neither be denied or despised. Consequently, I think he commands consideration and that the treatment he receives from us should have reference to *his* position and *our* means of influencing him.

With respect to his being an *afrancesado*, I believe he is so contrary to his inclinations, because his interests would manifestly lead him to seek an alliance with us rather than with any other Power. Our maritime superiority, our Indian vicinage, and the annually increasing commercial relation of Egypt with England, must make our friendship more valuable to him than that of France, from whom he must fear encroachment. But a man in the position of Mehemet Ali must seek support where he can find it, and if he meets repulse from us, we cannot wonder if he throws himself into the open arms of France.

The accusation against him, however, is of comparatively recent date, for the *fons et origo* of our antipathy to him was the idea that he was a devoted instrument of Russian ambition—an idea which probably never had any foundation, as Mehemet Ali is too acute not to know that the only Power which the Ottoman Empire, however ruled or however divided it may be, has to fear is Russia.

Then as regards Mehemet Ali being a freebooter—I believe he has merely exhibited the same propensities which power never fails to engender in us all. He waxed strong and became aggressive; really, when we think of the partition of Poland, of Austria in Italy, of Russia wherever she can extend her territory, of France in Africa, and of ourselves *passim*—north, south, east and west, Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian islands, the Cape, and our 100 million of Indian subjects—I cannot but think that giving ugly names to those who, being strong, have oppressed the weak, and who, being able to extend their dominions, have done so, is not very unlike Peachum and Lockit, and the less said about it the better.

We must not judge either Sultans or Pachas by our European standard of sovereignty and allegiance; we must not disregard Eastern history and practice, which teach us, that it is the *custom* for Sultans and Pachas to be at war with each other—that immediately a Pacha becomes strong, the Sultan endeavours by force or by intrigue to crush him, and that he

resists upon grounds of self-preservation. He has to choose between defying his sovereign and losing his head. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Eastern history should abound with instances of the former alternative being taken.[1] How many attempts has the Porte not made to destroy Mehemet Ali? How often has he [Mehemet] not been compelled in self defence to employ the means which he had created; and can we, in common justice, throw upon him all the obloquy which in civilised countries, with regular governments, attaches to rebellion?

All this, however, is beside the question. I only wish to affirm that I have no fancies about foreign nations or individuals, and that, in any opinion I may form upon our relations with other countries, I look only to what may be most for the honor and advantage of England, and to what offers the fairest prospect of extending her commercial relations and the sphere of her influence and power.

We wish to maintain the 'integrity' of Turkey, but the word is somewhat vague and the interpretation to be given to it not very easy. When we consider that at no period of this century can Turkey be said to have had undisturbed possession of Syria, that a large portion of it was held in defiance of the Sultan by the Pacha of Acre who, dying in 1804, named one of his Mamelukes as his successor, and that he was recognised by the Porte, while the Druses, the Maronites, and other tribes kept the remainder of Syria in perpetual insurrection; when we consider that the Morea and the islands of the Archipelago are lost to Turkey, that the Powers of Europe have made an independent kingdom of Greece, that Bessarabia and the province of the Euxine have become Russian, that Servia has an independent Prince, that Wallachia and Moldavia are under the protectorate of Russia, that Bosnia and Albania are in a state of *de facto* independence, that Arabia was lost to the Wahabees, that Egypt has for more than thirty years been despotically governed by Mehemet Ali, that the Pachalik of Arabia has been given to his son, and that the Powers of Europe are prepared solemnly to invest his family with the Pachalik of Egypt, I must consider the term 'integrity' vague and, as the groundwork of a system, not easy to be interpreted.

The word, however, according to its present application

[1] Lord Clarendon need not have gone far east, and not further back than three centuries in time, to find similar conditions prevailing in European States.

means slicing off Egypt *from* the Porte, and annexing Syria and Arabia *to* the Porte, and by that form of 'integrity' the 'independence' of Turkey is to be secured. In other words, Turkey will then be able to resist Russia, for that is after all the real question—the only one that really interests or affects us. Call it by what name we may, or Austria may—integrity, independence, raising up or consolidating the Ottoman Empire—fear of Russia and desire to keep her out of Constantinople is at the bottom of all, and most properly so. Will Turkey, then, under the contemplated arrangement be more able to resist Russia than she is now? It is my humble opinion that she will not, and that it is a fallacy to consider accession of territory synonymous with accession of strength. I believe it would be injurious to the interests of Turkey to transfer to her remote and turbulent provinces which she cannot hold. For the last forty years the state of Syria has been a permanent cause of misfortune to the Porte and has engaged her in perpetual wars, with twelve millions of revenue and a disponable army of 120,000 men; and when the population of Turkey was upwards of 15,000,000 she could not hold peaceable possession of Syria and Arabia. How could she do so now, when her revenue is not four millions—when she has no army at all—when her population is reduced by one half? What chance of authority would the Porte have now in those countries, and how could she be fitter to resist the encroachments of Russia when she had weakened herself by disseminating the little force she has in endeavours to establish her dominion and to quell the insurrection that would everywhere break out upon the Provinces being restored to her nominal rule?

Admitting, however, to its fullest extent the desireableness of such transfer, can we procure its accomplishment? Have we any available means for the purpose? England can't give a man nor a shilling towards it, nor will Austria, and neither Power will permit Russia (even if Russia were prepared to embark in such an undertaking) to do it single-handed. France will not only not join in any measure of coercion, but would probably at once take part with Mehemet Ali if they were attempted. To attack Alexandria is impossible: to destroy the Pacha's fleet in the port would be to destroy the Sultan's at the same time, together with a large amount of European shipping and property: to blockade the coast would be of doubtful efficacy for its object and would be most injurious to

our trade and produce, causing great outcry at home. It would be somewhat distasteful to Americans and other neutral Powers, and we should run great risk of collision with France, for French adventurers would soon swarm to the assistance of Mehemet Ali, reckoning on the protection of their flag and the profit to be made; and the first chastisement inflicted upon them would raise a war whoop from one end of France to the other.

If France were acting cordially with us and Mehemet Ali were without the encouragement which her advice, promises, and general moral support give him, I have no doubt he would submit now, altho' without any intention of remaining quiet hereafter; but France is not, and will not be, with us; we must take things as they are and be prepared to sacrifice a portion of what we are aiming at in order to secure for England her first and most indispensable necessity—peace. The Whig government has now for ten years maintained the peace of the world, contrary to all predictions and in defiance of circumstances the most calculated to bring about war. It would indeed be lamentable if, for objects with which in reality we have little to do, the curse of war were entailed upon us at a moment when we are so ill able to bear it that it would almost amount to national ruin. If suspicion only of such a danger be excited here, public opinion would soon find the means of paralysing the course of government.

Looking exclusively in our own interests, I cannot but think they lie more in the direction of Egypt than of Turkey. The overland communication with India is daily becoming more important; it can hardly yet be said to be established, because as yet it is not connected with steam navigation, as it ought to be and will be; still, what benefits we already derive from it! and how many more may be expected when this *discovery* becomes fully developed! However, by the policy we are now pursuing, we shall drive Mehemet Ali to declare his independence, which France will so surely recognise as we shall *not*, and then we shall have France thwarting us in Egypt with all her jealousy and all her resources. The hostility which this will create on our part towards Mehemet Ali will only make France the more necessary to him, and rivet him more securely in her grasp.

As regards the progress of civilisation, too, and the development of the commercial and agricultural resources of the East, I think we have much more to expect from the Pacha than from

the Sultan. It is true his government has been bad, that he has pursued a most ill-advised system of monopoly, which, together with the conscription, have kept the people in extreme poverty; still; Egypt has made great strides towards improvement under his reign; the productive powers of the country have been stimulated in a manner unknown in modern times. To him it is owing that Egypt is a cotton-growing and corn-exporting country; he has established and extended commercial relations with all the world; he is the only Mussulman who has really shown a desire to turn to account the knowledge, education and superiority of Christians, and if he has been able to effect vast improvements during a long period of war, when his energies and resources were mainly devoted to the creation of the army and navy he now possesses, how much more might not be expected of him on the restoration of tranquillity, when his soldiers again became laborers and he has adopted the more enlightened system of government and commerce which he is prepared for, as he now acknowledges and repents the errors he formerly committed.

What Mehemet Ali has done has been the work of a few years; while the Turks have for nearly four centuries occupied an enormous empire, stretching from 34° to 48° north and upon the same parallels of latitude as France, Spain and all the best portions of the United States. The soil of many parts of Turkey is the finest in the world; mines of silver, copper and iron still exist; cotton, tobacco and silk might be made the staple exports of the country; the wines are excellent; every species of tree flourishes in Turkey, and the animal productions are not less valuable than those of vegetable life. Yet this favored region has retrograded, whilst surrounded by abundance; its wealth and industry have been annihilated; manufactures are unknown; commerce is despised; ignorance, barbarism and poverty prevail. Can we then expect that these evils, 400 years old, and the vices that a brutalising government have almost made inherent in Turkish nature, should be eradicated by a H. Sheriff, the duration of which even Lord Ponsonby,[1] admits to depend upon Reschid Pacha's frail tenure of office? Should we not rather turn to where some vitality has been exhibited and where amelioration, though slow, has still been constantly progressing? If it is to the advance of civilisation and to administrative improvements, with all their consequences,

[1] Ambassador at Constantinople, 1832-37.

that we look for the means of checking Russia, Mehemet Ali (having tranquillity in his favor) will surely present a more imposing barrier than will be produced by the H. Sheriff, which for many years will be a dead letter, if it ever is anything else.

I will not add to the length of this letter by adverting to various other considerations, connected with the important question of the East, which present themselves to my mind; but, having said so much, I will venture a step further and expose myself to 'the Traveller's' fate in your hands by stating what I think might be done, or at least attempted.

I would come to an understanding with Mehemet Ali. I would treat him as a reasonable and an easily-to-be flattered man. I would negociate for the Porte the best terms I could; I would endeavour to obtain Adana and such portions of Syria as are Turkish, of which the Sultan might fairly hope to keep possession (say as far as Aleppo, for south of Aleppo, I believe, the Turkish language is not even spoken). Arabia he [Mehemet] would give up and Candia likewise; but the former it would be unadvisable in my opinion for the Porte to accept. I would then confer upon Mehemet the hereditary Pachalik of the remainder. Next, I would make him party to a treaty by which the whole should be formally arranged. The Powers of Europe of course would not make a treaty with him,[1] but he might make one with the Sultan to be guaranteed by them. He should further stipulate the amount of tribute he is to pay; he should engage never on any pretext (unless called upon by the Sultan to do so) to pass the frontier of his Pachalik, nor under any plea whatever to attempt making himself independent of the Porte, and that, failing in any of these, he would subject himself to the collective displeasure of the Powers guaranteeing the treaty to the Sultan.

I do not think Mehemet Ali could refuse this, because, by so doing, he would give the lie to all the professions he is now making; besides, it would be his interest to conclude such a bargain. France could not well decline to be a party to it, and we should thereby secure her never recognising the independence of the Pacha; and so long as he abided by the agreement and kept within his own territories, Russia could have no pretence for interfering. No treaty of Unkiar Skelessi would be necessary:

[1] *Marginal note by Lord Palmerston.* 'Why not? you made treaties with Saxony, Hamburgh and other German States forming part of the German Empire, and did not negociate with them through the Emperor or the Diet of whom, in some senses, they were subjects.'

no *casus fœderis* would arise; but if Mehemet Ali did violate his engagements and intervention became necessary, it would be by all the Powers combined and not by Russia alone.

I fear you will think this letter tedious: I hope you will not think me presumptuous for writing it.

The personal character which had been imparted to this disagreement with a colleague by ill-natured gossip in the newspapers caused sincere distress to Clarendon, who worried himself into what was pronounced to be a severe attack of influenza. Lady Clarendon notes that on 20th March he lost eight ounces of blood by cupping and passed a restless, painful night.

Palmerston paid no immediate regard to Clarendon's remonstrance, although that was to take effect before very long. Austria expressed her readiness to join Great Britain in coercing Mehemet Ali, whatever line might be taken by France in consequence. Thomas Waghorn, chief organiser of the overland route to India by way of the Red Sea, came to England to urge upon the government that recognition of Mehemet Ali was of the utmost importance to British commerce in the East. He told Palmerston that he had received the assurance of five members of the cabinet that they disapproved of his Eastern policy; whereupon Palmerston with considerable heat addressed his colleagues at a council held on 23rd May, and told them that if they were dissatisfied with his conduct of foreign affairs he was quite ready to hand them over to any one who should better represent their general views.

When Palmerston ceased speaking there was an ominous pause, Melbourne making no sign, and it was left to Clarendon to take the initiative. He said that when Waghorn requested an interview, he knew of no reason why he should depart from his usual practice of granting one. Waghorn certainly had represented very strongly the injury Lord Palmerston's policy was likely to inflict upon British interests in the East, but he—Clarendon—distinctly refused to express to his visitor any opinion on the subject. That was the whole substance of what passed

between him and Waghorn. As to his disapproval of Palmerston's policy, it had been openly expressed in the cabinet; but he would never be so base as to traduce a colleague behind his back; therefore for the last two months he had avoided mentioning the subject of Egypt to Guizot, Niemen and Brunnow. 'When and if the policy reached a point,' he said, 'which makes it impossible for me to assent, I shall know what line to take.'

Clarendon was followed by four other ministers—Macaulay, Lansdowne, Hobhouse and Labouchere—each of whom explained what had passed between him and Waghorn, and the meeting broke up after Lord Holland had stated his disapproval of Palmerston's policy. This left matters in an exceedingly uncomfortable condition, ending in Palmerston tendering his resignation. Melbourne forwarded the letter to Clarendon as the chief opponent in the cabinet of Palmerston's policy, remarking that he considered the resignation premature, seeing that the cabinet had not come to any positive decision.

Lord Clarendon to Lord Melbourne.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, 6*th July* 1840.—Palmerston's letters grieve me exceedingly, as there is no doubt that his resignation would break up the government. The loss of his talents and efficiency would be irreparable, for there is no man fit to take his place that I, at least, know of. Still, however, I can hardly be surprised at his determination, for he must feel that discussion in the Cabinet will add to the embarrassment of that policy in the East which he has so much at heart. What the amount of that disunion may be I cannot pretend to say, for the question put to us on Saturday was so vague, and the information upon which a judgment could be formed has always been so studiously withheld, that it was difficult to ascertain the opinions of the majority; but they seemed favorable to P.'s views, and in that case it is surely quite unnecessary for him to resign, as well as very unjust that the majority should be deprived of the colleague who is alone capable of carrying into effect the policy they approve.

I need hardly say that I will be no obstacle to this; for if my

resignation makes P. remain, it will perhaps be the greatest service I am capable of rendering to the government, and indeed it would be a satisfaction to myself; for, having an admiration for Palmerston's abilities, and feeling under great personal obligation to him, it has been most painful to me to differ with him in opinion.

I will not now discuss his Eastern policy, for I am as much in the dark as ever respecting the means by which he proposes to carry it into effect; but it seems to me calculated to *brouiller* us with France, which is the greatest misfortune that can happen to this country—that we cannot depend on Austria for assistance—that Mehemet Ali cannot be coerced unless Russian troops enter upon Turkish territory, and that, if the professed objects of the policy be attained, we shall merely be giving to the Sultan provinces which he will not be able to hold, but in order to retain possession of which he will be constantly having recourse to Russian assistance.

I am convinced that this is not necessary—that other arrangements are practicable by which the Sultan might be benefited, and the honor of those Powers who signed the Collective Note might be saved; but Palm. thinks otherwise, and, however much I regret it, I cannot blame him for acting on his opinion.

Melbourne replied next day.

South Street, *7th July*.—Thanks for your letters. I think, however, if Palmerston's statement was vague and the information upon which it was founded deficient, you would have done better to ask to have the imperfection of both supplied. We must have no resignations. We cannot stand them, and, what is more, the country cannot stand them. They would materially injure its policy, either way. Supposing that you and Holland resigned, and the rest of the Cabinet pursued Palmerston's course, what hope would there be of its success, and of its being supported? Would not any opposition to it be much increased, if it were not created, by such a [*illegible*]. Either policy would do, if firmly and summarily adopted; otherwise—neither.

The Cabinet met again on 8th July and drew up the following minute, which, with the dissenting note of the Lords Clarendon and Holland, was submitted to the Queen.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *8th July* 1840.—

Present :—

Viscount Melbourne	Viscount Duncannon
Lord Cottenham	Lord Holland
The Marquess of Lansdowne	Viscount Morpeth
The Earl of Clarendon	Sir John Hobhouse
The Earl of Minto	Mr. Baring
Lord John Russell	Mr Labouchere
Viscount Palmerston	Mr. Macaulay.

Your Majesty's confidential servants most humbly submit to your Majesty that, after a negotiation of several months, the governments of Great Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia have been unable to prevail upon the government of France to unite with the Four Powers above mentioned and with the Porte, in carrying into effect such an arrangement of the differences between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali as, in the opinion of these governments, would be consistent with the principle upon which the Collective Note of 27th July 1839 was founded, or with the spirit of the negotiations which have since taken place; and, under these circumstances, your Majesty's confidential servants, with the exception of the Earl of Clarendon and Lord Holland, are humbly of opinion that it is expedient that Viscount Palmerston should prepare for consideration a draft of a convention between the Four Powers and the Porte, founded upon the principle of the Collective Note, and in accordance with the spirit of the subsequent negotiations.

Minute of Dissent by the Lords Clarendon and Holland.

The Earl of Clarendon and Lord Holland, in fulfilment of those duties which your Majesty's gracious appointment imposes upon every confidential servant of your Crown, feel themselves painfully compelled to acknowledge that they cannot concur in the Minute submitted this day to the consideration of your Majesty.

Your Majesty is therein advised to accede to a treaty which has for its object the expulsion of Mehemet Ali from Syria and Candia, and of his son from the Pachalick of Arabia conferred upon him by the late Sultan. Such interference seems to Lord Clarendon and Lord Holland to be questionable in policy, and neither necessary to the honor of your Majesty's Crown in satisfaction of the obligations contracted in the Collective Note

of July 1839, nor directly or obviously advantageous to your Majesty's subjects.

The means by which it is proposed that these objects, in the event of resistance, should be attained, seem to them insufficient and yet onerous, and, above all, hazardous in the extreme. Your Majesty, in no remote or improbable contingency, may be required, in virtue of the stipulations of such a treaty, to wage war on the coasts, and to sanction the introduction of other foreign and European troops into the Asiatic provinces of Turkey.

Such operations, in themselves humiliating to the Mussulman Powers, and ominous of the dismemberment of the Sultan's dominions, even if they should be eminently successful, cannot in the actual state of those districts be expected to enlarge the resources or to consolidate the strength of the Ottoman Empire. They must, in the first instance, interrupt the commerce of your Majesty's subjects with countries now occupied by Mehemet Ali or his son; they must also intercept or suspend the convenient intercourse recently established through Egypt with your Majesty's Eastern possessions. These sacrifices would, in the apprehension of Lord Clarendon and Lord Holland, be of no inconsiderable importance; but the more remote and indirect, though it is feared not less undeniable tendency of the treaty, and of the measures of coercion arising therefrom, threatens consequences far more extensive and disastrous. They may lead to a disturbance of that system of policy and alliances in Europe which, under the happy auspices of your Majesty and your predecessor, has succeeded in preserving the peace of the world, and has redounded to the glory of your Majesty's Crown by increasing the prosperity of your people, and enabling their enterprise and industry to extend the intercourse and improve the condition of mankind in every quarter of the globe. Apprehensive of consequences so alarming should any coercion be resorted to for effecting the purposes of the treaty, Lord Clarendon and Lord Holland could not but refrain from becoming the advisers of such a step, and although earnestly solicitous to prevent all appearance, as well as reality, of difference in your Majesty's Councils, they yet feel it incumbent upon them to explain without reserve, but they trust without impropriety, the fact and grounds of their withholding their assent to the advice this day submitted to the consideration of your Majesty.

On 15th July the representatives of the Four Powers met in London and, with the assent of the Turkish Minister, signed a convention arranging terms to be proposed as an ultimatum to Mehemet Ali. These terms went some way in the direction indicated by Clarendon in his memorandum of 14th March. Mehemet was to receive the pashalik of Acre for life and the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt; which offer, if not accepted within ten days, would be withdrawn, and the Powers would proceed to expel him from Egypt.

These proceedings caused intense irritation in the French government. After a cabinet on 1st August, Palmerston took Clarendon aside and asked him, as a particular friend of M. Thiers, whether he would write to him and endeavour to smooth matters. Clarendon replied that he had often thought of doing so, but had refrained because he could not pretend to approve of the course taken by the government of which he himself was a member. However, at Palmerston's instance, he did draft a letter, and submitted it to Palmerston on 3rd August, who returned it, saying that Thiers having just published the *Ordonnances* increasing the French army and navy, which was a positive threat, such a letter might have the appearance of fear, and 'would not do.'

On the Continent Palmerston was coming to be looked upon as *l'enfant terrible* in the European household. King Leopold wrote to Queen Victoria from Saint-Cloud expressing much anxiety as to the result of excluding France, not only from the convention, but from all knowledge thereof; for Palmerston had not revealed the project to Guizot, who was then French Ambassador at St. James's. 'I cannot disguise from you,' wrote King Leopold, 'that the consequences may be very serious, and the more so as the Thiers Ministry is supported by the Movement party, and *as reckless of consequences* as your own Minister for Foreign Affairs—even much more so, as Thiers himself would not be sorry to see everything existing upset.'

Palmerston now took the course best calculated to inflame French susceptibility. Not only did he lay a veto

upon Clarendon's conciliatory letter to Thiers, but he instructed Lord Granville, British Minister at the Tuileries, to ask for an explanation of the military and naval preparations in France. Clarendon was dismayed by a step which seemed to him fatal to the prospects of peace, and addressed an earnest remonstrance to Lord Melbourne.

4th August.—The despatch I suppose is gone, and cannot therefore now be altered; but as Lord Granville is not instructed to communicate it to the French government, the apprehensions expressed by Lord Morpeth and others, in which I entirely concur, as to the bad consequences it might produce, will probably not be realised. But if we mean to maintain peace, I hope that language tending to irritate the French may be studiously avoided. They conceive that they have been ill-treated, and are consequently offended. The majority of the Cabinet think that they have no cause, and that time and reflection will prove it. Surely we should not interrupt the process, still less add real to supposed affront. The French may be conceited and unreasonable; but we have known that long ago, and so far from its being a cause of quarrel, we should always, in dealing with them as friends, take into consideration and make allowance for their defects.

The outlook was indeed so black that ministers were summoned to Melbourne's house on 9th August to arrange for the necessary measures in the event of France declaring war. Meanwhile the ten days of grace had expired without Mehemet Ali accepting the terms offered him by the Powers. He would not consent to abandon his claim to the whole of Syria—a claim in which he had the support of France. Probably the quondam tobacco merchant cherished the further ambition of ultimately ruling the Ottoman Empire from Constantinople. Sultan Abdul Medjid, a youth of seventeen, having decreed Mehemet's deposition, the combined British, Austrian and Turkish fleet bombarded Beyrout on 10th September: Saida was stormed a few days later, and on 3rd November Acre was battered into a heap of ruins.

It must be admitted that Palmerston's vigorous policy was thoroughly popular among his countrymen, although the good understanding with France was at an end, and

Great Britain found herself making common cause with the Continental autocracies, which was a startling departure from the traditions of Whig diplomacy. It was a long time before Palmerston quite forgave Clarendon for the line he had taken in the cabinet. 'I called on Palmerston,' noted Lord Broughton in his journal on 26th November, 'and congratulated him. He was in high spirits, but complained of the treatment he had received, particularly from Clarendon, to whom he attributed the disclosures that had been made of what had passed in the Cabinet.' They remained personal friends; but from time to time Palmerston yielded to feelings of jealousy and suspicion in regard to the man whom the public looked upon as his rival in foreign policy.

Lord Leveson to his father Earl Granville.

11*th December* 1840.— . . . The Palmerstons are angry with Clarendon and talk too much at him. He, on his side, says that he has never said anything to any one against Palmerston, and that if this talk goes on he shall retire. If he retires, Lord John says that he will go too, not because he has disagreed with Palmerston, but because he thinks Clarendon and Lord Holland have been ill used: in short, it is a great mess altogether. . . . Lady Palmerston said she was convinced that Clarendon had getting into the Foreign Office for himself for an object, and that he was an intriguer.

Lord Leveson assured Lady Palmerston that she was doing Clarendon injustice, but she answered that he was 'a good-hearted young man,' and 'incapable of realising the depth of the cunning of his friend George Villiers'! The time was to come when even Lady Palmerston would be convinced of the injustice of her imputation by Clarendon declining the offer of the very post which he was supposed to covet. Throughout his life it was Lord Clarendon's good fortune to win the favour and esteem of men and women who made his acquaintance. Their testimony is wellnigh invariable as to his grace and charm of manner, and the brightness of his nature. Few, very few, are the

exceptions, and they occur at this time, when the public had set up Clarendon, utterly against his will, as a rival to Palmerston. Thus we find Sara Lady Lyttelton writing from Windsor on 20th October 1840—'The Clarendons stay till to-morrow. Lord Clarendon seems a very clever man, but his manner is consummately disagreeable to me —so very bitingly sarcastic and sharp. His wife is far different—a nice, simple, good soul; sensible, too, and very amiable altogether.' In a later letter in that autumn Lady Sara is scarcely less uncomplimentary. 'Lord Clarendon is the most brilliant conversationalist, I think, of all that one meets nowadays; but he is faulty in manner, and seems a mere man of the world, like most of the rest of men.'[1]

[1] Lady William Russell told Mr. Locker-Lampson that the three persons who reminded her most of what she admired in the talkers of an older generation were Speaker Denison, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Granville.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EASTERN QUESTION

'Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!'
R. KIPLING.

M. THIERS had returned to office in March 1840 as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was bitterly hostile to England at this time, and desired nothing better than open rupture with her; but whereas he knew that Lord Clarendon's views on the Eastern question and the recognition of Mehemet Ali were identical with his own, he remained on a perfectly friendly personal footing with him. Nevertheless it was suspected at the time that he wrote the following letter expecting a refusal to the request contained therein, whereby popular feeling in France should be embittered against *la perfide Albion*. If that were the case, he was doomed to disappointment, for not the slightest objection was raised to the remains of Napoleon being brought from St. Helena to Paris.

PARIS, *ce* 5 *mai* 1840.—MON CHER CLARENDON,—Nous nous étions promis de nous écrire, avant mon entrée au ministère; nous ne l'avons pas fait. Je n'en ai pas eu le tems; j'ai craint, d'ailleurs, de déplaire à Lord Palmerston en écrivant à un autre ministre sur des affaires qui le regardent spécialement. Et quant à lui, je ne suis pas assez lié avec lui pour me permettre d'entrer en correspondance. Mais voici une affaire qui est d'une nature particulière, qui ne touche ni à vos intérêts ni aux nôtres, qui est purement une affaire de sentiment entre la France et l'Angleterre, et pour laquelle je n'hésite pas à m'adresser à vous. D'ailleurs, je vous autorise de communiquer ma lettre à Lord Palmerston.

Voici dont il s'agit. Le Roi m'a autorisé à demander au cabinet anglais la restitution des restes mortels de Napoléon, pour les placer aux Invalides à Paris. M. Guizot doit vous en faire la demande. Cette demande se fera dans le silence du cabinet ; cependant, elle sera peut-être connue ; l'opinion française est très excitée sur le sujet, et pour moi, en particulier, je m'en fais un article de foi national. Je ne puis pas croire un instant que vous hésiteriez à nous rendre les cendres de l'homme qui nous inspire les sentimens les plus vifs que la France ait jamais éprouvé, et qui, pour vous, est aujourd'hui un sujet d'admiration. Garder un cadavre prisonnier n'est pas digne de vous—n'est pas possible de la part d'un gouvernement tel que le vôtre. La restitution de cette dépouille est le dernier acte d'oubli pour les 50 ans écoulés ; c'est le sceau mis à notre réconciliation—à notre alliance intime.

Le refus, que nous ne publierions pas, mais qui finirait par être connu, réveillerait les plus vives, les plus malheureuses, impressions. Vous me direz, peut-être, que nous n'aurions pas dû vous le demander. Je vous répondrai, sans entrer dans aucun détail, que cela serait impossible. D'ailleurs, vous devez m'aider dans les efforts que je fais pour rendre populaire en France l'alliance avec l'Angleterre ; je la crois utile et glorieuse aux deux pays. Mais pour la persuader à l'opinion de la France, un peu refroidie, j'ai besoin de secours, et si vous nous donnez ce que je suis sûr d'obtenir de vous, parce que le contraire répugne à la grandeur du caractère anglais, l'effet pour l'alliance sera immense.

Quant à moi, j'éprouverai une véritable reconnaissance. Adressez mes complimens à Lord Palmerston, et recevez l'assurance de ma vive amitié. A. Thiers.

Clarendon at once laid Thiers's request before the Prime Minister, recommending that it should be granted. Melbourne replied—'I quite agree with you. It would be well to inform the Duke [of Wellington], and I do not see that it could be better done than through you. Indeed it would be better so, than if I were to write him a letter upon the subject ; so do it as soon as possible, in order that he may hear it first in this manner. Thiers says that he is not sufficiently *lié* with Palmerston to be justified in writing to him ; but I think it would be well if he were encouraged to do so.'

Lady Clarendon writes in her journal that when her husband went to inform the Duke of Wellington of the French government's request, the Duke said that some day or other the French would be sure to make it a matter of triumph over England, but that, personally, 'he did not care one twopenny damn about that'!

It was a delicate matter for Clarendon, considering the unpleasant rumours about his rivalry with Palmerston, to conduct this matter to a conclusion, for the correspondence ought properly to have gone through the Foreign Office. But nothing would persuade Thiers in his then mood to ask any favour of Palmerston, so the affair was left to the Lord Privy Seal's management.

Lord Clarendon to M. Thiers.

LONDRES, *ce* 12 *mai* 1840.—MON CHER THIERS,—Je vous remercie infiniment de votre lettre qui a été fort utile dans le but que vous vous êtes proposé. Vous sçavez déjà que ce but a été accompli, et, comme 'bis dat qui cito dat,' on n'a pas hésité un instant à faire ce que vous demandiez, et je me plais à croire que tout se passera de la manière qui vous sera le plus utile etagréable.

Il y a bien longtemps que je me suis attendu à cette demande de la France, et je me suis souvent étonné qu'elle n'ait pas été plutôt faite ; mais je me réjouis qu'elle ait été réservée pour vous, d'abord parce que l'accomplissement de ce vœu national va augmenter la popularité dont vous jouissez à si juste titre, et aussi parce que je ne doute pas que vous le tournerez à profit de l'alliance des deux pays. Aussi longtemps que les cendres de Napoléon ne reposoient pas en France, il devoit exister chez vous une cause, ou plutôt un sentiment, d'irritation contre l'Angleterre. La restitution, donc, de ces dépouilles mortelles doit avoir, je [*illegible*] du fond de mon âme, un but politique en mettant le sceau de l'oubli sur le passé, et en consolidant l'alliance de deux pays dont les circonstances sont analogues, dont les intérêts sont identiques, et qui doivent servir de garant de la paix et de la civilisation du monde. C'est vrai que cette alliance s'est un peu refroidie : je le sais, je le déplore, mais je n'en comprends pas la cause. Je ne pense pas que c'est notre faute ; je ne dirai pas non plus que c'est la vôtre ; mais je crois que la presse dans nos pays respectifs, qui est bien plus puissante pour faire le mal que le bien, s'est occupée à exciter les esprits et a

trouvé plus d'écho chez vous que chez nous. Pour ma part je suis certain que le véritable sentiment du peuple anglais envers la France s'est manifesté dans toute la sincérité lors de l'ambassade du Maréchal Soult au commencement de la règne.

Ce sentiment n'est, peut-être, pas aussi vif dans le moment actuel, mais il existe toujours ; et on peut compter dessus, s'il y a correspondance de votre côté. Pour l'assurer, il me semble que la demande que vous nous avez faite vient merveilleusement à propos, et dans des mains aussi habiles que les vôtres notre réponse sera tournée à profit. Votre lettre a fait grand plaisir à Palmerston ; des communications semblables font toujours du bien. C'est la vraie manière de s'entendre, et comme nous sommes très bien liés ensemble, c'était égal que la lettre fût adressée à moi ou à lui.

Je me félicite, mon cher Thiers, du résultat de l'affaire si importante pour vous que vous avez confiée à mes soins et à mon zèle pour l'alliance française, et je vous prie de croire à mon bien sincère attachement. CLARENDON.

Lord Granville, British Minister at the Tuileries, described the translation of the great Napoleon's ashes more respectfully than, as readers may or may not remember, did Thackeray.[1]

Lord Granville[2] *to Lord Clarendon.*

PARIS, 1*st January* 1841.— . . . I am much mistaken if I have not written to you more than once since the *grand jour*, as the Parisians call the day on which Napoleon's remains were deposited in the Invalides. I saw the procession from Seaford's apartments in the Champs Élysées. The whole space for a considerable distance between the Arc d'Étoile and the Place de la Concorde was filled with a stream of people, who, as they passed on, made a loud but indistinct cry of *Vive l'Empereur !* A few hundred of *la jeune France*, four or five abreast, passed under our windows clamouring—*à bas les ministres ! à bas les Anglois !* The weather was intensely cold, and the crowd were

[1] *The Second Funeral of Napoleon.* Thackeray states that Guizot, French Ambassador at St. James's, 'waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation.' That, no doubt, would have been the ordinary and correct procedure ; but, as shown by the correspondence here quoted, it was not followed on this occasion.

[2] First Earl, died in 1846.

glad to disperse and retire to their firesides. The National Guard, Duchâtel assures me, showed a feeling by no means unfavourable to the government. The King assures me that the war fever is fast subsiding. He made a pacific speech to the Municipal Councils that day, which he said was very well received. I believe that the higher ranks, being more sensible of the humiliation which has been inflicted on France, are more bitter in their hostility to England than the masses. What think you! on Wednesday last at the French Academy, the audience being composed of peers, of deputies, of artists, of professors, of *hommes de lettres*, of fashionables male and female, an universal thundering shout of applause was given to a phrase of Dupin's speech in which, with an energetic gesture, he said, *Charles VII. avait chassé les Anglois.*

Metternich abounds in compliments to Guizot, and is satisfied with his refusal to reduce at present the military force of France. Despatches arrive from St. Petersburgh couched in such terms of cordiality and conciliation towards France as to give hopes that the Emperor Nicholas meditates a close alliance with French usurpation; but I am afraid Mounier has brought no corresponding communications from London. I hope, however, that the language which Bourquenez is instructed to hold upon the Eastern question may lead to an improvement in the relations between the two governments. The French consider the Turco-Egyptian question as settled, or nearly so, and have no wish to meddle in it; but they would like to talk about Christians in Syria, of whom they are considered the protectors; and they would like to talk also about the best means of preventing any exclusive or predominant influence prevailing at Constantinople. Shall we allow them? The Note from St. Petersburgh is almost an invitation to them to take part in that conference of the European Powers from which they withdrew on account of the Treaty of July.

I am writing in a hurry, and must think before I answer your question what would be the best way of treating the Eastern question with reference to France in the Queen's speech. It is an opportunity, which I hope will not be lost, of healing to a certain degree the wound which has been inflicted by the Treaty of July and our successes in the Levant.

While European statesmen were dictating elaborate despatches and the nations were agitated by rumours of

war, Lady Clarendon was quietly recording in her journal the social and domestic side of her new life.

Monday, 30th March 1840.— . . . We dined at Buckingham Palace. . . . Lord Melbourne took me in to dinner. . . . He seemed to me disinclined to converse and *inclined* to talk to himself, and once I saw him smiling and laughing to himself, uncommonly as if he had some very amusing thought. . . . He once turned suddenly to me and said—'Do you love your neighbour as yourself?' I understood immediately that he meant my *literal* neighbour, and said I could not say I liked him as much as myself. . . . It was so like Lord Melbourne turning round with that sort of abrupt question. The Queen smiled at him during dinner and drank wine with him. I do not think she drank wine with any one else.

Sunday, 5th April.—We dined with the Palmerstons. . . . Sir John Hobhouse [1] sat next me at dinner. I did not find out his name for some time, and wondered who my agreeable neighbour was. Having discussed and found out the names of several persons at table, I had the impudence to ask the name of my neighbour (himself), and then I found out it was the very man I wished to see. He asked me my opinion about the degree of obligation upon a man keeping to his *pairing* when his pair is called up to the House of Lords . . . that there was a case in point, Lord Cole having just lost his father, being paired with Mr. Bannerman, and that he believed Mr. B. meant to consider it as binding. Sir John said that, having agreed not to vote up to a particular time, the change in the situation of one of them he thought should make no difference, but that there were great differences of opinion. . . . I was sorry to dine at such a large dinner on a Sunday, and also that people came in the evening afterwards, so as quite to make a soirée. . . .

Monday, 13th April.— . . . Lord Melbourne's habit of speaking to himself aloud is much increased lately. When George remarked to him the other day how many of the rising genera-

[1] President of the Board of Control (India): author of *Recollections of a Long Life*: created Lord Broughton in 1851: died in 1869.
He has a 'recollection' of this dinner corresponding with Lady Clarendon's. '5th April [1840].—I dined at Lord Palmerston's and sat next to Lady Clarendon, who, after we had talked some time, asked me who I was, and, when I told her, added very civilly that she had requested to be introduced to me at Mr. Stanley's, but I had then left the room. This little compliment gave me the courage to try and please her, and I lost some of that *mauvaise honte* which generally depresses me in society.'

tion in the H. of Lords were Conservative, he said to himself aloud (as nearly as I can remember the words), 'Very bad, very bad: how heartily sick I am of it all!'

Thursday, 22nd May.— . . . Lord Erroll told me to-day that during the last three months the Queen had altogether throughout the Palace dined 24,600 persons; that each day the number of persons at each table was taken down and the total had been that. Her poulterer's bill is about £5000 *yearly*.

Tuesday, 2nd June.— . . . It is very provoking that opportunities never occur for George to speak except upon Spanish affairs, and it would be a great thing for him to have his powers in that line known. He is provoked to-day, and says it is the natural consequence of his position in the Cabinet; he is at the head of no working department; no subject comes as of course for him to speak upon; he has no sources of information different from Lord Melbourne, who, of course, speaking first, treads all the ground George could take in defending the measures of the government, and what makes it doubly provoking is that he does not do it well.

Thursday, 4th June.— . . . The first anniversary of my marriage with my own dear George, and, God be praised for it! I have reason to call it the happiest event of my life. George is to me the kindest and most delightful of husbands, and makes my life a continued series of enjoyments and peaceful domestic pleasures. He was my *beau idéal*, and my imagination led me into no scrape, for my hopes of happiness have been realised *indeed*.

Monday, 7th September.—Macaulay has been amusing himself at Paris since parliament has been prorogued. . . . He has spoken most foolishly about war, saying if the French wished for war—let them come on! we were ready to receive them, etc. etc., which, from our Secretary at War, was not a judicious speech. . . .

15th.— . . . How curious it is to know the secret history of things. For instance—who would think that Charles Greville materially influenced the tone of the *Times* newspaper upon the Eastern question; yet so it is. C. Greville is well acquainted with the editor Barnes, who seems originally to have been inclined to differ from Lord Palmerston about Eastern policy; but Lord Aberdeen in an interview of (I think) *two* hours persuaded him to be passive at least. Accordingly, for some time the *Times* seemed to take no line at all upon the subject, till

suddenly a series of the most able and formidable articles appeared in that paper, attacking Palmerston's policy and showing its dangers and follies. These articles were written by a Mr. Reeve, an exceedingly clever young man, with whom Charles Greville became acquainted, and, hearing his opinion upon Eastern matters, advised him to insert something in the public prints to serve the cause he advocated, and offered to introduce him to Barnes. These able articles were the result. Barnes, almost *malgré lui*, was dazzled by their brilliancy, and, during the time Mr. Reeve remained in England, the *Times* was full of contradictions—Reeve's articles strongly reprobating Lord Palmerston's policy and the correspondent of the paper taking a different line. . . . Of all people in the world, who should be the *Times* correspondent at Constantinople but Lord Alvanley ![1]

Sunday, 20th.— . . . Lord Palmerston seems more obstinate than ever. He has tried hard at various times to convince George that his line is the right one ; but George is not to be convinced and has told him so.

25th.— . . . The Duke of Bedford, being alarmed about war and viewing the Eastern Question in the way George does, has excited Lord John to take a decided step. It is Lord John's intention to insist upon Mehemet Ali's concessions being taken advantage of as a new feature to invite France to join the four Powers who signed the convention of 15th July. In the event of Lord Palmerston being still obstinately determined to persevere in his hostility towards France, Lord John is prepared to take the management of Foreign Affairs into his own hands ; but that war must be prevented at all events. Charles Greville said that Lord Melbourne's conduct in the dilemma in which he is placed is weak and undecided to a great degree—horribly alarmed at the state of things and hoping that something would arise to assist him out of the scrape. . . . Lord Holland had received a letter from Lord John Russell expressing, even more strongly than in his letter to George, the change which his opinions have undergone upon the Eastern Question. George said he wondered by what means he had come round to their views : Lord Holland answered, ' When a man comes to my house I don't ask him by what road he came, but I say—how d' ye do : I hope you 're well.'

Saturday, 26th.—George had an hour's talk with Lord John Russell, . . . reminded him that he and Ld. Holland had warned the

[1] Lt.-Col. Wm. Arden, second Baron Alvanley (1789-1849).

other members of the Cabinet all along of the scrape they were getting into, and protested against the convention of 15th July. The other Ministers, including Lord John, supported Palmerston's views. When George and Ld. Holland lodged that protest it was because they were so strongly urged not to break up the Ministry by resigning; but they must not be expected to remain in office if the policy they disapprove of is persisted in, and war with France the consequence. Lord John answered that George and he were now in the same boat.

Monday, 28th.—Lord John had written a letter upon the state of affairs to Lord Melbourne which had not been intended for the Queen's eye; but which Lord Melbourne had shown to the Queen. It seems that it contained a passage stating that, under some circumstances, the Queen could not send for Sir Robert Peel. It is the habit of the Queen and Lord Melbourne to correspond from one room to the other at Windsor, and when Lord Melbourne sent this letter of Lord John's to the Queen, he wrote her word that some parts of the letter were absurd. The Queen returned for answer—'One part of Lord John's letter is *not* absurd; the Queen can *never* send for Sir Robert Peel.'

Lord John Russell had now come completely round to Clarendon's view of the Eastern Question, and explained his position clearly at a cabinet on 28th September. Melbourne listened and made no comment; Palmerston also; but Clarendon received afresh the impression that Palmerston suspected him of intriguing to supplant him, a suspicion which, albeit utterly groundless, was to be revived at intervals for many years to come. Clarendon dined with the Palmerstons that night, and took the opportunity of telling Lady Palmerston that, often and openly as he had been obliged to dissent from Palmerston's foreign policy, he never could forget that Palmerston was 'perhaps the only man in the world to whom he felt he was under personal obligation,' and that if he was compelled to leave him on public grounds, he never could change his feelings of private friendship towards him.

The cabinet next met on 1st October, when Palmerston went some way to meet the objection of his colleagues. He said that his own views on the situation had undergone no change, but that he had determined to try and give

effect to the conciliatory policy now advocated by the majority of the cabinet. If Baron Brunnow (the Russian Ambassador) would not agree to advances being made to France until he had received instructions from St. Petersburg, there would be another meeting of the cabinet next day. Clarendon went off to the Grove, whence he was to be summoned by messenger if necessary. Brunnow would not agree: the cabinet was summoned: the messenger arrived at the Grove: Clarendon jumped on a hack, galloped off to Watford, arriving just in time to see the train leaving the station. The subsequent situation is graphically described in Lady Clarendon's journal:

5th October 1840.—The great game which Lord John Russell was to play has ended in smoke! He is completely at his wit's end as to how to act with respect to Lord Palmerston—says he has lost all confidence in him, and yet is unprepared to oppose him and his policy with sufficient energy to be of any use. He seems now to look to the Syrian insurrection as the only way out of the scrape, and actually proposed to Palmerston the advisability of bombarding Saint-Jean-d'Acre as Beyrout has been bombarded. Lord and Lady Palmerston's anger against Lord John is unbounded. They say that it is a great shame that the policy of England should be disturbed because the two greatest fools had influence over the weakest man in it—the two fools being the Duke of Bedford and Lord Spencer, and the weak man Lord J. Russell. Lord Holland told George that he suspected Lord Palmerston had more connection with the Tories than was quite supposed; his confidence about the support his policy would receive in the House of Commons is suspicious. George told Lord John that Ministers were now arrived at that point when they deserved to have their heads cut off for plunging the country into a war for such un-English motives, but that his position and Lord Holland's were very different from that of the rest of the cabinet. This Lord John seemed hardly to allow, saying that, if the rest were deserving of death, George and Lord H. were deserving of imprisonment.

It is evident that Lord John does not know what to do, and that Lord Palmerston has completely his own way and will carry through his own policy in despite of his colleagues. . . . As George says, disapproving as he does of Lord Palmerston's policy, there is something grand in the way he braves everything

in spite of all opposition from his colleagues—in spite of the Queen's fears—in spite of events at home and abroad—he goes steadily on, undertaking the awful responsibility which must fall upon him from the course he pursues, with a courage and calmness which would be admirable indeed if they did not proceed from a crotchet. . . . Prince Louis Napoleon is condemned to imprisonment for life for his insane attempt at Boulogne.

Thursday, 8th.—George went to London and found Lord John preparing for another *flare up*. He had written a letter to Lord Melbourne insisting upon some conciliatory line being taken with regard to France, and showing the discreditable footing on which the rest of the cabinet stood in consequence of Lord Palmerston's conduct and policy, and desiring that a cabinet might be called for next Saturday. To this Lord Melbourne answered that it was *too late* to do anything. Lord John said that was always Lord Melbourne's way; that he always asked him to wait, wait, wait, and, when he did wait, said it was then too late. . . . Lord Granville is very angry at the position in which he is placed at Paris—left without instructions—completely in the dark, just at the time when his situation there is so extremely difficult and delicate. He even talked of resigning, but was persuaded by Lytton Bulwer not to do so, but to write a full and strong letter to Palmerston; which advice he has followed. . . . Guizot[1] is as moderate as possible, and says that the French Government will be satisfied with the smallest advance towards conciliation, such as granting Mehemet Ali some small additional pachalik or Candia. 'Surely,' said Guizot, 'the friendly relations with France are worth that.' . . .

Friday, 9th.—Lord John told George, in the event of the government being broken up to-morrow by the result of discussion in the cabinet, he should not advise the Queen to send for Sir Robert Peel, that Lord Melbourne would advise her to do so, but that the Queen's antipathy to Sir Robert would incline her to his (Lord John's) way of thinking. Lord John himself advises as Premier either Lord Grey, Lord Spencer, or Lord Lansdowne.

The Government survived the Saturday cabinet, a very pacific note having been received from Thiers, but Palmerston still seemed bent upon humbling France.

[1] French Ambassador at St. James's; leader of the pacific party in France.

The two parties in the cabinet took to showing each other up in the Press. Palmerston's organ was the *Morning Chronicle*, whereof the proprietor, John Easthope,[1] attended daily at the Foreign Office for instructions, often receiving and publishing articles which were believed to be written by Palmerston himself,[2] while Lord John supplied the *Globe* with a counterblast. This unnatural state of things could not endure; but the end, though not far off, did not come until Clarendon had lost his chief ally in the Cabinet in the death of Lord Holland on 22nd October.[3] Lord Clarendon's mother, Mrs. George Villiers, a strong Churchwoman, judging Holland from the standpoint of orthodoxy, took a different view of his quality.

I had no personal regard for him—she wrote to her son—no respect for his character, tho' the greatest for his abilities. . . . Latterly his great affection for you had warmed my heart towards him, and his opinions on the most important political points agreeing with yours and giving the weight of years to the greater vigour of your mind, had made him an important personage in my eyes, such as he had never been before.

I feel so very much for what you will feel: I feel the loss to the Cabinet at such a moment: last, tho' not least, there is nothing so shocking to one's feelings as the sudden death of a person who has so avowedly lived without God in the world. It is not for us to judge the fate of another; but the more enlightened a man is, the more painful it is to think that he should show no regard to any religious feeling or principle nor encourage others to do so.

Set against that Sydney Smith's view of Holland's character, than which no man need wish to earn nobler eulogy. 'There never existed in any human being a better heart or one more purified from all bad passions, more

[1] He was rewarded for his services by a baronetcy in 1841.

[2] Lord Palmerston afterwards denied this in the House of Commons.

[3] 'Downham, *24th October*.—. . . I have a letter from Clarendon this morning from Windsor, overwhelmed with the news of Lord Holland's death, which he had just received. "To myself" [wrote Clarendon], "I feel that the loss is irreparable. He was the only one in the Cabinet with whom I had any real sympathy, and upon the great question now in dispute I feel almost powerless, for, with the anility of Melbourne, the vacillation of John [Russell] and the indifference of all the rest, Palmerston is now more completely master of the ground than ever"' (*Greville Memoirs*, 2nd series, i. 342).

abounding in charity and compassion, seeming to be so created as a refuge for the helpless and oppressed.'

The dilemma in the Cabinet was solved by the resignation of the fire-eating Thiers, and the recall from London of the pacific Guizot to take over the French Foreign Office under Soult.

Lord Melbourne to Lord Clarendon.

WINDSOR CASTLE, 26*th October* 1840.—MY DEAR CLARENDON,—I return you your letters. Matters are in full gallop in France. It is useless to write anything until we see the upshot of the present stir. It looks as if the King would be compelled to take back Thiers with all his measures—a bad result; but still, better than a worse.

The enclosed letters show you that the Duchy of Lancaster cannot be left vacant. It is also certain that an appointment cannot be made at present. The office, salary, fees and emoluments must be considered and rearranged. Would you have any objection to doing me the favour of holding the seals *pro tempore*? It will take some time to settle the office upon its new footing. Return me the letters.

Lord Clarendon to Lord Melbourne.

THE GROVE, 27*th October*.—MY DEAR MELBOURNE,—In compliance with your wishes I shall be quite ready to hold the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster and to lend any assistance in my power towards reforming the office, which it may perhaps be expedient to do before appointing a Chancellor. . . . I hardly think it probable that the King will take back Thiers, for the *coup d'état* of parting with him must have been maturely weighed, and Louis Philippe would not expose himself to the chances of defeat upon a subject so personal to himself as his own speech and the pledging of France as to her future policy, without having first sounded the Chambers and having reason to think that he shall be supported in his efforts to moderate the warlike spirit of the people.

We have now, perhaps, another opportunity of averting the evils of war. Guizot will probably form part of the new administration according to the King's wishes; but he has declared he will not consent to do so unless he is able to maintain peace and re-establish the English alliance. As you know

the friendly dispositions with which he left England, and as no Ministry in France can be composed more favorable to us than one of which Guizot has the direction, I hope you will consider that he should be assisted in the objects he has at heart. We are now *quasi* successful in Syria, and can therefore afford some show of generosity. The Minister who is to a certain extent responsible for the state of public feeling in France (and who, moreover, with his press was personally hostile to Palmerston) is now out of power—out, too, because he was determined upon following the system which we deprecate. Surely, then, we may upon that ground, and with good grace, come forward to assist the altered policy which the new minister would desire to adopt. He must forthwith be able to declare that an arrangement is made, or about to be agreed upon, or there will be war or revolution in France, and either of these will bring upon us misfortunes which I declare to God I shrink from even contemplating. Some dynasty and some government there must be in France, and none will suit us so well as Louis Philippe's and the government of Guizot. The fate of both may be said, without exaggeration, to be in our hands; but if we persist in waiting for events and doing nothing to forestall or to guide them, the worst consequences will ensue, for which we shall be held deeply responsible to the country.

The balance still trembled between peace and war. Thiers's passionate speech in the Chamber on leaving office, when he declared that he had determined upon war with England rather than submit to the terms of the July convention, had stirred a fiery feeling among many of his countrymen. The King was resolved to maintain peace if his people would allow him to do so; Guizot was resolute in the same policy and gave corresponding instructions to Bourquenez, who succeeded him as Minister in London; but Palmerston still insisted upon a reduction of armaments.

Lord Granville to Lord Clarendon.

4*th January* 1841.—I was in hopes that Bourquenez's visit to Broadlands and the instructions he had received lately from Guizot might have operated some change for the better in the

relations between the two governments; but your letter, with the account you give of the long letter you had just received from Palmerston, has damped my hopes. This ministry and the King are as pacific as possible. Soult and Guizot can exist only as the ministers of a pacific policy, and the King will not be again induced to try the game of talking big. He has succeeded in his object of having at his command an effective army to controul his turbulent subjects, and if we do not so humiliate France by our language and conduct as to give the war party an advantage against the friends of peace, you may rest assured that Louis Philippe will limit the action of the army to the preservation of internal tranquillity.

You will read a despatch which I wrote this day to Palmerston reporting a short conversation I had this morning with Guizot on the amount of the naval force of France. I spoke to him, as I told him, unofficially and uninstructed by Palmerston, either in the shape of despatch or private letter. His answer was as I anticipated—the same as he made to Apponyi and Arnim who made an official representation upon the *paix armée*. He said that France cannot reduce its defensive force whilst she is not consulted by the other great Powers allied to each other. He *must* hold this language, because he would not propose a reduction of the establishment to the Chambers but at the risk, indeed with the certainty, of his proposition being defeated and the ministry overthrown. You are aware that the language of Austria, Prussia and even of Russia has been most conciliatory towards France, though the two former have remonstrated against the numbers of the French army; but Metternich seems not to be dissatisfied with the refusal of the French government to diminish at the present moment its amount, and is willing to yield much for the purpose of strengthening Guizot and keeping out the *néfaste ministère* of Thiers.

In the Russian despatch to Pahlen, of which the newspapers have lately been so full, Nesselrode writes in the most flattering terms of the *sagesse* of L. Philippe. Will it be possible to squeeze into the Queen's Speech a phrase soothing to France? It would certainly do great good here, and I should think conciliate some of the Liberals who generally support government, but who have not much liked our risking a quarrel with France for the sake of reimposing the authority of the Sultan over Syria.

8th.— . . . I like of all things your programme of the foreign part of the Queen's Speech and of the ministerial language in the debate on the Address. It will do immense good here, and make up for my not having had a civil word to say to the French government at the time that my three colleagues of the Alliance have been prodigal of the praises of the Guizot ministry which they are instructed to express on the part of their governments, and of their wish that France should again take her place in the European conferences.

15th.—It is clear from Melbourne's letter to you that the Queen's Speech will not contain a single word at all soothing to the French government. I regret it, because I am sure, from the manner in which Guizot received a communication I made to him of Palmerston's approbation of the conduct of an English officer who had rendered some service to a French ship on the west coast of Africa, that he would be satisfied with even a slight indication of good will towards France. . . . The Speech and the debate on the Address are looked forward to here with intense anxiety, and I hope, though Melbourne is adverse to any sentence being inserted in the Queen's Speech expressive of regret at France having separated herself from the other Powers, that he will not be disinclined to say a few words to that effect in the debate in the H. of Lords.

Clarendon's suggestion for a conciliatory reference to France in the Speech was not adopted, Lord Palmerston explaining in the debate on the Address that 'it would have been unusual . . . to have expressed regret at the interruption of a good understanding which had not been marked by any diplomatic event.' Had either country withdrawn its Minister, that would have been a public act whereof the Sovereign might have taken notice; but to refer to the mere existence of irritation would have been quite contrary, he said, to the practice hitherto followed. To some, at least, of those who sat beside and behind the Foreign Secretary, the question occurred whether the situation was not one to justify a departure from routine practice. Howbeit, the Speech from the Throne is like the laws of Medes and Persians and the constitution of the United States—its terms can neither be altered nor added to after it has been delivered.

Lord Granville to Lord Clarendon.

PARIS, 1*st February* 1841.— . . . This day, *quite unofficially*, I talked over with Guizot the question of the naval force of the two countries and the necessity imposed upon our government of proposing an augmentation of our navy, if no reduction were intended in the number of their ships. Guizot acknowledged fully that necessity, owing to the feeling that prevailed in parliament and in the country in regard to our maintaining a superiority of naval force; but he said similar parliamentary necessity precluded the French government from proposing any reduction in their number of ships, until some overt act had taken place, showing the re-establishment of former relations between the two governments. I believe what he says to be true. In all the discussions in the *bureaux* about fortifications, naval arsenals, etc., the opinions have been very strong in favor of strengthening themselves at sea. . . .

I have shown your letter to Guizot, and most unfeignedly pleased was he with its contents. He has requested me to convey to you how much he feels obliged to you for the kind sentiments you express respecting him, and how much pleased he is, wishing most sincerely for the most cordial understanding between the two governments and the very general expression of good will towards France in the debates on the address. I have no doubt that, if he remains minister, and that on our side there be the wish to be upon a cordial footing with France, that wish will be fully realised. His way of talking upon business is clear and satisfactory; it is precise, and very different from the volatile language of his predecessor,[1] who has little chance for some time to come of returning to power. Passy, Dupuis (who as an orator has much distinguished himself of late, but who seems to have no notion of general foreign politics) and Molé are upon the stand, and will be beckoned to by the King before he recals Thiers.

Certain matters were in dispute at this time between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, notably the arrest of one Alexander M'Leod, a British subject, and the unfriendly expression of the President, General Harrison, caused considerable anxiety to the Queen's Ministers. On 23rd February Lord John Russell sounded

[1] Thiers.

Clarendon upon his willingness to undertake a mission to Washington to try and restore a better state of feeling. At that time the United States were not represented by an ambassador at any Court, and Clarendon declined to go out except as an ambassador. President Harrison died suddenly on 4th April, and was succeeded in office by the Vice-President, Mr. Tyler, with whom the quarrel was patched up.

In February Lady Clarendon's allegiance to the Whigs was put to its first test through a by-election at St. Albans, a borough where the Tory influence of her own family had long been supreme. The candidates were the Tory Mr. Cabell and the Whig Lord Listowel.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

Tuesday, 9th February.—St. Albans election is over, Mr. Cabell being beat by Lord Listowel, though 100 majority of promises were given to Mr. Cabell a few days ago; but the next day bribing began with a vengeance and was done in the most open way. People were desired to go to Mr. Muskett's bank, where almost anything would be given them for their votes. . . . A man of the name of Robert Adams publickly handed over to the Mayor on the hustings the bribe he had received to vote for Lord Listowel, took the bribery oath which was administered to all, and polled for Mr. Cabell amidst loud cheers. Another man handed the money he was bribed with to the authorities, but had not the nerve to do it publickly. Immense sums are supposed to have been spent by the Whig side, . . . but I will not trust myself to write particulars, because I have allowed my temper to get bitterly the better of me, for which I am heartily ashamed, though I cannot change my opinion as to the transactions. The *selfish* part of my feelings is that I cannot bear my father's [1] interest to be beat anywhere, but especially so near his place,[2] where for hundreds of years his family have resided; where through a long life he has exercised the legitimate influence which high character, constant kindness, benevolence and charity had a right (and *such* a right that I should think the veriest Radical could not find fault with) to command; where himself and his family,

[1] The Earl of Verulam.

[2] Gorhambury is close to St. Albans.

aye, and his political principles were beloved; but where a stranger goes down and, by the force of gold, the poor were tempted beyond their powers of resistance. . . . So much for the selfish part of my feelings, and now for another part. . . . I am deeply disgusted to find that the party which professes abhorrence for bribery and corruption—that stands up for purity of election and the free expression of the opinions of the people—should prove, when tempted, as corrupt (I will forbear from saying *more so*) as those it reprobates. I had a little sort of lurking idea that Whigs were purer, and one of the things that reconciled me to George's being a Whig was a dawning respect for some of their principles; but I own this election has driven me back towards Toryism. . . .

28*th*.— . . . The Tory candidate Walters has defeated Larpent the Whig candidate at Nottingham by joining with the Chartists and making a cry about the Poor Laws. It is said £12,000 was sent to secure his election.

The Melbourne ministry was tottering to its fall. Mr. Baring's budget revealed a deficiency of two millions and a half on a total estimate of fifty millions. Palmerston urged Melbourne to advise the Queen to dissolve Parliament; Clarendon was for the alternative of resigning; but Melbourne was strengthened in his usual disposition to let things take their course by the Queen's dread of having to send for a Tory. 'Clarendon,' wrote Charles Greville, 'who is against a dissolution, set before Melbourne the other day all the reasons *for* such a measure, in order to elicit his opinion and see if those reasons shook his previous convictions; but Melbourne said that he could not find anything in them to make him change his mind.'[1] Even when, on 18th May, Ministers were left in a minority of thirty-six on Lord Sandon's motion against the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar, they did not resign; but waited until 4th June, when Sir Robert Peel carried a vote of want of confidence in them by a majority of *one*, which forced Melbourne to a decision, and he chose the alternative of dissolution, which Lord John announced in the House of Commons on 7th June. He had paved the way for a

[1] *The Greville Memoirs*, 2nd part, ii. 2.

return of the Whigs to power by giving notice of a resolution to substitute a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter on wheat instead of the sliding scale which had been in force since 1828. Hitherto Lord John and the Whig party had repudiated the principles of the Anti-Corn Law League as strenuously as did the Tories. Melbourne only yielded assent to this change of front 'doubtingly and despondingly'; and the result justified his reluctance, for 'the cheap loaf' failed on this occasion as a party cry. Ministers, having counted a majority of twenty-five to thirty in the old Parliament, were left in a minority of ninety-one on their first trial of strength in the new one. They then resigned, and the Queen sent for Sir Robert Peel on 28th August. Had the Whigs retained office, it is possible that Clarendon might have been called upon to undertake duties in another continent.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

3*rd July* 1841.— . . . Lord Auckland has written to Sir John Hobhouse expressing his wish to have George as his successor as Governor-General of India. If these Ministers stay in (which they will not do) I think it most likely the Governor-Generalship will be offered, perhaps pressed, upon George, but I do not think he would accept the offer. . . .

21*st*.—We went to Windsor. . . . I sat by Prince Albert at dinner to-day, but could not get on with him. He was civil and good-natured, but did not converse. I believe he does with men, but he appears never to do so with women, except Royalties. He seemed to get on very well with the Queen of the Belgians, who sat the other side of him. . . . George sat by the Queen and had a great deal of conversation with her about the Whig prospects. In speaking to him, she seemed to identify herself completely with the Liberal party—talked of 'us' and 'we.' . . . George asked her whether she had seen in the *Times* an article about herself and Sir Robert Peel. She said she had not, for she only read the papers on *our own side*; the others made her positively ill. . . . Her dislike to Peel continues; she says it is impossible to trust him, and she thinks Brougham *false*.

Clarendon corresponded constantly at this time with Lord Granville, who continued ambassador at the Tuileries

till the fall of the Melbourne ministry. In his letters and those to Lady Granville is contained a good deal of current gossip, which the old diplomat was pretty sure to relish, having been a prince of gamblers in his day, and being still known in Paris as *le Wellington des joueurs*.[1]

Lord Clarendon to Lord Granville.

GORHAMBURY, 18*th November* 1841.— . . . The meeting of Parliament is fixed, I understand, for the 25th January, and then Peel, having had all the time he asked for, must show what use he has made of it. Commercial reform is what everybody wants, and the Tories pretend it will be given with generosity tempered only by wisdom. The only preparation for this that the public yet knows of is the appointment of a commission of enquiry, and, as Granville Somerset is the chairman, I shall expect the reduction of a couple of tide-waiters as the sum total of the reform we are to have. None, however, will be acceptable, nor indeed practicable, which leaves the Corn Laws untouched, and upon that subject I don't believe Peel has produced any change (even if he has attempted it) in the majority of his supporters. They are all inclined to suspect him, and they therefore take every opportunity of renewing their own pledges and of increasing his embarrassment. . . . I have no doubt that if he dealt with them courageously and made his remaining in office dependent upon his bringing in the measures which he must know are necessary and will eventually be carried, they would eat dirt cheerfully and in abundance. I can't say I have any apprehension about the ultimate success of such measures, because the principles they involve are true and must prevail, tho' like everything good ever done in this country it is a work of time, and the time is determined by the amount of power possessed by the prejudices and self-interest opposed to the change. It is like digging a well in which one may go boring on for months according to the strata to be gone through, but one is quite sure to get water at last.

What alarms me, however, is the progress of our manufacturing decline, or rather the continued rise of our manufacturing rivals, for this depends upon circumstances that neither Whig nor Tory government can control. If once we are beaten in

[1] It was said that he once lost £23,000 at a sitting at Crockford's.

our race of competition for the markets of the world, I don't understand how our system of things, which is the most artificial the world ever saw, can be maintained. . . . The Prince of Wales is pronounced by competent judges to be a much finer child than his sister, and quite to fulfil the best wishes of the nation. . . .

Lord Clarendon to Lady Granville.

Gorhambury, 31*st December* 1841.—My dear Lady G.,—I am living in the provinces surrounded by Tories who look upon us as the blackest of sheep, and I have consequently not an idea or a scrap of intelligence worth communicating, but I cannot let the year quite pass away without the good old custom of wishing you a happy new one. . . . Among the Tories there seems as much confidence in their tenure of office as if they had signed a 21 years lease with the country. Among the Whigs there is a kind of apathetic acquiescence in this, which looks as if all energy and intention were extinct, always except Palm., whose wishes, as usual, are fathers to his thoughts, and he accordingly believes that he shall rout the Tories foot and horse, and be re-established at the F. O. before 6 months are over. Among the Radicals there is neither much union nor wisdom. They concoct schemes which will have little support, and rely upon quarrels in the enemy's camp which never existed. Altogether, we cut a sorry figure just now ; but we are at our worst and the Tories are at their best, and the fortune of war may bring us nearer to equality. . . .

The misdemeanours of Esterhazy *père* continue to be obligingly communicated by Lady Jersey to the public, and if some good-natured friend tells him one-twentieth part of what she has said of him, they will probably not speak at the marriage of their children.[1] He appears to have behaved as ill and offensively as possible, and hardly yet to have given up hopes of breaking off a connexion by which he and his family will doubtless lose caste at Vienna. . . . He holds no communication with the Jerseys and won't let Sarah have any jewels of the family. In short, he wants to drive them all into breaking it off ; but Lady J.'s only notice of his manœuvres is inviting all London to inspect the more than royal trousseau of

[1] Lady Sarah Villiers was engaged to Prince Nicholas, eldest son of the diplomatist Prince Paul Antony Esterhazy. The marriage took place in February 1842.

her daughter. . . . Old Westmorland's will is most iniquitous. He has left everything to Lady Ga.[1] and away from Burghersh —all the family plate and furniture of Apethorpe go to her, as well as the landed property not entailed. . . .

19*th January* 1842.— . . . The Duke of Beaufort is foaming with rage again, and his amiable consort threatens that he shall turn Whig, because he has not old Westmorland's Garter which the Duke of Buckingham wants. To settle the point, Peel is waiting for the Duke of Cleveland's, who keeps promising to die, but doesn't.

Old Esterhazy is not yet arrived, altho' they believe he has left Vienna. If so, it is the King of Prussia's coming here, and not his son's marriage that brings him, for he has continued the same system of silence and delay, and, among other insults, has sent over the amended contract of marriage *unsigned.* Lady Jersey has kept fixing the day for the marriage and inviting all London to the marriage feast, just as people ring the bell and order dinner to make the guests who are late arrive. Nicholas, I understand, behaves with great propriety, and poor Sarah is so enthusiastically in love with him that, miserable as her prospects must be with him, one can only desire now that the marriage should take place. . . . Morley[2] is going to be married to Mrs. Coryton, who is his second cousin and a widow. A more delightful, amiable person does not exist, and he has made a most judicious choice. Lady Morley is quite beside herself with joy; it is just the marriage for him that makes her perfectly happy, which I know you will be glad to hear. . . . The De Greys are not making much way in Ireland.[3] He has fallen into all the Orange traps that were set for him, and is said to grudge the expense of his hospitalities (a capital crime in a Lord Lieut.). Her honesty gets the better of her discretion, and she cannot conceal how insufferably she is bored.

7*th February.*— . . . Esterhazy *père* has not made his appearance, but three days ago, to the joy and surprise of Lady Jersey, arrived a letter from him in quite an altered tone, sending all the procurations and contracts necessary, together with the most splendid presents of jewellery, surpassing, I hear, both in beauty and value anything possessed by the Queen or any one else in England. The marriage, accordingly, takes place to-morrow.

[1] Lady Georgiana Fane, Lord Westmorland's youngest daughter.
[2] Edmund, second Earl of Morley, Lord Clarendon's cousin.
[3] Lord de Grey had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Peel's budget of 1842 turned out sensational. Having inherited from the Whigs an accumulated deficit of nearly ten millions, he staggered his party by a proposal to reduce the duty upon corn and the duties upon seven hundred and fifty out of twelve hundred dutiable class of import. The Duke of Buckingham resigned the Privy Seal at once. Clarendon's opinion of the situation was confided to Lady Granville, who was at Nice.

Grosvenor Crescent, 22*nd February* 1842.— . . . Between the illness of Lister,[1] who is now, thank God, out of immediate danger, and that of Lady C., who is still sadly suffering, I hardly know when or what I last wrote to you; but I believe I did write to Lord G. since Peel's mountain produced its mouse. The said mouse has contented no party. The free-traders are, of course, indignant, and the landlords are not much less so. . . . However, these latter are too wise to quarrel outright with their own bread and butter; and, as they know they can't do without Peel and must be entirely in his hands, they affect to say that the measure is as good a one as could be expected, and that the Cabinet has gained in strength by losing such 'a vulgar, impracticable ultra' as the Duke of Buckingham. These are really the terms in which they speak of their *ci-devant* Magnus Apollo; which is no bad homage to public opinion, nor bad proof of the progress which truth is making among men who, only two years ago, scouted the notion of *enquiry* even into the operation of the Corn Laws as a lawless invasion of their rights. . . . Aberdeen is the Minister who has found most favour in his Sovereign's eyes. . . .

Lord Clarendon, much to his delight, having been set free from the cares of office, we may turn to his correspondence and Lady Clarendon's for information of how the world in general, and London society in particular, went on their ways.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

Sunday, 30th January 1842.—We dined at the Duke of Sussex's, one of those great Sunday dinners which I hate and disapprove. Met there Lord and Lady Palmerston, Mlle.

[1] Husband of Lord Clarendon's sister, Lady Theresa. He died on 5th June following.

d'Esté, Duke of Sutherland, M. de Saint-Aulaire,[1] M. and Mme. Van de Weyer, Lady Elizabeth Gore, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George, Sir Archibald Macdonald, Lord and Lady Cottenham, M. de Kilmansegge, etc. etc. The Duke of Sussex (between whom and M. de Saint-Aulaire I sat) told me that it was remarkable that the Queen had objected to the font at which George III. and his children had been christened as not being handsome, and had selected another, which happens (tho' she does not know it) to be the one at which Charles I. was baptised; and the Prince of Wales was christened exactly over the spot where the body of Charles I. lies.

Mr. Aubin to Lord Clarendon.

ROME, 6*th March* 1841.— . . . Poodle Byng is here collecting pictures. He has made no bad bargains yet, nor is likely to do so as long as he follows his present system. He makes it a rule not to give more than three pauli (fifteen pence sterling money) for any picture, and he is not without the hope of picking up some Raphael one day or another.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

Wednesday, 9*th March*.—Yesterday in the House of Commons Lord Francis Egerton brought in a bill for enabling widowers to marry their late wives' sisters. I note this, because George was much pressed to bring forward the same subject last year in the House of Lords, but found some of the leading bishops against it, so he did not. . . .

Lord Clarendon to Lady Granville.

LONDON, 15*th March* 1842.— . . . *Dans le monde fashionable* there is very little stirring, at least that I know of. The Saint-Aulaires are very much liked. Lord Aberdeen is angry both with him and Guizot for having compromised him by publishing his spontaneous declaration about Algiers. He has been let off easy in Parliament about it, for there is a laudable disposition in both houses to do nothing that shall increase the stupid, senseless animosity against us in France. I wish that

[1] M. de Saint-Aulaire had succeeded Guizot as French Ambassador at St. James's.

example was more followed in the chambers and in the press; but every sort of atrocity is debited against England, and no minister nor any person having the slightest authority ever says a word to check it or to give a better direction to *l'opinion publique égarée*.

Old Esterhazy has, I hear, resigned the embassy. The young ones are soon to return to Vienna, where but a sorry reception awaits poor Sarah Villiers. Society intends to visit Nicholas's universal unpopularity upon his *mésalliance*, and she will have to depend upon old Princess Esterhazy, who, out of opposition to her husband, may perhaps be kind to her. But it is one of the most melancholy *avenirs* that ever a girl was consigned to by a vain, foolish mother. There was a grand dispute about Sarah's precedence the other day between Lady Jersey and Lord Londonderry. The former thanked Heaven that, at all events, Sarah would go out before *all* English duchesses. Lord L. announced his intention of being d——d if she went out before *any* marchioness, whereat a great wrangle ensued, which was put an end to by Lord L. saying that if Lady J. were a man he should know how to deal with her, but as she was a woman he only treated her with the contempt she deserved.

Lord Hertford's will, like his life and like his death, has disgusted everybody. Amongst other bequests, I hear he has left £80,000 to Lady Strachan's maid, and his Coventry property to a Mrs. Frere, who formerly lived with him.

Grosvenor Crescent, 22*nd April*.— . . . Peel drags his reluctant majority thro' the mud after him; but they look as compact in the divisions as if they liked his measures. In their hearts, they consider they have been completely deceived, and they are not the less furious that, having made the rod for their own backs, they cannot now help themselves. They feel that they are at his mercy; but hatred of the Liberal party is their bond of union, and fear of the Whigs returning to office stifles, for the present at least, all thoughts of mutiny.

Miss Stuart[1] is to marry Lord Waterford . . . which must be a doubtful experiment, I should think; but as she says her object always was to marry a man that everybody else disliked and ran down, she has every prospect of being happy.

The other day at church, when the clergyman said, 'Let us

[1] The Hon. Louisa Stuart, second daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

pray,' the Duke of Cambridge,[1] in a loud voice, and to the surprise of the congregation, responded, 'Oh, by all means!'

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, *25th May* 1842.— . . . The Tories all pretend that the Queen is devoted to them and delighted with the change. I believe her opinions to be just the same as ever; but she is not sorry to be relieved of the daily anxiety she endured last year, and she now thinks nothing about politics. Brougham is ready—*le cas échéant*—to do any amount of injury to his old friends, and, waiting for that, he misses no opportunity of rendering service to the Tories. He and Lyndhurst have a complete understanding together. I understand that Lord Ashburton reports well of his negociations as far as they have gone; but as the elements he has to deal with consist of petulance, conceit, recklessness and dishonesty, it would be difficult for him or any one else to say how he will end.[2] I never wished success to any undertaking more than to his, not only because a war with the United States would be the greatest misfortune that could befal us at present, but because the avoidance of it will be the best means of keeping on terms with France. A great deal of the senseless nonsense uttered daily against us there is based upon the notion of our being about to quarrel with America, and that, when we have our hands full, they may fall upon our rear. . . .

I was last night at the Duchess of Sutherland's greatly improved edition of the Queen's fancy ball. No other subject in Europe could give such a fête in such a house, and very few Sovereigns either. It was a most royal entertainment. Your niece, Lady Elizabeth Leveson,[3] is by far the most delightful person of her age (I had almost said of any age) I ever met with. I could write on for half an hour if I said all I think of her. . . .

THE GROVE, *1st September* 1842.— . . . Your residence at Herrensheim must be a delightful *entre-acte* between the baths. . . . Could you but have dreamt of the possibility of such a summer as we have had you might with perfect safety have come back to this country. Never in my time, nor, I believe, in that

[1] Adolphus, first Duke, seventh son of George III., died in 1850.

[2] Alexander Baring, first Lord Ashburton (1774-1848), had been sent as Commissioner to adjust the boundaries dispute with the United States, and did so by what is known as the Ashburton treaty, settled at Washington in 1842.

[3] Eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland; married, in 1844, George, eighth Duke of Argyll.

of the often-quoted gent., 'the oldest inhabitant,' has such continuous and delightful heat been known. It has been a great thing for the country, and, what is of less importance, a godsend for the government, which could not have stood a bad harvest and high prices in addition to the Income Tax and an insurrection of the working classes. . . . Lord Ashburton has signed his treaty, whether upon terms entirely honorable and satisfactory to this country remains to be seen; but all prospects of war in that quarter appear, fortunately, to have subsided. This, together with the re-ratting of Thiers to the Conservative party, gives a general pacific aspect to affairs such as they have not had for the last two years.

I have seen Auckland and his sisters.[1] I think they look all the fresher and younger for India. Auckland says there never was a more gratuitous and unnecessary calamity than that at Cabul—the want of foresight first, and the want of decision and courage afterwards, appear to have been quite un-English. I should think Lord Ellenborough was mad; the antics he is playing are enough, not only to make angels weep, but to make all the Company's servants retire from office.

London, 13*th June* 1843.— . . . The answer to the conundrum—Why are the Tories like walnuts? Because they are troublesome to *peel*—is really a truth. Then there comes a wetter spring and worse prospects of harvest than the oldest inhabitant can remember; so that, upon the whole, I don't think there is a pair of shoes in all England that one should less desire to stand in than Sir Robert Peel's. . . .

You will probably have heard that Shelburne's[2] marriage with Emily de Flahault is settled, to the infinite delight of the Lansdownes, who were much exercised by his wild mode of life and his biennial demands for £30,000. Melbourne is returned to town very well and in good spirits. With common care and prudence he might entirely recover; but he eschews both in a manner that is very provoking. . . . I rejoice for Dr. Evanson's sake that he has such good and sufficient reasons for not putting himself under the Holland yoke. Moreover, if he had been willing to do so, Lady Holland would no longer have been willing to receive him; for directly after she desired me to write

[1] Lord Auckland had just finished his term as Governor-General of India.

[2] Succeeded as fourth Marquess of Lansdowne in 1863 and died in 1866.

to you respecting Dr. E., she engaged a certain Dr. Dick, whom she has since twice dismissed—once for moving a chair and secondly for miscarving a leg of lamb. He was restored under prohibition of ever again meddling with furniture or meat, and is now promoted to the honors of the afternoon drive in company with Mrs. Sheepwash the Grotteuse. He seems a mouse of a man, looks frightened out of his senses, but is said to be clever. I am sure he is to be pitied, for it must be poverty and not his will that makes him endure the endless variety of refined humiliation that his mistress is so skilful in inflicting. . . .

The widow of Clarendon's old friend Lord Holland was indeed a strange medley of qualities. Warmly attached to those whom she admitted to friendship, a bitter enemy to those who offended her, kind to her servants, but tyrannical towards educated persons dependent upon her bounty and heartless towards her own children, to whom at her death in 1845, she left hardly any of her fortune. Clarendon, seeing that Lady Holland was contemplating the dispersal of the treasures of Ampthill and Holland House, sent a warning note to her son, the fourth Lord Holland, who replied as follows :

FLORENCE, 20*th April* 1842.—How very kind of you, dear Clarendon, to send me early information about my lady mother's proceedings. As to the pictures she is about to sell, *if they are really bona fide* from Ampthill, there are only a very few I should care to possess, and even those I should not like to bid for on contract with Christie till I know whether my brother Charles [1] intends to bid for them. . . . I have considerable reason to suspect that my mother has mixed up with others some from Holland House. . . . There are one or two pictures there I fear she will sell, as they would fetch a high price, and I would make almost any sacrifice to save them. I cannot help fearing that it is most likely some of these pictures she will now dispose of, as she has begun the work of despoiling the old house.

In the meanwhile she writes me most tender, sugary letters almost every post. If posterity judges of her only by these she will pass for a second Madame de Sévigné in maternal tenderness ! It is rather amusing, but it was from the extreme interest and affection so studiously repeated in her letters that I began

[1] His elder brother, but not born in wedlock.

to suspect that she was employed in some business of the sort, for these effusions are always sure precursors of some mischief, and the same post that brought your letter conveyed one so much more affectionate than usual that, before I had opened yours, I felt certain there was something going on.

The silver I could not afford to buy, especially as I reserve my energies for other more precious things, which I feel, too, will soon be in the market. Alas for the library! I have been told she has already offered it; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. . . .

I should like much to hear your views of our political horizon. It grieves me much to observe the strong, increasing hatred the French feel towards us. That fatal treaty of July laid seeds, I fear, of many future convulsions which our momentary success at Acre will but poorly compensate for.—Yours very sincerely and gratefully, HOLLAND.

CHAPTER IX

IN OPPOSITION

'The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestick life: we all have good and evil, which we feel more sensibly than our petty part of publick miscarriage or prosperity.' DR. JOHNSON.

BEFORE resuming the course of parliamentary politics under Peel's administration, some letters from Emily Eden claim retrospective attention, interesting as the outflow of a lively and observant intelligence, and specially so as having been written from headquarters at a time when British rule in India was more gravely shaken than it has ever been since, except during the great Mutiny of 1857. Lord Auckland's term of authority was about to come to a close; Clarendon had been sounded as to his willingness to replace him; it may be that, had he been able to foresee what was to be the province assigned to him when the Whigs returned to power, he would have felt some regret about his decision to decline the great Indian consulship; but of this there is no evidence among his papers.

The Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Clarendon.

CALCUTTA, 17*th April* 1841.— . . . I wish you would go on writing. You can always find heaps of things to say that would interest me. I must have known the grandfathers and grandmothers of most of the reigning London people, and should like to hear about their descendants; and then in return I can tell you the latest scandal from the Punjab, and what the Loodeeannah satirists insinuates against a great many of [*illegible*]'s widows; and then, as you say, we have many an amusing recollection in common of Grosvenor Street and Greenwich. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master

Shallow.' I wonder whether you recollect a particular evening at Greenwich, when you and Francis Baring [1] and *Pow* [2] and G. Tierney [3] dined with us. Whitebait, of course (there are no eatable fish in India), and after dinner, when the park was locked up, we let ourselves into it through the little garden gate, and had coffee. G. Tierney tied a handkerchief over his head and put on a shawl and gave us imitations of Mrs. Siddons. I cannot see why you *should* remember that evening, except that, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, if we had not more jokes than usual, we certainly had more laugh. I found an old note of yours here one day in a book that we brought with us; it began 'chère Présidente,' and there were some levities about Pow and about Stephen Loch, and some allusion to yourself and George [4] being starved to death because we would eat too fast. And now you are Lord Privy Seal, walking statelily into dinner before everybody, and eating as slow as you like: Pow is Lord Sydenham and King of Canada, and George is so constantly occupied in taking and defending kingdoms, putting down Central Asia and poking up China, that he has no time to eat at all, and allows himself and secretaries seven minutes for breakfast and six for luncheon; at which, after five years practice, they grumble rather more than they did at first. . . . If you see the slightest leaning to any plan that would keep us out here another hour, I charge you to oppose it strongly. Not that I should like you to think India a bad place just for six years, because you are my next Gov.-Genl. I have set my heart upon it, and so has Lord Auckland, ever since we came; in fact I brought you up from a boy with that view. . . .

Calcutta, *8th August.*—You may imagine the state of agitation we are in for the July post, which may bring in the result of a few elections. . . . My own belief is that the Whigs will gain nothing, and might as well have gone out at once, which would have been more dignified and, I think, a greater puzzle to the enemy. . . . By some peculiar perversity of the monsoon, our letters cannot go at the usual time. . . . I never understand how it is, but the monsoon never seems to affect the letters that

[1] Created Baron Northbrook in January 1866 and died in September of the same year.

[2] C. E. Poulett-Thomson, appointed Governor-General of Canada after Clarendon had declined it: created Lord Sydenham 19th August 1841, and was killed by a fall from his horse on 4th September of the same year.

[3] Son of George Tierney, Whig statesman.

[4] The writer's brother, Lord Auckland.

come; only those that go, which looks capricious and spiteful. I always hated the word 'monsoon' in childish days, when the wretched attempt was made to teach me geography. I don't think I knew the least what it meant: it might have been a particular sea, or a shell, or an immense cloud of dust in a desert, or a high priest, or Sanskrit for an eclipse; in short, anything but what it is—a constant obstacle to letters going when they ought. . . . When you are here (and somehow I always see you as Gov.-Genl. of India), you will find out the guilt of the monsoon, and that everything you particularly wish to do, from taking Pekin to transplanting an aloe, 'cannot be done while this monsoon lasts.'

Is it a perfect delusion of ours about the possibility of your coming out? if by any miracle the Whigs were to subside into a Govt. again. Probably you would prefer being A 15 in the police force, or a stone-breaker in regular employ, as there is no doubt that, with a cool climate, those situations have superior advantages. But still, everybody cannot be best off, there must be stokers in steamboats, and India must be governed; so we always insist upon it you are coming, and have taught society in general so to expect. I fancy the peerages in Calcutta now open naturally at English Earls—Clarendon—and many are the little surreptitious hints about you and Lady C., which I have answered, of course, without any attention to truth or consistency; just to give them the pleasure of a surprise. Even the natives probably must have settled from the papers that the new Lord Sahib is 'Donclaren' (they always turn long names inside out). The Gwalior Rajah may not feel sure; the young Nawâb of Moorshedabad may be pert about it; the eldest Mysore prince in the seclusion of his zenana may shrug up his shoulders at the fifteenth Mrs. Tippoo and say he has his doubts; but I imagine that the general impression of the forty millions is that you are coming. . . .

BARRACKPORE, 19*th September* 1841.—I am dead—murdered—annihilated by that horrid August mail which came in yesterday. . . . I do not know what to say; it is such an awful smash. A small majority would have been all very well, rather convenient than otherwise; but 84! Those horrid Tories are in for ever. I am so glad I was not in London. I could not have stood their triumph. . . . I grudge the loss of Howick's election as far as Theresa is vexed by it; but he quite deserves it. And then Lord Morpeth! I think that is the worst sign

of an ungrateful country I have known yet. In short, one thing is worse than another, and that flashy marriage of Lord Villiers is a provocation,[1] merely because Lady Jersey must be so delighted and overpowering. If you recollect, I always disliked her even in her Whig days, and much worse since, and in a political crisis she was always additionally provoking; and now, with her son marrying Sir Robert's daughter, she must be doubly Jerseyish. In fact, what with the hot weather and the idea of her I can hardly write. Do you remember Mrs. Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*? I could go on maundering like her about Lady Jersey. She is a very artful woman—all for what she can get. I am sorry to say it, but so it is. It makes me very nervous and poorly to be so thwarted; but, however, our going home is the greatest of comforts, and I am very glad to think that next September will be as hot as this, and that a Tory will profit by it. . . .

Yesterday, to add to the misery of the elections and the heat, one of the judges took it into his head to give a dinner. We had not dined out for a year—or rather for two, for I believe yesterday's dinner lasted a whole year. It was a painful process. Native cooks are not particular about the interval they interpose between first and second courses. We were all bewildered yesterday, the doolies dropped in so slowly to know whereabouts in dinner we were. Then the ice was to come from Calcutta (this is Barrackpore, 16 miles from the icehouse), and I believe the servants ran there to fetch it when it was wanted. I had once thoughts of pretending to faint; but unluckily an astucious young Hussar officer, dressed up in all that stiff braided apparatus so adapted to this climate, thought of it first, and had himself carried out between the courses. It was not fair; but I thought of Sir Philip Sydney, and let him have the advantage of the first faint, in consideration of all that gold braiding. . . .

I do so like our dear little Queen for starting off forthwith on that tour of Whig visits: so like her.[2] . . .

Calcutta, 21*st October*.— . . . That majority of 90 is dreadful! the whole thing unpleasant in the last degree, and I have a

[1] Lord Villiers married Sir Robert Peel's eldest daughter in 1841; succeeded as sixth Earl of Jersey on 3rd October 1859, and died on 24th of the same month.

[2] The visits were to Dr. Vernon Harcourt, Archbishop of York, at Nuneham, to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, to Lord Cowper at Panshanger, to Lord Melbourne at Brocket, to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield and to the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick.

sort of Tory nausea come over me. . . . How good you are about writing. I begin to think *the* bright spot in your character is regularity of correspondence; just as Sir R. Peel's liberality *will be* the bright spot in his. The list of Ministry is [*illegible*], except that I cannot abide Ripon's having anything. He is welcome to govern his wife, if he can, but he should not try anything else.[1] . . . Now to study the papers and to increase that nausea. . . . I have just had a note to say that one of our own rhinoceroses has gone mad and got out on the Barrackpore road, killed an unfortunate Sepoy and chased a colonel, and I rather think that if it catches us in the dark it will be unpleasant.

ON BOARD THE 'SOOMMOOLIA' [?], 12*th January* 1842.—MY DEAR LORD CLARENDON,—That date does not mean that I am on board the ship that is to take us home. No such luck! we have no ship to go in. That Tory ministry you have all chosen to submit to, very politely placed the *Druid* at our disposal, and sent out orders to that effect; which orders, with immense luck, may possibly reach here when we are somewhere the other side of the Cape. It is not clear to me that Lord Haddington[2] has ever seen a map of the China Sea. He has not made a happy guess at the distance between Calcutta and Chusan; but according to present appearances he will be long enough at the Admiralty to learn. In the meantime we are taking refusals of cabins in half the merchant ships in the river, expecting them to keep their anchors at half-cock, as Lord Haddington would say, till Lord E.'s arrival is semaphored.[3] People seem to think them just as comfortable to voyage home in as the Queen's ships; but, as the average complement of children that each takes home is about thirty, and as each individual child is accustomed to domineer over four submissive natives, instead of being well shaken by an English nursery-maid, I have an idea that the infantine noise will be fatiguing. Lord A.'s secretary sent home his sick wife and five children last week, and there were not above 24 children altogether on board; but he says that from the time the ship left Calcutta till she was fairly out at sea, the majority had never ceased screaming for a moment.

Calcutta is in a state of great excitement about Lord Ellen-

[1] Lord Ripon (the 'Goody Goderich,' who succeeded Canning as Prime Minister) had been appointed President of the Board of Trade.

[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] Lord Ellenborough had been appointed Governor-General in succession to Lord Auckland.

borough, who is certainly much the best choice the Tories could have made. The only danger, I should think, will be that he will try to do too much at first, and this country is so unlike any other that it does not do to meddle with it rashly; and if he begins [*illegible*] about, cutting down what *seem* at first to be luxuries—requiring English habits of business in hard-baked Indians and English activity in native clerks—he will find out his mistake after he has set everybody against him. . . . There is one violent Tory Member of Council—Mr. Prinsep—who is in an ecstasy of delight which I regularly misunderstand whenever I have him next to me, and congratulate him on Lord E.'s liberality of opinions. Moreover, Mrs. Prinsep has paid several pensive visits to her intimate friend, and regretted with many sighs that for the future she should see little of 'Thoby' (that being her husband's Xtian name, and he being 35 years older than herself), 'for he hears that Lord E. has been desired to take his advice on all points, so Thoby will really have the whole government of India on his shoulders.' Can't you see Lord E.'s manner with a man who announces publicly that the Gov.-General is to do nothing without his consent!

As touching the date of this letter, it is the name of our pinnace, and as during these Cabul troubles George[1] cannot go up to Barrackpore, and as change of air is considered expedient, I have come on board for the day, and we float about the river with the tide and get back to Calcutta for dinner. . . .

21*st January*.— . . . You will probably have still worse news from Bombay than goes from hence. Poor Macnaghten's murder has been a great shock; we knew him so well, and it has been such an atrocious act of treachery. But the whole Cabul story is most melancholy and, I must say, most hard upon Lord Auckland, who could not have counted on such conduct in Englishmen. I asked him whether he had anything he wished to have said to you; but he says the whole story, so far as is known, is so inexplicable he cannot in fairness give any fixed opinion. For two months these murmurs against Genl. Elphinstone have been great, and it seems cruel to speak ill of the dead and dying—for so those at Cabul may be considered; yet it is irksome to think that with the slightest energy all this would have been avoided. All we know is that with an army of 5000 men thoroughly provided with arms, money, etc., and an undisciplined enemy that has never been supposed to amount

[1] Lord Auckland.

to 10,000 without striking a blow, Macnaghten and Genl. Elphinstone had consented to surrender, giving up arms, baggage, treasure, etc., to abandon the Shah, *to pay 4 lacs of rupees* for an escort down to Jellalabad ; and that after this had been agreed to Mahomed Ukbar invited Macnaghten to a conference and, after some high words, shot him through the head and his followers murdered Capt. Trevor. . . .

Major Pottinger writes the next day to the agent at Peshawur —says he is concluding the treaty already begun and talks of the cold and hunger that will attend the retreat, as they are not to retain any tents or baggage, but never talks of avenging Macnaghten's death, and ends with 'the Genl. desires to be remembered!' . . . General Sale still speaks and acts most confidently, but it is a painful time for us all. . . .

Peel's concession to Free Trade proved enough to sow dissension among his own followers and far too little to satisfy the Anti-Corn-Law agitators, who denounced him as trifling with a great matter and caused him to be burnt in effigy. The irrepressible Dr. Bowring wrote inviting Lord Clarendon to become an active leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League, whereby, he assured him, he would secure 'a magnificent political position.' But Clarendon was far from being such an advanced reformer as his brother Charles.

Lord Clarendon to Dr. Bowring.

THE GROVE, 21*st December* 1842.—MY DEAR BOWRING,—Thanks for your letter. I am not particularly ambitious of a 'magnificent political position,' and I doubt my being able to ascend to that eminence by the ladder you place at my disposal. I cannot identify myself with the League : first, because I know I should thereby diminish my power of usefulness in my own principal sphere of action ; second, because I should have no pretension to control the proceedings of the League, some of which I dislike and shall probably continue to disapprove.

I could not, as the League does, advocate a total repeal of all duty on corn, for if the demand be made without the expectation or the wish of obtaining it, but merely with the object of securing some lesser measure of reform, I could be no party to saying one thing and meaning another. If, on the other hand, the total repeal of duty be really and bona fide intended, I consider that the notion of the intaxibility of corn *for purposes of*

revenue is a great fallacy. The League has certainly done much good. It has roused public attention; it has compelled discussion, it has elicited most important facts; but if the general emancipation of commerce be its object (and that is *the* national and really vital question) the arguments principally used are, in my opinion, capable of much extension and improvement. They have hitherto been too confined and exclusive. At the public meetings and in the writings of the League, corn, as elsewhere, has enjoyed too great a monopoly. All evil is attributed to the Corn Laws—all good is predicted through their abolition; but, as we know to our cost that the agriculturists are a large and powerful body, most influential in the making and unmaking of laws, the purpose should be to convince, and not to exasperate them. I am sure that they would sooner be brought to reason and to recognise their own, as well as the public, interest if the whole weight of argument, which is of general application, were not brought to bear exclusively upon them, but were distributed with somewhat more freedom upon other producing classes. I am sure that the agriculturists would be less likely to think (and to be irritated by the thought) that they are a class marked out for destruction, and that they would be more ready to admit the principles of Free Trade, if at every public meeting of manufacturers they found those principles as ably developed and as closely applied to cotton goods, hardware, etc., in the production of which we are told that foreigners are as able to compete with us successfully as in corn.

I have now perhaps said enough to prove to you that my opinions do not exactly qualify me for co-operation with the League, altho', if I know myself at all, I can truly assert that the principles of Free Trade in all their bearings and consequences can have no more sincere supporter than I am. I have an entire conviction that the prosperity of our own country and the well-being and onward progress of mankind can rest upon no foundation more sound or enduring.

Information about the proceedings of the Clarendons during the next three years is very fragmentary, though something may be gathered from such letters as have been kept.

Lord Clarendon to Lady Granville.

The Grove, 17*th January* 1843.— . . . I went over to Brocket the other day and I assure you if I had not known

how ill Melbourne had been, I should not have guessed from his appearance that he had ailed anything. . . . He seems quite *rajeuni* and no longer verifies the ill-natured pun which was made upon him in Paris some years ago—that formerly he was the *beau Lamb* but had now become the *lambeau*. . . . The Bear [1] is in London, telling everybody how right he is and how nobody else is. He is for a total repeal of the Corn Laws—against even a fixed duty—but he is in favor of increased protection for the ribbons of Coventry and of some hideous job of his own in Canada. . . . Ellenborough's antics have been a godsend at this dull time of the year. The mixture in him of Napoleon and Tom Thumb would be perfect if the latter did not predominate too much. You have, of course, seen his proclamation about the Sandal gates, which I understand has caused the government and the E. I. Company to share the public conviction that he is mad. His brain could no longer stand his coxcombry; but it is fearful to see a madman tossing about and playing with such delicate things as national honor and national interests. . . .

Lord Clarendon to the Proprietor of a Newspaper.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, 15*th March* 1843.—MY DEAR SIR J.,—I cannot help expressing a hope that the opportunity may not be lost of exhibiting in the *Morning Chronicle* the wretched and contemptible figure which the government made last night upon Lord Monteagle's motion. That motion was introduced by a speech most remarkable for sound arguments deduced from official returns and undoubted facts, demonstrating the evils of the Corn Laws and their connexion with the distress which prevails. Lord M. simply asked permission to prove his statements before a committee, or else to have them rebutted if the government had the means of contradicting him. To this Lord Wharncliffe attempted no answer; but he did attempt a speech such as any ordinary old woman would have been ashamed of making. He admitted the distress in its fullest extent, but said things were mending, without the smallest reason for his opinion. . . . His conclusion was equivalent to 'Don't let us argue upon the subject, but let us vote!' The Duke of Wellington was silent: no other minister said a syllable upon this most important subject, and the whole government ignominiously ran away from it. It was shirked in argument and burked by an

[1] Edward Ellice, the elder, M.P.

early vote ; for the Tory troops, having received the *mot d'ordre*, raised such vociferous cries of ' Question ' soon after 11 o'clock that all further discussion became impossible.

Lord Ashburton's speech I think will call for your special animadversion. . . . There was no exploded fallacy, no stupid prejudice, no reference to selfish interests which this faithful representative of his own breeches pocket did not hash up together in language mainly characterised by spite against those whom he supposed to be meddling with his interests ; and this feeling carried him so far as to talk of ' the bloated mass of commercial prosperity,' which exists here. He ! Lord Ashburton ! whose £40,000 a year was made by commerce—whose connexions are all in trade—who was President of the Board of Trade and who knows upon what the prosperity of the country depends. . . . As for Lord Brougham, he played his usual Jack Pudding part ; but not daring, I suppose, to divest himself of the last rag of consistency and principle he had to his back, and to stalk naked thro' the world the rabid Tory he is, he probably obtained permission from his employers to vote against them for once, just as Peter Schimmel, after selling himself to the devil, might have borrowed his own shadow for an evening. He began by saying that he was for the total and immediate abolition of the Corn Laws, and that he should vote for Monteagle's motion, evidently with the intention of exciting the fears and justifying the resistance of the majority of those he was addressing. He then went into a furious tirade against all persons *out of doors* who assumed to be popular leaders for their ingratitude to his right hon. friend Sir R. Peel for the commercial improvements he effected last year. Having done that, he poured forth a torrent of scurrility against the League for having said in the anti-bread-tax circular that he had desired to bring on his distress motion last year. . . . His language placed him on a level with the coarsest of those he was abusing, and the soreness he exhibited proved how well aimed were the attacks of which he complained. He ended the evening appropriately enough by going away and not voting for the motion he affected to support.

I take the liberty of informing you of these circumstances, as you were probably in the House of Commons and might not otherwise be aware of them ; and I am the more induced to do it because I saw with regret that the *Morning Chronicle* allowed the Bishops to escape without sufficient castigation for

their baseness with respect to Lord Ellenborough. Only four were present upon Lord Monteagle's motion, of whom three voted with the government. When we remember the way they flocked together to accuse Lord Melbourne of direct encouragement to socialism by allowing Mr. Owen [1] to put his —Lord M.'s—name on a card when he went to the levee (a charge in which, if I mistake not, the Duke of Wellington did not think it beneath him to join); when we remember the Bishop of Exeter's speeches, and subsequently his motion respecting some Socialist being a registrar of births and deaths at Birmingham, which he contended, as did the other bishops, was an admission of sympathy on the part of the government with those doctrines; when we remember the speeches over and over again repeated by the Bishop of London against the encouragement given to idolatry by the government by not at once reversing and reforming the policy of all preceding administrations—when we remember all this, and much more, that might be cited, and reflect upon the course the bishops pursued upon the [*illegible*] proclamations, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that their charity, their religion and their principles are manifested only as their pockets direct. . . . I need hardly request you to consider this letter confidential.

To Lady Granville.

LONDON, 23*rd March* 1843.— . . . No great amount of business has been got thro' in parliament, but the proceedings have not been without interest. Ellenborough, as a kind of bag fox, has been turned out upon two or three occasions and afforded good sport. His vanity, presumption and unfitness to govern India were very ably demonstrated by the Opposition, and very feebly replied to by the Government, who were compelled to admit some of his misdeeds, but to defend them by attributing to him acts and successes of which the merit belonged to others. They, of course, had large majorities in both Houses, but the public here, as it will also in India, consider that the Governor-General has had a severe and deserved rebuke. He got frightened at the ridicule instead of admiration which his proceedings were exciting, and I am sorry to

[1] Robert Owen (1771-1858), philanthropist and socialist: 'one of those intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth . . . a man of one idea; that idea, too, was only partially right, and was enforced less by argument than by incessant and monotonous repetition.' (Leslie Stephen, in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

say (as great fun was expected) that he has not made the fool of himself he promised to do at his rejoicings. Lady Sale was not seated by his side on the throne of glory and honor in the centre of a star of which the radii were regiments: the native chiefs didn't do homage because they wouldn't come: the 300 elephants didn't go down on both knees because they couldn't be persuaded to go down even upon one; so his programme, like most of his other proceedings, ended in smoke, and a ball consisting of 400 officers and 25 ladies. . . .

Brougham's antics exceed all that he ever cut before. He is the Tory servant of all-work in the H. of L., and certainly he works hard for his employers. Lyndhurst uses, flatters and laughs at him in a manner very diverting to bystanders, but he is quite reckless in his mischief and his way of abusing his old friends and abandoning his old principles. He now makes long tirades *against* the press, calls three times a day on Lady Jersey, dines with the Queen Dowager and is going to Belvoir *for the last week of hunting*! . . . I heard rather a good thing of his saying the other day. His friend Charles Phillips (the famous Irish barrister) was complaining that his whiskers had grown quite grey, altho' his hair still remained brown. Brougham assured him the phenomenon was quite natural, because his jaws had been at work for twenty years, while his brain had been in perfect repose!

London, *6th May* 1843.— . . . Since I last wrote, a Prince[1] has died and a Princess[2] has been born, and the former produced far greater sensation than any similar royal departure has yet done. The Duke of Sussex was really a model Prince; few politicians have been more thoroughly consistent under circumstances more trying. His principles were genuine and heartfelt, and every act in his life was in accordance with the liberality he professed. His acquirements were considerable, but they seemed to make him delight in the society of those who knew more than himself. He was a kind patron of men of science; the country has not had to blush for his vices nor to pay for his extravagance, and he is generally and deservedly regretted. . . .

Politics, like the markets, are dull: very little is doing, but the country is nevertheless in a state of hyper-agitation at certain education clauses in a Factory Bill that has been introduced by the government. The Dissenters view it as an outrageous

[1] H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

[2] H.R.H. Princess Alice.

attack upon the rights of conscience, while the established clergy declare it does not go far enough for them, as they profess the right (how acquired or when conferred—I believe they are as ignorant as I am) to the exclusive religious instruction of the active community. The whole question, stripped of its rhetorical ornaments, is whether the Church catechism shall be taught during or after school hours in schools for which the public at large, with all its various sects and creeds, is called upon to pay. Yet the question, which six pennyworth of sincerity and good faith might settle in five minutes, calls forth meetings in every part of the country . . . and threatens to nullify all attempts at a national scheme of education.

The Aucklands having returned from India, Emily Eden resumed correspondence at short range.

HARLECH, 31*st August* 1843.— . . . Our tour is amusing beyond all expectation. . . . I find that having seen Rio and the Himalayas does not the least prevent me delighting in Wales. In short, all hills are good and all pretty scenery pleasant, and it is *the* enjoyment that survives clearly when all others have worn dim. I really had tears in my eyes the other day when I was reading Sir Walter Scott's lines in his illness :

> The quiet lake, the balmy sky,
> The rock, the tower, the stream, the tree,
> Are they still fair as once they were?
> Or is the dreary change in me?

WORSLEY, 19*th October* 1843.— . . . Our return from inns to civilised life was managed by judicious grades, beginning with Mostyn Hall—the first grade of all—perhaps I might say half a grade. They are just a step beyond the Druids, whose course of life once covered me with glory, it being the only question that my mother asked about English history that I ever answered fluently, ' they lived in caves and hollow trees, and fed on roots and acorns.' The Mostyns have improved slightly on the Druids. From Mostyn Hall we went to Mr. Hurt's, R. Eden's [1] beau-père. He is a sort of good old English gentleman all of the olden time, with very good shooting and quantities of venison and heaps of daughters (that affects *you*) and everything very comfortable ; but he objects to a silk bonnet for fear his tenantry should arrive at the knowledge of such an abomination, and a satin gown would probably break his heart.

[1] The Hon. Robert Eden, afterwards third Lord Auckland.

From Alderwasley we rushed madly into Chatsworth. To be sure he *has* gone and done it! Have you been there since it was finished? The place, to my mind, is even more improved than the house; the gardens are so well managed; and after all that had been said of that great conservatory, the reality was even more surprising than I had expected. The plants are all so good of their kind, and the plantain trees and palms are almost finer to look at than they are in India, where the leaves are split and frayed by the wind. Here they are all perfect.

We had a large party there, tho' it was by way of being nobody but the family. Lady Granville is so pleasant, tho' her powers of agreeableness now vary with the state of Lord Granville's health, and she is sometimes very low. He and Lord Melbourne have tried the two systems of extreme care and extreme imprudence, and it is odd that the result is in favour of imprudence. Lord M. is much less of an invalid than Lord G. at present. . . . The statue gallery and the collection of drawings of old masters, etc. would drive Lady Clarendon demented with pleasure. There is no end of sights of that kind, and I must say I love that sort of luxuries. It looks almost as if Devon [1] had rather more than his share of this world's goods, but I suppose there is a compensation somewhere; and, with 30 people dining in the housekeeper's room and 80 in the hall, there must be a bother of house accounts and cheating, and quarrels between butlers and housekeepers that may be taken as a slight set-off. But then again his deafness helps him. It has long been clear to me that he is only deaf to what he does not like to hear; anything that amuses him he hears fast enough. . . . O'Connell! what a man! He far surpasses all your anticipation of his cowardice. His agonies for fear anybody should ever again use that shocking word 'Saxon,' or call the government base, or even speak in an excited manner, are too good. . . .

The Clarendons spent August and September 1844 on the Continent, and at Wiesbaden received a piece of family news which greatly delighted them. Lady Theresa Lister's husband died, as mentioned above, on 10th June 1842, leaving her with a son and two daughters,[2]

[1] William, sixth Duke of Devonshire.

[2] Thomas Villiers Lister, appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1873; K.C.M.G. 1885; Maria Theresa (1835-63) married [Sir] William Vernon Harcourt in 1859; and Alice Beatrice (1841-98) married Sir Algernon Borthwick (afterwards Lord Glenesk) in 1870.

Lady Theresa returned to live with her mother in capacious Kent House.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

WIESBADEN, *Saturday, 5th September* 1844.—Got our wished for letter from Mrs. George, which brought us the unexpected intelligence of George Lewis [1] having proposed to Theresa. To George and me this was a great surprise; it was not so to Charles,[2] who, it seems, had perceived the flirtation, and talked to both Elizabeth [3] and Theresa on the subject. . . . We had not perceived the smallest indication of preference of *that* sort in his manner towards her—so much for my boasted quick-sightedness in these matters! I had seen them so often together that I had got accustomed to it, without attaching the idea of love to it. . . . How occupied we all three were with the news! and how we discussed it, turning and twisting it in every shape; but we mean to give no advice—to leave it entirely to her own feelings, without bias from us. Indeed in these matters one is afraid of the responsibility of advising. His health is the one drawback; but for that we should venture to advise, for I do think it would be so very desirable. Our anxiety is very, very great, and we cannot hear again till we reach Munich. . . .

MUNICH, *15th September*.—This evening arrived a letter from Mrs. George announcing that Theresa had accepted George Lewis. It was what we wished! and now that dear girl seems to have an *avenir* of happiness opening to her again. She can have no doubt about her future husband suiting us, suiting Mrs. George, and, above all, she may feel confidence in his kindness to her children. . . . His superior intellect, which we appreciate now, we shall probably rejoice in every day more and more.

Lady Clarendon's journal during this trip is full and lively; but a single extract may suffice as a record of a route so well trodden as that which they chose.

Dresden, 1st October.—We received a note early in the morning from Mr. Forbes to say that the King and Queen of Saxony invited us to dinner at Pillnitz, their villa near Dresden, to-day at 2 o'clock. Though in general dinings-out don't much please

[1] George Cornewall Lewis (1806-63), elder son of Sir T. F. Lewis, Bart., of Harpton Court, Radnorshire.

[2] Charles Villiers, M.P.

[3] Mrs. Edward Villiers.

me, I own I am glad to go to Pillnitz. In the first place, it is very civil of the King to ask us so directly; and in the next it is, for once in a way, very interesting to see the *intérieur* of foreign courts, or *any* court, provided the amusement don't come too often. George was to put on his star and ribbon, but no uniform. I was to go dressed as for a smart dinner; and precious cold it was to start, figged out with bare neck and arms, before one o'clock for above an hour's drive on a decidedly frigid day.

Pillnitz is not particularly pretty, tho' not otherwise, nor is anything very striking in the interior; but of course we saw but little of it under the circumstances of our visit. . . . We were received with the greatest civility and kindness; the dinner party consisted of the King, an amiable-looking but not distinguished-looking man; the Queen, who was a Princess of Bavaria (sister of the present King, is plain and very tall. They have no children, which was at first regretted, but she now says she is so fond of the children of the King's brother, and looks upon them as heirs, that if she had a child she would like it to be a little girl); Princess John, wife of the King's brother and mother of the heir (they have a large family; she was lovely when they first married, but faded now, tho' only 44. She is going to have another child and looks very delicate); Princess Amelia (sister of the King of Saxony. She is an authoress, clever and very amiable—a little, crooked, gentle-looking woman, advanced in years); the Dowager Grand Duchess of Tuscany (another of the King's sisters on a visit to her brother, having come to Germany for the accouchement of her daughter, who is married to the second son of the King of Bavaria and likely to be mother of the heir. The Dowager Grand Duchess is a talkative, pleasant woman, who appears as if she had been rather good-looking); Princess Augusta of Saxony (cousin of the King, a florid, merry, elderly lady, clever, rich and independent. Napoleon, the Emperor Francis and Ferdinand VII. all wished to marry her in her youth, but she loved Saxony, would not leave it or hear of marrying any of them). Mr. Forbes, the English Minister, also dined, and the rest of the party was made up of the Grand Mareschal, some Grands Maîtres, the Grande Maîtresse, some Chambellans and some Dames d'honneur, whose names I have not compassed and should certainly forget if I had. The one who sat next me and who admired George, saying he was *un bel homme* and that *on l'aime sans le connaître*, of course won my heart. I sat between this discerning gentle-

man and Prince John. The King, Queen and Princesses talked to us a great deal during dinner, before and after it. The King took in the Grand Duchess, but otherwise the ladies all walked in *en masse* and the gentlemen afterwards, without pairing off. The dinner was handsome, and what I liked best was to observe that the galleries commanding a view of the table had people quite of the common order in them. I was told that any one who chose was freely admitted. It gave one the notion of the King's confidence in the love of his people and consideration for their gratification, which was very pleasing.

Our dinner did not last very long. Afterwards there was coffee and a little conversation, but all *standing up*, till the King and Queen and Princesses bowed to us and retired.

Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Clarendon.

BOWOOD, 28*th October* 1844.— . . . How glad I was to hear that you and Lady C. had come back in such excellent condition —such credits to Wiesbaden—such living puffs of German baths. Lord Auckland particularly wishes to know how much change you have brought back from the £50 note. I don't believe it is a bit more expensive than travelling about Devonshire and Cornwall, where railways are unknown and anything less than four horses unheard of. . . . And so you came back to a wedding! You must have been pleased, as I know how much you have always liked Mr. Lewis, and Theresa seemed so thoroughly and *freshly* happy. Just tell me how the wedding went off—whether anybody cried, and how much you fraternised with old T. L.[1] Between ourselves, I don't like his having the run of the Grove. Don't be hasty in swearing eternal friendship to him. It will be much more flattering if we let him into *our set* on further acquaintance. Moreover, Theresa does not chuse me to think of Pecksniff àpropos of anybody or anything, and it takes time to get rid of any bad habit of that kind.

I wish we could get up a wedding or so here! but I am confident that if there ever is a Society for the Suppression of Lovers, Lord Lansdowne will be President and Patron and Committee and Secretary all himself. Jem Howard is here; but merely as a guest—that is distinctly understood; and Lady

[1] Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, Bart., M.P. [1780-1855], whom M'Cullagh Torrens describes as 'a careful and accomplished man, but formal, verbose and dull,' was the father of George Cornewall Lewis, the bridegroom.

Shelburne told me that the subject had never been attended to for many months, and that they were only too glad to hear he was to come at all. Such nonsense! I like him very much, and if they would like to *danner* thro' the conservatory into the chapel, and meet Guthrie there, I should only be too happy to serve as a witness, or bride's father, or clerk, and then go bolt into Lord Lansdowne's room and tell him what we had done. How he would stare and laugh that puzzled laugh. He would undoubtedly be angry; but it is really too bad to let things stay as they are.[1]

Then Lady Kerry—but Mr. Charles Gore is gone; but that I cannot pretend to lament, tho' I think she will marry him at last.[2] The Shelburnes justify Mrs. Malaprop's advice, if it is true that they began with a little aversion; for I never saw a happier couple, and she has fitted herself into Bowood very neatly, and seems to suit all parties. We have here Moore, terribly gone by,[3] Hallam,[4] Mr. Luttrell,[5] some Magniacs and Lady Holland; and to-day are expecting Dawson-Damer, Miss Elphinstone, Rogers,[6] and one or two other men. Sir J. Hobhouse was coming, but Lady Holland wrote to him suggesting her intention to go back with him and pass a few days at his house; upon which he wrote to Lord Lansdowne this morning to excuse himself, and begged it might be mentioned in general terms that he had left the country. Barring the inconvenience of her servants, I don't think she is disagreeable in a country house. She has got her *whiskey*,[7] and takes care of herself all morning; she is very willing to talk, and make talk, in the evening, and she plays her three rubbers of whist like any other old lady—horribly badly, but with great interest. It was so like her: George [8] scolded her for playing some wrong card, and she said, 'Yes, I know you wanted trumps, but my system at whist is to distrust my partner. In fact, I like to thwart him because I hate the way in which he draws the good cards out of my hands.' . . .

Lord Normanby, who had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1835-39), wrote to Clarendon on 17th December

[1] They did not stay so long, for a few months later the Hon. James Kenneth Howard married Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice.

[2] She did so in following April. She was the widow of Lord Lansdowne's eldest son.

[3] Tom Moore, the poet.

[4] Henry Hallam, historian.

[5] Henry Luttrell, wit and society-bard, author of *Letters to Julia*, etc.

[6] Samuel Rogers, poet.

[7] A kind of light carriage.

[8] Lord Auckland.

announcing his intention of moving an amendment to the Address in the coming session upon the subject of Irish affairs.

The Speech, said he, will be intended to pledge parliament to some strong declaration against Repeal, which, if we [the Whigs] wish to preserve our influence in Ireland, we must accompany by some phrases much more decided than they will put in as to 'perfect union being only founded on equal rights.' *I* go the whole length (and so, I was glad to find, does the Duke of Bedford) of saying, whilst I would *not* repeal the Union, I would open the whole terms of it to reconsideration.

To both of these propositions Clarendon vigorously demurred, expressing his objections in a very long and closely reasoned letter, from which the following extracts will bear perusal at this day. It will be remembered that two years' employment in Dublin had admitted him to some familiarity with Irish conditions.

22*nd December* 1843.—There cannot be a doubt that, with reference to your connexion with Ireland (upon which it must be now every day more gratifying to you to look back) and your absence last year, as well as with reference to the obloquy attempted to be cast on your government, and the wretched failure of Lord de Grey's, you *must* be the person best qualified and most called on to take a prominent part next session in the unavoidable and indispensable discussion upon Irish affairs. It is, however, a matter of great doubt whether you should at once begin by an amendment to the address. In taking this or any other step, you wish, of course, to be governed by the consideration—first and foremost, that which is most for the real advantage of Ireland; and next, that which is best for the Liberal party. . . . In the House of Lords we may reckon upon an infinitesimal attendance of the daily dwindling Liberal party; whereas the well-disciplined Tories are sure to be in numbers. Not to divide on an amendment, or to be beaten by 3 or 2 or 1, would have a bad effect, and the session would throw off with a triumph to the government on the question where they are most vulnerable. However, upon this point it is for you and others, who have more parliamentary experience than I possess, to determine.

With respect to Ireland, I confess I don't see any way clearly thro' the difficulties of dealing with her, which are immensely greater and more complicated than even when you took her in hand. I feel only the instinctive caution of a blind man groping his way among rocks and precipices. Of this I am sure, however, that, as the same weight will be given in Ireland to every word that falls from you as if you were at the Home Office [1] and prepared to act upon your opinions, it will be necessary to speak under a full sense of the responsibility attaching to all you say, and that generalities liable to misconstruction, and expectations incapable of fulfilment, should be most carefully avoided: in short, that nothing should be urged upon the government, nor even shadowed forth, however dimly, by you in the form of suggestion, that you would not be desirous of carrying into effect if on the following day you were called to the administration of Irish affairs.

I know you will not object to my thus thinking aloud to you, because . . . nobody wishes more sincerely than I do to see you *dominer la situation*, and because these thoughts occurred on reading one or two passages in your own and Brady's [2] interesting letters. He speaks of '*bona fides* in working the united institutions of the country,' and you say that 'perfect union can only be founded on equal rights.' Now, in theory this is of course unobjectionable—as an argument it is unanswerable; but the question you have to consider is what would be the practical working of perfectly equal political rights—what would be their result some 5 or 10 or 20 years hence? If, from your knowledge of the Irish character, you feel convinced that they would be productive of harmony in Ireland and good will towards England, then there can be no doubt about the propriety of urging them upon the government. But if, as there is some reason to fear, these equal rights would be converted into weapons of offence against England, and made ancillary to the deep-rooted aversion to the English connexion, and to that intense desire for separation which is the only meaning of repeal, then I think that no object of popularity in Ireland nor of hostility to the government at home should induce the Liberal party to push these apparently just claims too far, especially as it may be retorted upon us that it was not our way of dealing with the agitation in 1831. . . .

[1] Ireland was then administered from the Home Office.
[2] Chief Justice of Ireland.

When I say this, of course I do not mean to exclude many necessary reforms—municipal, magisterial, electoral, etc., but I think to give perfectly equal rights where education, influences and civilisation are widely dissimilar may produce very different results in Ireland to what those rights do in England. . . .

You say also that, while you would not repeal the Union, you would open the whole terms of it to reconsideration; but I feel certain that, if you made such a declaration, the time would come (and soon, too) when you would regret it; for an inch given in that direction would be an invitation to demand the ell. If you reconsider the Union, it must be for the Irish and with the Irish, and they would render it subservient to separation and all the visionary benefits they have been taught to believe must flow from that act of national suicide. If they are to have their way, or even a voice, in this process of reconsideration, it would promote the downfall of England, which I look upon as synonymous with separation from Ireland. . . . It would be hazardous, in my opinion, to make any admission that would look as if it were a question, or as if any doubt existed about it in English minds. . . . To produce any great and useful effect in or out of Parliament, in Ireland or in England, you must carry with you that weight of public opinion, which has its source in the middle classes and the thinking majority of the people of England; this is not to be acquired with respect to Ireland but by some practical cure for the long-standing maladies of that country. . . . You have naturally far better sources of information than I possess; but, before an amendment is decided on, you must be sure that the case against the government is extremely bad *according to English feeling*. Proofs and facts are necessary when so dexterous a dodger as Peel is to be assailed in person. . . . The dismissal of the magistrates will be brought forward again; but upon that I always thought that, altho' it was a useless, stupid, irritating proceeding, there was really in the policy of it no very great difference from that pursued by Fortescue. His decree of exclusion of repealers from civil office or government patronage reduces the difference to an almost imperceptible point. If he was right in doing that, it is difficult to prove that Peel was wrong in suffering his Chancellor to supersede the magistrates who aided and abetted repeal, and this would certainly be considered a reply after the fashion of party fighting.

The time was not far distant when Clarendon himself was to be taken severely to task for precisely similar interference with the magistracy.

Peel's administration was running its course with reasonable smoothness. The remedial measure promoted by Lord Ashley (better remembered under his later style as Earl of Shaftesbury) prohibiting the employment of women and children in mines and collieries, met with little opposition in either House, and the Factories Act of 1844 was far more vigorously resisted by Lord Howick and other Liberals and by John Bright and other Radicals, than by Conservative capitalists. The third reading was passed by a majority of 129 votes. In 1844 Charles Villiers's annual motion for the total abolition of the Corn Duties was met by Mr. Gladstone, as President of the Board of Trade, moving a direct negative. 'If Parliament,' he said, 'consented to continue arguments on the subject, such a course would be fatal to every interest in the country, therefore fatal to public credit. I claim stability for the decision of Parliament.' Villiers received the support of only 124 votes for his motion, while 328 votes were cast against it —majority 204. On that question the position of the government seemed impregnable.

Beyond the seas affairs assumed a more threatening aspect; war clouds were stooping low across the Straits of Dover. Queen Isabella of Spain, whom it had been the policy of the Whigs to establish on the throne, came of legal age in 1843, and husbands had to be found for her and her sister Maria Luisa. Here was the opportunity for Louis Philippe and his minister Guizot to establish the long-coveted ascendency in the Peninsula by marrying one or both of these princesses to one or both of the French King's sons—the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Montpensier. It is somewhat difficult in the present day to discern how British interests could be compromised by this alliance. England was on friendly terms with both France and Spain; why should such friendliness be threatened by the prospect of a son of the House of Orleans ascending the throne of Spain? In the 'forties, Whig

and Tory were of one mind that such a thing could not be allowed. So great was the importance attached to hindering the scheme that in August 1845 Queen Victoria, accompanied by her Secretary-of-State, Lord Aberdeen, met Louis Philippe and M. Guizot at Château d'Eu, and received there solemn assurance that no French prince should marry Queen Isabella, nor yet the Infanta Maria Luisa until Queen Isabella should have found a husband elsewhere and borne a child.

Henry Southern, who had gone out to Madrid with George Villiers (now Lord Clarendon) as private secretary and was at this time secretary of Legation at Lisbon, gave his quondam chief a curious account of the august conclave at Château d'Eu. The letter covers no fewer than forty-four closely written pages of note-paper, whence a few extracts retain some interest even at this distance of time.

LISBON, *3rd January* 1844.— . . . Are you aware of what passed at Eu ? I have all the details from Olozaga, who studied to arrive at the exact truth culled from the relations of Louis Philippe, Guizot and Leopold, who all gave him the most ample details of the important conversation, and also from Lord A[berdeen]'s confidential communications to Sancho.[1]

One morning, out in the country after a breakfast in tents, when other sources of amusement had failed, Louis Philippe, Victoria, Guizot and Lord A. found themselves seated *by accident* round a small table alone. A pause, as if of weariness, took place, when L. P. opened the subject of the marriage of the Queen of Spain. 'Here we are,' said he, 'without an object to interest us for the moment, precisely the persons who ought to settle the matter, and we can talk of it without formality and without compromise. What passes here may conduce to an excellent understanding, highly important to all Europe, and can do no harm ; for what is it, after all, but conversation ? I have been accused of selfish views with regard to this marriage. Something of this is true. After I found that the object I had at heart at one time was impracticable, namely, the marriage of the Queen of Spain with the son of Don Carlos, as a father, as sincerely interested in the happiness of the Queen and in the prosperity of Spain, I conceived the wish of marrying her to the

[1] Lord Aberdeen was Foreign Secretary at the time.

Duc d'Aumale.[1] On all accounts that marriage seemed to me desirable, etc. etc.; but the project, once so dear, I have abandoned for ever—a sacrifice to the peace of Europe and the wishes of my allies, etc. The Duke also has a large fortune, a brilliant *avenir*, etc. . . . and I have resolved that his future shall not be involved in all the risks attending the connexion.'

Upon this Lord Aberdeen spoke, saying with the greatest apparent satisfaction he was rejoiced to hear this determination from the lips of His Majesty; that he believed, were it generally known, that the most beneficial results would follow, and he begged that H. M. would make it known to all Europe. Whereupon L. P. fell into a pretended passion, saying to Lord A., 'was it not enough that he had said it? Why was he to be doubted? Why were false motives to be attributed to him? Had he not avowed his former intentions and with equal frankness his actual feelings?'

Lord A. assured H. M. that his observation arose from no feeling of doubt, but simply from the desire he entertained that H. M.'s real feelings and wishes should be known, and that no mistake should be made respecting them. Whereupon H. M. became gracious again, and resumed that as he was prepared to make the sacrifice, something ought to be conceded to him in return, and that was what he had meant by M. Pugeot's mission. The husband of the Queen of Spain ought to be a Bourbon. Lord A. either made no opposition, or assented, I am not quite clear which. I incline to the latter; but Victoria said, 'Why not a Prince of Germany or some different line from that of Bourbon?' She avowed that she had hoped the choice might have fallen on Leopold Cobourg. L. P. took up the idea jocosely, and put down poor Vic. rather indelicately. Looking at her with his ineffable smile, he said nothing could be more *natural* than the Queen of England's idea: she only recommended what she had tried and approved herself, and having *taken it* herself and found it *do her good*, what more fit than she should recommend it to her sister of Spain! 'Seriously, however,' he resumed, 'the Cobourgs are now mine; the fortunes of that fine branch of the house have occupied my attention. *Pierde le cuidado*: a brilliant future awaits him; let those who love him confide in me and in France,' etc. etc.

Having thus confined the question to the Bourbons, he said, 'As we have nothing better to do, let us run over the list of

[1] His son.

candidates. 1. Son of Don Carlos—impossible—the party of Don Carlos in Spain has expired: why rescuscitate it? 2. The sons of Don Francisco: this would have been the most natural and easiest solution of the question, but—but—the family have allied themselves with the enemies of the house; the *drapeau* of Don Francisco's party is the republican democracy, etc. 3. Duke of Lucca: Austrian, weak, insignificant personally, etc. 4. The young brother of Queen Cristina,[1] here he made his election and had a great deal to say in its favor, though of very little value. Lord A., however, delighted to have escaped from a son, was glad to accept a nephew, and it seemed agreed on all hands that this was the best solution of this most difficult business.

Then as to the choice between the Duke of Aguilar and Count Grapani, L. P. seemed to be aware that neither one nor other was a trump, and as there was a difficulty with regard to the elder, he preferred the younger, though he had received the tonsure and was bred up a Jesuit. 'But,' said he, 'the way to make him popular in Spain will be to *make him run away from the college one night and give out that he swears he will have nothing to do with the Jesuits!*' (L. P. all over.)

All this being satisfactorily settled, it became necessary that the pill should be made acceptable to the Spaniards. For this purpose Olozaga was deemed by L. P. to be the right man, and L. P. and Cristina set to work upon him. . . .

The remaining stages of this abortive piece of diplomacy lie outside the limits of the present narrative; but before laying aside the bundle of Southern's letters in this year, the following extract may be made, showing how transient had been the improvement in the domestic affairs of Spain, and how vain had been the hopes founded on the character of young Queen Isabella. Zurbani was a Carlist leader.

2nd December 1844.— . . . You will have heard that the second son of Zurbani—the cub he loved the dearest of all—has been shot, and Oribe, the Captain-General, deposed because he did not shoot him without a reference to Madrid. The boy's mother and a deputation of the principal people of the province of [*illegible*] flew to Madrid and threw themselves on their knees at the foot of the staircase as the little Queen and her mother

[1] Queen Dowager of Spain.

passed to the carriage. The great hall and corridor and court were full of the Madrid people shouting for mercy. Pardon, pardon! rang through the whole palace; but the little daughter of Ferdinand VII.—*impavida*—passed on with—'Esto es cosa de los ministros.' The Queen-Mother, poor thing, wept—and wept aloud. How accomplished an actress! because she really feels the part. . . . The Progresistas are daily acquiring an abhorrence of the little Queen, and all seems to indicate a reign like that of her father. . . .

The 'Spanish marriages' imbroglio was not solved until Peel had ceased to be Minister; but before that had taken place, the military and naval preparations in France, coupled with the deplorable unpreparedness of British armaments, had become the source of grave concern to men of both parties. In 1845 Palmerston reproached the government for allowing the national defences to decay. Peel replied in terms of such complacent optimism that the Duke of Wellington determined he should know the truth upon 'this great and important subject, compared with which all other interests in the country are mere trifles,' and, not for the first time nor yet the last, addressed to him a grave warning of the risks to which Great Britain was being exposed[1] through what Sir Francis Doyle deplored as 'the apathy and passive treason of successive administrations in neglecting national defences.'[2] Clarendon fully shared these apprehensions, although not aware of the form or frequency of the Duke's remonstrance to the head of the government. Dr. Robert Ferguson, an old and intimate friend of the Villiers family, having written to describe a dinner party at Apsley House, received the following reply from Clarendon:—

GORHAMBURY, *9th September* 1845.— . . . Many thanks for your sketch to the life of the ducal repast, which amused me very much. I should have liked to hear his opinions upon French invasion, for that is the subject which goes between me and my rest. Things are tending that way; the press, which is public opinion in France, is preparing for the quarrel with England, which some Queen Pomare or King Short will involve

[1] *Peel Letters*, iii. 205.

[2] *Reminiscences and Opinions*, p. 326.

us in; whilst L. Philippe, with all his friendly professions and his *entente cordiale* is exciting his countrymen to break the peace by his cumulative preparations for war. In the mean time we absolutely play into their hands and provoke attack by our *incurie* and defenceless condition. I am sure the D. of Wellington must feel this; and, as I quite agree with you upon his remarkable foresight, I cannot conceive why he does not insist with his colleagues that some preparation, or at least a show of it, should be made against a catastrophe which seems so probable. However averse Peel might be to the expense, or rather the unpleasant night or two it might give him in the H. of C., yet the D. of W.'s word would be law upon such subjects if he spoke out, and I should be sorry to share the responsibility he now incurs by not doing so. . . .

Undoubtedly serious as was the situation arising out of the petty squabble over the Spanish marriages, it was one not beyond the power of Peel's strong government to grapple with; but be statesmen as resolute and far-sighted—the resources of civilised states as ample and accessible—as they may, the fortune of parties and the destiny of nations remain ultimately dependent upon physical agencies which no human sagacity can avert or control. In August 1845 a field of potatoes was found to be affected by a blight hitherto unknown. By the middle of October the entire crop in France, Holland, southern England and Ireland was found to be destroyed by the same fungus. Now in Ireland the potato had become the staple food of the peasantry, as important to them as wheat was to the English and as oatmeal once was to the Scots. In Great Britain total loss of the potato crop meant a heavy loss to many farmers, but in Ireland it was the sure herald of famine.

'The one remedy,' wrote Peel to Goulburn [1] on 18th October, 'will be the removal of impediments to the free import of those articles of which human food consists. . . . The temporary remission of all duties on corn is, in the present state of public feeling, tantamount to the permanent and total remission of those duties. Once remitted, they will never be re-established.' [2]

[1] Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] *Peel Letters*, iii. 226.

When the cabinet met on 31st October Peel announced that he considered it imperatively necessary to relax the restrictions upon cereal imports in face of the impending scarcity in Ireland. Of his fourteen colleagues, four only received this announcement without dismay and dissent. Wellington held that 'a good government for the country was more important than Corn Laws or any other consideration'; he hated tampering with them, but would stand by his chief. So, with conviction, would Aberdeen, Graham, and Sidney Herbert. The rest were mute or mutinous.[1] Lord John Russell saw that his opportunity had come. Hitherto, as the scion of a great agricultural house, he had withstood the projects of the Anti-Corn Law League at least as stiffly as Peel. On 22nd November he issued a letter to his constituents announcing his thorough conversion to the principles of the League and denouncing the relief already afforded as utterly inadequate. On 2nd December Lord Stanley and the Duke of Buccleuch resigned; on the 6th Peel went to Osborne to ask the Queen to relieve him of office.

Clarendon, it will be remembered, had expressed himself quite as strongly as anybody against the total repeal of the Corn Duties.[2] It is not known how far he approved of Lord John's *volte-face*, or how far he was prepared to follow him under stress of circumstance. One thing is certain, namely, that he disapproved of any attempt by the Whigs to form a ministry at that time.

Having accepted Peel's resignation, the Queen sent for Lord John, who, returning from Osborne on 12th December, asked the Lords Palmerston, Cottenham, and Clarendon, and Mr. Macaulay to meet at his house in Chesham Place. Clarendon expressed a strong opinion that Lord John should not undertake to form a government without previously having a clear and exact understanding both as to what Peel's projected measure was and what degree of support a Liberal Ministry would receive from Peel and

[1] Mr. Gladstone had left the government in January through disagreement with the proposal to increase the grant to Maynooth College from £9000 to £39,000.

[2] See page 238 *supra*.

his party if one were formed to carry that measure. Macaulay agreed with Clarendon; Palmerston was not very decided one way or another; Cottenham was eager that Russell should accept the undertaking at once.

Peel declined to communicate the details of his measure to Lord John; indeed, it is doubtful whether he had decided upon its exact scope, so great had been the opposition in his cabinet when he had first indicated the general nature of his intentions. Through Sir James Graham, however, Lord John received information that the scheme provided for the immediate suspension of the Corn Laws for a time, and for the resumption of the duties so soon as the immediate distress had been relieved, preparatory to their total repeal at no distant period. Lord John held numerous subsequent meetings with his friends, and on the 18th, after receiving a letter from Peel promising general support to a measure of repeal, but refusing to pledge himself or his party as to details. By a majority of votes, ten to five, the meeting decided, to Clarendon's 'infinite and sincere grief,' that Lord John should accept office. Russell voted with the majority; Lansdowne, Bedford, Auckland and Clarendon in the minority.

Next day, the 19th, they reassembled to arrange places and proceedings. First, they spent three hours discussing what the great bill was to be. When that was over—'Now,' said Lord John, 'I must see some of you gentlemen separately. I will see Howick [Lord Grey] first.' Lord John and Grey were closeted together for about forty minutes; then Grey reappeared, limped through the room and left the house without speaking to any one. Lord Auckland was summoned next; then Clarendon and Edward Ellice, who learnt that Lord Grey had positively declined to join the government if Palmerston was to be Foreign Secretary. Lord John asked them whether they thought he could go on without Lord Grey; they all agreed that he could not, for a reason which seems strange in the twentieth century, namely, the extreme weakness of their party in the House of Lords. Russell had previously told Palmerston frankly enough the objections entertained in

many quarters against his returning to the Foreign Office; at the same time he told him that he should make him the offer of that office, sincerely hoping in his heart that he would take the hint and be content to take something else. Palmerston, however, was not disposed to go out of his way to please Lord Grey or anybody else. He told Lord John he would have the Foreign Office or nothing. Ellice—*le grand faiseur*—was despatched after Lord Grey to try and reconcile him to the inevitable, and the distribution of the other offices went forward. Clarendon was to be President of the Board of Trade, and Russell was to invite Cobden to accept the Vice-Presidency. But Ellice failed in his mission. When Russell told Palmerston that one of his colleagues had declined office because he (Palmerston) would have the Foreign Office, his answer was that, such being the case, it became still more imperative for him to take that place and no other.

And thus did this attempt at Cabinet-making fall through. Lord John returned to Windsor on the 20th to resign his commission, and Peel very unwillingly resumed the head of affairs.

The upshot of the crisis gave Emily Eden the opportunity of letting off a fierce blast of Whig steam against Sir Robert Peel. Charles Greville has paid honest tribute to Peel's conduct at this time,[1] but he could not get Miss Eden to view it in any but a party light.

Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Clarendon.

Entercombe, Blackheath [1846].— . . . What I particularly write for to-day is that I know Mr. C. Greville is to be with you to-morrow, and though you never will own it, I just ask you if you ever saw so rabid a Tory—so outrageous a Peelite, or any man so bent on running down the Whigs as he is; the latter ceremony being useless and supererogatory under present circumstances. He came to see me on Thursday. I must say *at* my own provocation, as I wanted some news to tell Lord Auckland, and it turned out *to* my own provocation. His head is turned with Sir Robert [Peel], who is not only the greatest

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd series, ii. 324-5.

minister of the day and the most powerful, but the most honest! He is enchanted with all those shabby dogs who have swallowed their opinions whole, justifying them because the question was on the new ground of standing by the Queen; and besides—'they are following the Duke,' so they must be right (if anybody can tell the provocation that ridiculous de-Ros-ish argument is, they would kindly [not] bring it forward so often—or perhaps they would say nothing else). He had no doubt Sir Robert would bring forward a much stronger measure than he had at first thought. He could carry anything, the confidence of the country must be so unbounded in him (I really could hardly believe he was talking of the same vacillating, dishonest, inconstant man everybody has been abusing the last month): the Whigs were done for for ever, and, to crown all, Quilp had been with him, and Mr. Greville had almost persuaded himself that *he* was in the right; but he broke down when he tried to reduce that assurance into facts. No! I think, as I always did, that he [Greville] is the worst enemy the Whigs have, and I wish you would not trust him so much. But his opinion is so far valuable that he generally turns out wrong! I should like to write down his predictions when he is in one of these *tête-montée* states. He sees everything thro' such a false halo. I believe Sir Robert will try a much more moderate measure. And as for the Whigs, some of them are very angry now, but a week of parliament will bring them all together again without the burden of Quilp. Mr. Greville talked himself so hoarse that he was obliged to drink a quantity of water. *I* was not the least thirsty, for he never would let me put in a word; till, as he was putting on his greatcoat, I contrived to roar out—'I still think Sir Robert very dishonest, and the men who have come back to him the shabbiest and meanest of creatures.' But I don't think he heard me. Please don't tell him I said all this, because it was goodnatured of him to come and tell me the news, but aggravating to the last degree.

Upon no period of recent British history, not even that of the great Reform Bill, has more ink been spilt or more ample information provided, than upon the events of 1846. It is unnecessary, therefore, to dwell upon them in this place. All Peel's former colleagues, including the Duke of Buccleuch, resumed office with him, except Lord Stanley, who remained obdurate, his place at the Colonial Office

being filled by Mr. Gladstone. Nevertheless a cleft had been driven wide and deep through the Tory party, henceforward to consist of two wings, sometimes acting in common, oftener in hostility to each other—Peelites and Protectionists. Peel had won the confidence of his Sovereign,[1] but sacrificed that of his party. The extent of the defection was shown by the first critical division on the corn duties, when only 112 Conservatives voted in the majority of 337. Peel carried the third reading of his Corn Bill on 15th May by 327 votes to 229 ; his old colleague Stanley led the opposition to it in the Lords, where it was saved by the action of the Duke of Wellington.

Meanwhile the distress in Ireland had become appalling, and was accompanied by its usual concomitant of savage crime. Recourse was had to one of those temporary repressive measures with which Parliament was so painfully familiar until Lord Salisbury found courage to pass a permanent Peace Preservation Act in 1887. The Coercion Act of 1846 opened for Protectionists the road to vengeance, to Lord John Russell the way to victory. On 26th June, the very day whereon the Corn Bill received a third reading in the House of Lords without a division, Ministers were defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of 73, and Peel resigned at once.

[1] See the Queen's letter to King Leopold, 23rd December 1845, *et passim*.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST WHIG CABINET

> 'The Whigs of this time were men of intellectual refinement; they had a genuine regard for good government and a decent faith in reform; but when we chide the selfishness of machine politicians hunting office in modern democracy, let us console ourselves by recalling the rapacity of our oligarchies.'
>
> MORLEY'S *Gladstone*, i. 446.

ON Monday 29th June 1846 there was a notable gathering of Whig magnates at Lord John Russell's house in Chesham Place. The subject of discussion was the formation of a new ministry, and whereas the people of the United Kingdom had, theoretically, been governing themselves for fourteen years, the meeting might have been thought somewhat too aristocratic for the matter in hand. It is true that the House of Commons was represented by two individuals —Lord John himself and Lord Palmerston—but the hereditary principle preponderated in the persons of my lords Lansdowne, Clarendon, Cottenham and Minto. So far were these high-born statesmen from admitting that self-government by the people signified more than that the people should provide suitable majorities for their government by properly qualified personages.

Moreover, the very first question to be decided at this meeting was whether another peer, Lord Grey to wit, should be invited to join the Cabinet; for his refusal to serve with Palmerston as Foreign Secretary had been fatal to Lord John's attempt to form a government in the foregoing December. This delicate question having been settled in the affirmative, Lord Grey[1] was offered and accepted the Colonial Office, expressing contrition for having made difficulties in the past.

[1] Henry George, third Earl Grey (1802-94), who, as Lord Howick, had sat in the House of Commons 1826-41, and held office in the ministries of his father and of Lord Melbourne. He succeeded to the earldom at his father's death in 1845.

Next it fell to be decided whether such Peelites as Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lincoln,[1] and Sidney Herbert should be offered places, and lastly (for even Whigs must move with the times) whether Cobden should be admitted to the Cabinet.

The Peelites settled the first of these questions for themselves, for the three men above-named declined to desert Sir Robert Peel, though they gave assurance of cordial support to the free-trade policy of the new government.

But the suggestion of Cobden as a colleague proved more than these proud Whigs could stomach. Clarendon pressed hard for it, but was alone in doing so. The utmost he could obtain from the others was that decision should be postponed. Though he was far less advanced in his views than his brother Charles, he recognised the new force that had been brought into being by the Reform Act, which he foresaw would prove a very Frankenstein to its creators unless an effort at fusion should be made successfully. He went home and drafted the following memorandum on the subject for the consideration of his haughty colleagues :—

There is nothing which more requires the true conservative process of reform than the Whig party. For years past its vitality and vigor have been fading; the roots it formerly struck into the country have withered; it no longer derives strength from public sympathy. It is considered to be aristocratical in its opinions, exclusive in its personnel, and guided by past historical reminiscences rather than by present public opinion. As a political party it is thought to be nearly effete, and, as the means of governing, a matter of history rather than of fact. Its reconstruction upon a far broader basis is now indispensable, and though the present moment is one of singular difficulty, yet on the other hand it does afford great means for forming a powerful administration. With tact, decision and promptness the scattered fragments of parties now floating about might be collected together and united; out of present chaos might spring something at least approaching to that order and harmony which all reasonable men now desire.

A fusion, so far as practicable with some of the Peelite party and some of the extreme Free-traders, would be a symptom that the Whig party recognised that their present position was

[1] Succeeded as fifth Duke of Newcastle in 1851.

owing to accident, and not to any general wish of the country to see them in power. This would at once excite the sympathy and call forth the support of those sections of the community best able to confer strength upon a government under the present peculiar circumstances—in fact, to constitute a government fairly representing the industrial mind and conservative progress of the country. Nothing should be done to offend or alarm the aristocracy or the landed interest, but all attempts to conciliate them or to render them reliable supporters of Lord John Russell's government will fail, unless a stand-still, if not a retrograde policy be adopted, which must inevitably estrange that class of persons and opinions upon which all future governments must depend. The country will not stand still: an impetus has been given to men's minds that cannot be checked: wants and hopes have been excited that must be satisfied; commercial, financial and social reforms have been commenced and must be continued. The aristocracy—the party that has already announced its intention to promote a backward agitation, and hopes in two years to acquire strength sufficient to govern the country upon the principle of undoing all that has been done with much difficulty and sacrifice—cannot lend itself to the labors which a Liberal government has on hand. During the last five months this party has shown itself ignorant and regardless of the wants and wishes of the country, and as we are bound to believe its views are incorrect and its predictions of injury are falsified by events, time will diminish its power instead of giving it the strength it expects to gain, and it will consequently become an element of weakness as well as an unceasing drag upon the government which looks to it for support. No voluntary aid from the Protectionists should be rejected, but none should be courted by any futile attempt at shaping the policy of the government to meet their objects. They now profess to be disinterested: they ask nothing for themselves: they pretend a desire to repair the injustice of 1841 and a readiness to support the only government now possible under existing circumstances. They are not sincere: with ulterior views such as they entertain, they cannot honestly or with reference to their own interests support the policy which it is the duty of Lord John Russell to pursue. They already have indicated their wishes: they have expressed a hope that Mr. Cobden may not form part of the government, for they know the irreparable mischief which his exclusion would do Lord J. R. in the towns and among the classes where we must naturally look for support. They know

that this would produce lukewarmness and subsequent secession on the part of many Liberals, which would leave the Protectionists masters of the field, able to dictate their own terms to Lord J. R., who must either succumb to them, or, through his own weakness, relinquish the task he has undertaken. They think they would then be the only indispensable party, because the only one possessing strength enough to form an administration; but in this they would be deceived, for all this time Sir R. Peel would not be idle or unobservant of the trap set for Lord J. R. He has not broken up his party and embarked on a *middle-class* policy without being prepared to carry it out to its full results, altho' he may do so in his own peculiar and furtive way. If he perceives any retrograde or stand-still symptoms in Lord J. R., he will outbid him a little as he has already been much outbidden by Lord J. R.; but that little will always be sufficient to rally round him the free-traders, manufacturers and middle classes, who are already better disposed to him than to Lord J. R., because they think him more squeezable and more likely to carry out the system of direct taxation which they are bent upon establishing. The composition of the Cabinet is therefore of the utmost importance as indicative of its policy. Should the names of its members not satisfy public expectation, and should its acts fall short of public requirements, the dissolution of Parliament will create a new and independent Peelite party, which will be held to represent national progress and bid fair to extinguish the Whigs, as a party, for ever.

The effect of this lecture was that a middle course was taken. Lord John wrote to Cobden explaining that he would not invite him to join the Cabinet just then, understanding that he was about to set out on continental travel; but expressing a hope (which may or may not have been sincere) that when he returned he might be induced to take office.[1]

Clarendon himself took his place in what proved to be the last Whig government as President of the Board of Trade, but his tenure of that office was destined to be brief, and there remain in his correspondence few traces of his experience therein.

[1] Lord Palmerston offered Cobden the Presidency of the Board of Trade in 1859, but he declined it, having been, as he said, 'for the last twelve years the systematic and constant assailant of the principle on which your foreign policy has been carried on.' The Tories accounted for his refusal of office by saying that a dog can't bark with a bone in its mouth.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

1*st July* 1846.—Lord Grey has thought better of it, and, altho' Pam. took the F. O., Grey accepted the Colonial Office, which Clarendon was to have had if Grey remained obdurate. . . .

31*st*.— . . . Dined at Gloucester House. . . . I sat at dinner between the Duke of Devonshire and Prince George of Cambridge. The former told me a funny anecdote about Rachel. . . . The Comte d'Aumale was much *épris* with Rachel and sent her the following note composed of three words—'*Quand? où? combien?*' to which she answered—'*Demain—chez moi—rien!*' The Duke added—'When you tell Clarendon the story, tell him that Mrs. Lamb [1] told me.'

Ministers had but a few weeks of the session and they applied them to dealing with the sugar duties. Peel, in his policy of reducing taxation upon all articles of food, irrespective of their origin, had made an exception in the case of sugar, giving the produce of British colonies, where labour was free, a preferential tariff over that from Cuba and Brazil, where the plantations were worked by slaves. The duty on slave-grown sugar was practically prohibitive —63s. a hundredweight, that on colonial sugar 23s. 4d. Lord John Russell fixed the duty on all sugar alike at 21s. per cwt. in 1847, to be progressively reduced to 15s. 6d. by 1851. It was difficult to reconcile this rigid application of free-trade principles with the position of Great Britain as the leader in the crusade against the slave-trade; and so Lord Clarendon found when, after the bill had passed the Commons with a final majority of 130, he undertook its conduct through the Lords, for he had ranged against him opponents to the measure so far asunder in party politics as Lord Stanley and Lord Brougham. However, it was late in the season; noble lords had gone off to the country, and twenty-eight votes sufficed to carry the bill against an opposition of ten.

The two chief sources of anxiety to Russell's Cabinet were the angry feeling against Great Britain which prevailed in France, and the increasing distress and disorder in Ireland. Lord Grey had joined the government on

[1] Widow of the Hon. George Lamb, Melbourne's youngest brother. Her maiden name was St. Jules.

receiving Lord John's assurance that he would 'exercise a control over the Foreign Office and secure the Cabinet against any imprudence of Palmerston's.' [1] Grey must either have been very anxious to be satisfied, or have very imperfectly understood Palmerston's character, for Palmerston took his own line as independently as ever. Before Peel's fall, while he was still leader of the Opposition, he had gone over to Paris to make friends with King Louis Philippe and his minister Guizot. He did not succeed very well, for his advent to office in June fanned the smouldering fire of ill-will to England which his Eastern policy of 1840 had kindled, and destroyed the better relations which had been established by the visit of Queen Victoria and Lord Aberdeen to the French King. Louis Philippe had pledged his kingly word at Château d'Eu that the Duc de Montpensier should not marry the Infanta of Spain until her elder sister, Queen Isabella, had married and borne children. Whether from sheer distrust and dislike of Palmerston or from mere anxiety for a dynastic union with Spain, Louis Philippe and Guizot broke their promise, and arranged that Queen Isabella should marry her cousin the Duque de Cadiz, who was believed to be incapable of becoming a father, and, on the same day, the Infanta Maria Luisa should wed the Duc de Montpensier.

Palmerston was determined to prevent this gross breach of faith. Without consulting the Prime Minister or his other colleagues, he told the French Ambassador, M. de Saint-Aulaire, that he would withdraw the British Ambassador from Paris. To the British Minister at Madrid, Sir Henry Bulwer, he sent a list of eligible husbands for Queen Isabella, the first name on the list being that of Prince Leopold of Coburg. Now Prince Leopold was Prince Albert's cousin, and Louis Philippe, not unnaturally, suspected Palmerston of a design to establish British ascendency at Madrid to the exclusion of French. Palmerston aggravated the angry feeling by the tone of his despatches to Lord Normanby in Paris, written without Lord John Russell's knowledge. The marriages took place on 10th

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd series, iii. 188.

October 1846; all good understanding between the French and English governments was at an end, and it was probably only the internal upheaval in France shortly afterwards that prevented an open rupture.

Lord Brougham, ever since his exclusion from office in 1835, had made repeated attacks upon the Whigs. For some occult reason he entertained a high regard for Lord Clarendon, to whom he frequently wrote long tirades against the other Ministers. On this occasion he chose Palmerston as the object of his censure, and as Palmerston from time to time had fits of suspicion that Clarendon was intriguing against him, the following letter may serve to show how little foundation there was for that suspicion and how thoroughly loyal Clarendon was to his colleague, even when he could not approve of his policy :—

Lord Clarendon to Lord Brougham.

THE GROVE, 13*th November* 1846.—MY DEAR BROUGHAM,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, which I have not yet had an opportunity of showing, but I shall certainly do so, as I am sure that Lord Lansdowne, J. Russell and Palmerston will, like myself, appreciate the tone and spirit in which it is written. I will answer it *paragraphatim*.

You do but justice to Palmerston's *agrément* as a colleague and remarkable ability as a minister, which assures his being zealously served, and is by no means unimportant in the post he occupies.

I cannot, however, agree with you about his visit to Paris last spring. In his place, I should have gone there two years sooner, as the best means of contradicting the lies told of him. He had been represented as a sort of ogre who devoured little French children as soon as they were born, and declared war upon every Frenchman he happened to meet. He was well received, not because he cried *peccavi*, but because the French recognised their error and made amends for it in a manner that did them much credit. How his visit was to embarrass Louis Philippe in the impending elections I am at a loss to imagine; but as there has been no such majority obtained since the revolution of 1830 as the present one, either L. P. must have made a great mistake in thinking that Palmerston's presence would have any influence upon them, or he must admit that Palmerston's coming rendered him an important service.

1. Now with respect to the VOLUME, which I suppose is P.'s dispatch of 31st October which has made L. P. so angry. A dispatch—a book—or a speech may be too long if the matter is bad, or if it could with equal clearness be stated more briefly—but to my humble judgment it seems that the matter of this dispatch is good—that it could not with advantage be abridged, and that as it is not ⅓d longer than the dispatch to which it is an answer (I have compared them), I do not see that in that there exists ground for ridicule or complaint. You ask for whose eyes or satisfaction it was written? Q. Victoria's—L. Philippe's—people of France—people of England? and I answer for none of these in particular—it was written in reply to unfounded arguments, to facts misrepresented, and in order to place on record the truth with respect to the whole proceedings. I will, however, take your queries in your own order—1st, QUEEN VICTORIA—I know not what opinion she may have expressed upon the dispatch, but the fact of its having been sent denotes her approval. I do know, however, that neither she, nor her late, nor her present government, ever did or said a single thing to promote the marriage of a P. of Cobourg with the Q. of Spain, and whoever states the contrary, says, either in ignorance or malice, what is untrue. I do know what her disappointment has been at finding the friendship so ill requited which she gave with so much ingenuousness and sincerity. I do know that she would have died sooner than depart one hair's breadth from any promise she had made to the King of the French.

2. LOUIS PHILIPPE, the dispatch assuredly was not written for the paltry purpose of making him angry. That it may have had that effect is quite possible, and I will even say quite natural; for there are certain things which kings dislike, and can as ill afford to have proved as their subjects; but that is not our fault. You yourself, in the course of your life, whether as counsel or judge, must often have regretted being compelled to place individuals in a painful position; but you did not on that account flinch from the performance of solemn duties.

But, my dear Brougham, if L. P. talked with a grave face, as you say, about his sufferings on account of England in the Pritchard affair, it can only have been to laugh the more heartily in his sleeve; and if *you* received it with a grave face, I can only suppose you were in that state of fascination into which that august personage is always able to throw his listeners. The Pritchard affair, indeed! denounced as it was (and de-

served to be) by the First Minister of the Crown in the House of Commons as a gross outrage, but of which outrage, thank Heaven, not a tenth part of the grossness was known here, or John Bull, with all his apathy, would not have borne to creep out of it as he did.[1] Ask the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel what they were preparing to do upon it. Read Jarnac's dispatches for an account of public feeling in England, and he purposely understated the facts. Remember Nesselrode's mission here to place at our disposal every ship and every man of Russia, and the consequences which that would have entailed in Europe; and then think of L. P.'s talking of his sufferings on account of the Pritchard affair, which he knows was so nobly taken up in France solely for the purpose of hostilizing his unpopular Minister, who by the way, from that very unpopularity, however good his intentions may have been, has done more than any other man since the peace, to irritate the two countries against each other. And then for L. P. to talk thus to *you*, who of all men are most able to tell him what we have suffered on account not only of France but of himself—*you*, who during the 2 or 3 first years that you were in office, were constantly, with your colleagues called upon to repel attacks both in and out of Parlt. upon the French alliance and accusations of being leagued with the revolutionary government of our *natural enemies*! Where L. P. would be now, if we had been hostile, or even neutral, in 1830 I know not, but I'll engage he would not have been on the throne of France. Would Belgium have been an independent kingdom without our countenance? Would L. P.'s daughter have been Queen of it? Would the siege of Antwerp or the occupation of Ancona have been tolerated by Europe but for us? Would the engagements of the Quadruple Alliance have been violated with impunity? Could the offer to the Northern Powers of abandoning all intimate relations with England have been overlooked, if we had not determined *à tout prix* to maintain the French alliance? Verily, it is for us and not for L. P. to say, what have we got by it? All these facts are better known to you than to me, and I do therefore marvel at the King's holding such language to you, and at your apparent acquiescence in it.

3. THE FRENCH PEOPLE.—You say their joy is immense.

[1] When the French occupied Tahiti in 1843, they arrested and expelled the British consul, George Pritchard, on the charge of stirring up disaffection among the natives. The British government demanded and received an apology and indemnity.

surely not at the despatch or volume ? it had only arrived in Paris 3 or 4 days before you wrote, it had not been published, and they could not know the contents of it. But they are delighted because an advantage has been gained over us, and because L. P. has behaved ill to us ; tho' they would have been better pleased if he had done so ten times more, and made us ten times more angry. But as you then admit that we have been defeated and ill-used, will you deny us the privilege of remonstrating, or at least of stating our case ? After being smitten on the one side, do you require of our humility to turn the national cheek for a second blow ?

But you say that the Montpensier marriage was not popular till now, when it is the delight of France. As this is directly and immediately attributable to us, why should the King be so very angry ? Whatever is disagreeable and humiliating to us will, I am sure for the reasons you assign, be very pleasing to the people of France ; but I doubt their ecstasies at this marriage, for it seems to me that they have taken a broad and natural distinction between the question of national interests and that of dynasty and dowry. Moreover, most of the public men in France condemn the *légèreté* with which the English alliance has been sacrificed.

4. People of England.—I entirely agree with you that foreign policy, bible societies, corn laws, slave trade and education are matters only of occasional and secondary interest to John Bull, and that taxes, trade and peace are what he really cares about—to diminish the first, to increase the second and to secure the third, are the objects of his unceasing solicitude. But what he loves is honesty and straightforwardness in every transaction and the faithful performance of a promise. When he is deceived, he hates it all the more if he has been previously cajoled. He cares little about the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier, but he set the highest value on the French alliance, and probably imagined that the feeling was reciprocated until he found himself not worth 8 millions of francs in L. P.'s estimation. For £320,000 then (and you know that if the Infanta had been penniless none of these events would have occurred), John Bull has been set aside, and the mode in which the thing was done has offended him even more than the thing itself. He has no wish to pick a quarrel, but he is disgusted, and has lost all confidence—and this feeling, rely upon it, pervades all classes and all parties throughout the country. I never re-

member so much interest or so much unanimity upon any foreign question. Six months ago L. P. enjoyed a degree of popularity here, and there was a heartiness of good-will towards him, such as no foreigner ever possessed, but a complete reaction has now taken place, with respect both to his character and his policy.

5. AND LAST, but by no means *least*, your [step-]daughter, Lady Mallet, who, it appears, has had time, which you have not, to read the book, will tell you that whenever you have 20 minutes to spare for the purpose, you will find them amply sufficient. I always thought her one of the cleverest and most agreeable women I ever knew, and you now give me an equally high opinion of her clear-sightedness and judgment. If I was in doubt upon any international question between the two countries, I would far sooner be guided by her than by L. P.

If Molé considers the note (which for rapidity of filtration and diversity of effect must be a wonderful document) has taken from his chance of overthrowing Guizot, I infer that previously to its arrival he meditated the attempt and expected to succeed in it. Upon what ground, however, did he expect to turn against Guizot his present majority of 100 ? Upon the Montpensier marriage and the misconduct to England ? I conclude not, for *they* are the delight of France; but if it was for some other cause, I don't see what influence the note could have had. You cannot seriously have been wanting Wakeley to set upon Normanby for not going to St. Cloud. Would it have been sanity to present a book in remonstrance against the marriage one day, and on the next to present himself in compliment to its having taken place ? and as for all Europe being informed thereby that we stood alone, was there any news in that ? Have we not hitherto been (publickly at least) acting single handed ? Have not the Northern Powers stood aloof and considered that they could not interfere because they had not recognised the Q. of Spain (as they would not have recognised L. P. if they had dared and if our example had not compelled them) and because they regarded the whole affair as a quarrel between illegitimates ? If Normanby had gone to St. Cloud there would have appeared on the following day long official articles in the *Débats* and the *Presse* laughing at him, and deducing from his visit that we were now afraid, and had never been in earnest—the course he adopted, viz. to manifest a continued disapprobation of the marriage together with all due respect for every member of the Royal family, was clearly the

right one, and the manner in which it was met proved that L. P. thought so too.

One word more and I have done. Let me assure you (tho' to you who know them so well it can hardly be necessary) that no men can be more pacifically disposed towards the world in general, or have a greater desire to be on good terms with France in particular, than J. Russell, L. Lansdowne and Palmerston. The latter in the performance of his duty is, believe me, without a feeling of rancour, altho' a system has been pursued towards him by the French government such as few British ministers have ever been exposed to. No effort has been left untried to dissociate his colleagues from him, and to discredit him with the Queen, the public and his political friends, as well as opponents. The *mot d'ordre* was: 'Shake the tree and Palmerston will tumble down!' It has been wholly unsuccessful; for men of all parties are satisfied with his conduct and revolted by such foreign interference in our concerns.

For my own part, as I need not tell you, I ardently hope that the amicable relations between the two governments may be speedily re-established, and that they may be even on a firmer basis than before, as the sagacity of L. P. will point out to him the limits not to be exceeded in future in his dealings with this most tolerant nation.

You are reported to be very anti-English: I don't believe it, and I rely upon your patriotism not being shaken by your aversion to the government; and for this reason, as well as your own private satisfaction, I am glad that you are in a position of so much influence with the King, and that you tell me he never showed you so much kindness as at present. Forgive me for inflicting this volume upon you. I did not intend it when I sat down to write. Ever yours truly,

CLARENDON.

Even more disquieting than the French imbroglio, because nearer home, was the state of affairs in Ireland with which the new Ministry had to deal. Lord Bessborough, whom they appointed Lord-Lieutenant, declared that he could not be responsible for the peace of the country unless he were armed with more stringent powers than those of the ordinary law. But how could Lord John Russell call upon men who, in June, had turned out the Tories on the

question of a Coercion Bill, to vote in July for a similar measure? He did so call upon them and the measure was squeezed through a second reading; but Lord John found it expedient to drop it and to let matters in Ireland run their course.

It was in contemplation—nay, it had been determined—to abolish the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; but the state of that country, where a rank growth of sedition and crime had arisen from the deepening distress, put it out of the question to attempt constitutional and administrative changes at such a time. So when Lord Bessborough, who had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant so lately as 10th July 1846, died on 16th May 1847 a successor had to be found.

Lord Clarendon to George Cornewall Lewis.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, *May* 1847.—J. R. sent for me yesterday afternoon and proposed to me to go to Ireland; but it was done in his most cold, short, abrupt, indifferent manner—much as if he was disposing of a tide-waiter's place to an applicant. I made a string of objections and said I should take time to consider of it; but I feel much embarrassed; for, if I consent, it would seem that I was accepting a small favor instead of making a great sacrifice. . . .

Monday night.—If not inconvenient to you, I wish you would try and see Graham to-morrow morning and tell him that I wished he should know as early as possible that I was going to Ireland, that I had the greatest reluctance to accept the post and a lively sense of all the disappointment which famine, pestilence, anarchy and loss of character will entail upon me, but that I had accepted to relieve J. R. from a great embarrassment, and that I had been encouraged to overcome my repugnance by what you had told me of his [Graham's] opinion of my being poor Bessborough's successor. In short, let him understand that it is a patriotic, uncompensated sacrifice, and I should rather like him to tell Peel. You may also inform him, *but in strict confidence*, that the office will be abolished. He will understand easily why it cannot be done now, and the reasons why it should on no account be mentioned, as a cry might be got up in Ireland which would greatly increase the difficulty of carrying it. . . .

Charles Greville, usually most friendly in his interpretation of Clarendon's motives, went strangely astray in describing those which induced him to undertake the Lord-Lieutenancy. He says that he 'affected to repudiate it and to dread and dislike it, and urged the Duke [of Bedford] to go himself. I say *affected*, because it soon became very clear to me, as it did to the Duke, that Clarendon had no disinclination to go, and would, in fact, be excessively mortified and disappointed if anybody went but himself.'[1] There is a good deal more to the same effect; showing that Greville, 'who heard some secrets and invented more,' did not always put the right explanation upon what he saw and heard. He was a gouty and cynical old bachelor, whose view of men and things, though generally kindly,[2] was apt to be warped temporarily by ill health. Clarendon, whatever were his faults, and it is no part of a biographer's function to screen them, was incapable of affectation; his candour was often the source of discomfort to himself and others. He had joined the government against his own inclination in order to serve his friends; there was nothing to attract him, but much to repel him, in the alarming condition of Ireland, and his intimate correspondence bears ample testimony to the reluctance and misgiving with which he undertook the charge of that distracted country. Moreover, if anything were wanting to render that task distasteful to him, it was the fact that it had been determined to abolish the Viceroyalty on the first suitable opportunity and to replace it with a Secretaryship of State. To one who wrote to congratulate him on his appointment, Clarendon wrote in terms the reverse of sanguine.

Grosvenor Crescent, 29*th June* 1847.— . . . Incessant occupation has alone prevented my thanking you, as I ought to have done long ago, for your kind expressions, and good wishes for my success in the terrible task that has been imposed upon me. I go to Ireland without making to myself the smallest illusion as to the more than probability of failure that awaits

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd Series, iii. 85.

[2] 'A friend of many, and always a friend when most wanted.' Sir H. Taylor's *Autobiography*, i. 315.

me ; for even if I had ten times more ability than I can pretend to, I should think it almost impossible to do good where all the machinery required for the purpose is absolutely wanting.

Moreover I fear that the distress next autumn and winter will be greater than the last, and aggravated by the absence of that stream of charity, both public and private, which has flowed so liberally this year into Ireland from this country ; so that, with the revival of party spirit consequent upon a general election as a preface to famine and the anarchy it will bring, a man must indeed be sanguine who thought that the best devised measures for the regeneration of Ireland were likely to work well. I shall, however, hope to do whatever perseverance, zeal and honesty of purpose can effect. . . .

In assuming the Viceroyalty, Clarendon continued a member of the Cabinet, retaining his key ; but, of course, he could not attend the meetings, except when specially summoned for Irish business.

In taking up residence at the Viceregal Lodge, he kept all Lord Bessborough's staff and household (with one exception), letting it be known that he did so out of esteem and affection for his predecessor. The condition of the country was as bad as he had anticipated. Dan O'Connell was no more—he had died at Genoa on 15th May previous —but the removal of a personality once so potent in Ireland had not the slightest effect upon the conduct of his countrymen, over whom he had long ceased to exercise any control. 'If,' wrote Lord Clarendon to a friend, 'If he had ceased agitating when emancipation was carried, he would have been as great a man in his way as Washington ; but he continued it for purposes most mischievous as regards the people and most selfish as regards himself. His whole object was money and power ; the latter in order to make it subservient to the former.'

O'Connell's power over the people was now divided between Young Ireland—the Physical Force party—and the Moral Persuasion party, whose mutual relations were thus described with grim humour by the new Lord-Lieutenant.

The physical force men, whenever they meet for spouting, have to be escorted home by two or three hundred police, or

not one of them would escape alive from the moral persuasion party, who miss no opportunity of getting up a ferocious row. . . . Moral persuasion always waylays physical force and beats it within an inch of its life.

The Irish Poor Law of 1838 made no provision for out-door relief, which would have had to be defrayed from the rates ; so in the spring of 1847, out of a population of about 7,000,000, 734,000, or something over 10 per cent, were employed on relief works and paid by the State, involving an extraordinary expenditure of eight millions sterling, for which Sir Charles Wood made provision in his first budget by issuing a loan at 3½ per cent. Besides this, large sums were sent abroad to buy corn for the starving people.

And what kind of response did they receive who were straining every resource to relieve the distress ? Alas ! there has always been in Ireland a section of the people of almost every county, except in the north—violent and ruthless in blind revenge upon individuals less unfortunate than themselves, and able, through deadly terrorism, to force the bulk of the populace to abet, or at least to screen them. The record of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary for 1847 is one of almost incredible cruelty and crime, often committed in broad daylight before terrified witnesses. The clearest evidence failed to obtain a verdict of guilt upon assassins ; coroners' juries, indeed, freely returned verdicts of wilful murder, but only against the Prime Minister or the Lord-Lieutenant as persons responsible for the sufferings of the peasantry !

Clarendon's intimacy with Henry Reeve began about this time and continued throughout his life. Reeve had been on the staff of the *Times* since 1840, he was now four-and-thirty and, having been made responsible by John Delane for the foreign policy of that journal, his relations with Clarendon soon became confidential.

Lord Clarendon to Henry Reeve.

Viceregal Lodge, 19*th July* 1847.— . . . As yet I have no cause of complaint : men are civil and things are smooth ;

but the rub will come a month hence, when 3,000,000 persons now receiving rations are thrown upon the rates, which depend upon the resources of the country, which are *nil*! There will be work for all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men to collect the rates, which of course they won't do; and then to keep the peace, in which I have no doubt they will equally fail.

18*th September*.— . . . I have hitherto had a tolerably prosperous time here. The relief committees have given food: the harvest has given work, and a glorious summer has checked fever among the people and disease in the potatoes. But *ces beaux jours sont passés*, or nearly so, for repudiating ratepayers are to take the place of undiscriminating committees; landlords and farmers declare they can't employ labourers; doctors promise pestilence again; and if the wet weather does not destroy the potatoes, their price will place them beyond the reach of the poor, for not above one fourth of the usual amount were planted. So I look forward to a troublous winter, the difficulties of which will not be smoothed by England; for even if John Bull were willing to give, Charles Wood is unable.

The real difficulty, however, lies with the people themselves. They are always in the mud; and when they have screamed out to Hercules, they have no doubt about having done everything necessary for extricating themselves. Their idleness and helplessness can hardly be believed. Still I cannot bring myself to despair. I can already detect germs of progress, which, if they can but be protected from their numerous assailants, may ripen into something good. A spirit of exertion and self-reliance, altogether new in Ireland, is manifesting itself; landlords are beginning to bestir themselves, and to understand why hunting, drinking and mortgaging bring their estates to auction and themselves to jail.

Reeve kept a journal (often no more than a mere skeleton) and notes therein for October 1847, 'To Dublin on the 30th on a visit to Lord Clarendon, who was Lord-Lieutenant. Major Mahon murdered. Home on November 7th.' The reference is to a crime of the prevalent type. Major Mahon had incurred the displeasure of the agitators by trying to collect something out of £30,000 arrears of rent. He had received no rent at all for three years and, at his own expense, had chartered two vessels to carry some of his bankrupt tenants to America. He was shot by a couple

of masked assassins on the high road outside his own demesne in Roscommon, on his return from a meeting of the Board of Guardians.

By this time Clarendon had formed a warm friendship with his brother-in-law, George Cornewall Lewis, who became his constant correspondent. Lewis resigned his post as Poor Law Commissioner in 1847, in order to contest Herefordshire as a Liberal. He won his election, and in the following year was appointed one of the secretaries to the Board of Control under Sir John Hobhouse.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, 20*th September* 1847.— . . . I never worked so hard unremittingly as I have done for these last three months. In Spain I did on courier days; but here it is always courier day. I believe I have done my duty; but I don't know that I have done anything else, for it may be said of the Irish as Talleyrand said of Louis Philippe—one may advise him, but no man can serve him. . . . However, *nil desperandum!* as I used to say in Spain; which country has been to me an admirable apprenticeship for this one. I now shrug my shoulders and say *cosas de Irlanda* just as I used to account for every devilment there by *cosas de España*. . . .

19*th December*.—Most of the Irish members are to be managed quite as much by personal civility as by the jobs they all want to perpetrate. When they are in London they know nobody, and are sulky with their social position; but if they were occasionally treated as gentlemen they could not so often behave as blackguards. . . .

Clarendon had not been many weeks in Ireland before he became convinced of the hopelessness of maintaining even a semblance of law and order without extraordinary powers.

Lord Clarendon to Lord John Russell.

10*th November* 1847.— . . . My great object and all my anxiety are to restore order by the law as it now stands; but if I find it insufficient—if the spirit of disaffection and insubordination spreads and the present anarchical tendencies increase, I must then ask for some extraordinary powers. I am as much averse to a Coercion Bill as you can be; for I know that by the

time it is debated and mutilated in Parliament, and clamoured and written against here, it loses all moral force and is looked upon as a tyrannical abuse of power. I shall, therefore, never propose a Coercion Bill to you. If things become intolerably bad, I believe that Parliament would more willingly grant, and I am sure that this country would more willingly submit to, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus—to be acted on under the strict responsibility of the Lord-Lieutenant or the government —than any of the old or cumbrous machinery of coercion to be set at work by the local magistracy. . . .

But although disclaiming all intention of asking for coercion, Lord Clarendon went on to define as requisite certain additional powers which, had they been proposed by a Tory Government, would assuredly have been denounced as coercive. He would have power to impose a fine to be levied summarily upon the district in which robbery, violence or murder was committed; he would prohibit the possession of arms by all except householders, who should be required to take out a license for them, such arms to be registered by the police, and he would have 'penal clauses against going about at night in disguise or with blackened faces.' Two days later he forwarded to the Prime Minister the drafts of three bills to effect what he deemed necessary in addition to the suspension of Habeas Corpus, repeating his assurance that he 'desired no Coercion Bill. The objections to it are valid and numerous.'[1] Lord John replied on the 15th:

. . . We see great difficulty in carrying your Arms Bill into effect. . . . Recollect that the Coercion Acts, or, as they were called, Insurrection Acts, from the Union to 1830, and Lord Grey's Coercion Act of 1833 and Sir R. Peel's Coercion Act of 1846, were all based on the number of murders which took place during the existence of Arms Acts. In fact, I have little faith in this remedy, though no insuperable objection to it *per se*. . . . The suspension of Habeas Corpus you show might be made efficacious, provided the leaders preached against each other as you suppose. But I am not ready to bring in any restrictive law without at the same time restraining the powers of the landlord. It is quite true that landlords in England would

[1] Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, i. 464.

not like to be shot like hares and partridges by miscreants banded for murderous purposes; but neither does any landlord in England turn out fifty persons at once, and burn their houses over their heads, giving them no provision for the future. . . . I am willing to finish the contest, if it can be finished, by leaving the law to its operation, by the gradual influences of civilisation, by introducing and fostering education. But if stringent laws are required, they must bear on both sides of the contest.

There is something almost comical in the contrast between the view taken by the Prime Minister in Downing Street and the man on the spot, who was charged with the duty of protecting life and property in Ireland. The reluctance of Russell and his colleagues to act on the Lord-Lieutenant's advice was and remains intelligible enough, for he was asking for the very powers, or nearly so, which they had refused four months previously to Sir Robert Peel and had turned him out of office for demanding. Clarendon, face to face with the growing danger and the almost daily horrors, could not but feel indignant when he was bidden to rely on the 'gradual influences of civilisation' and the softening effect of a system of education which had not been introduced. He replied to Lord John with some warmth:

Viceregal Lodge, 17*th November* 1847.—My dear Lord John, —On the 13th you wrote me word that Sir G. Grey and you were of opinion that I had better have an Arms Bill drawn according to the sketch I sent you. On the 15th you told me that the more you and he consider it, the less justification do you find for an Arms Bill; and I will not disguise from you how much I am surprised, and I may add disheartened, by this; nor do I understand how any government can think it expedient to leave 300,000 arms in possession of some of the most ferocious people on earth, at the commencement of a winter when there will be great poverty and little employment, when armed outrages are increasing every day, when almost every post brings an account of some fresh murder, and when the reign of terror is so complete that all those who are unable to fly from the disturbed districts must purchase their existence by the surrender of their rights. . . . Two Sundays before Major Mahon was murdered, he was denounced by name from the altar, called *worse than a Cromwell*; 'and yet,' said the priest, '*this man lives*!' From this very

priest, however, I have seen letters for *the last ten years* to Major Mahon, blessing him for his kindness to the people and to himself; but he (M.) last year discovered some irregularities in the management of the relief fund by the priest, who then vowed vengeance against him. . . .

18*th*.— . . . I have received your letter, in which you tell me that the Cabinet has approved of the Constabulary Bill, has rejected the Arms Bill, and has not considered the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. . . . The Arms Bill is rejected upon two grounds, which prove two things: first, that the Cabinet has little or no confidence in my reports or opinions; and second, that the decision has been come to upon insufficient or incorrect information. . . . If I do not see any reasonable ground for believing that I can perform the duties of government in maintaining the law and affording some protection to life and property, I cannot, and I am sure you will not ask me to, remain here when I feel my power of usefulness is gone. . . .

By dint of daily letters to the same effect, Clarendon brought the Cabinet to face the dire necessity of the case. Especially were they unwilling to contemplate his resignation, well knowing that it was not in their power to replace him with any one of like ability and experience in popular upheaval. So they thought better of it, and a paragraph was put into the Queen's Speech asking 'the assistance of Parliament in taking further precautions against the perpetration of crime in certain counties and districts of Ireland.' It gave the Lord-Lieutenant part of the powers he had demanded, and he was frank in expressing his satisfaction, though in writing to Lord John on 30th November, he said, 'I am still afraid that your Bill will not prove sufficient and that you may get some unpopularity (only, however, from a party point of view) without effectually checking outrage.'

When Sir George Grey brought in the Bill ('which appeared to almost everybody insufficient for the object' [1]) Sir Robert Peel magnanimously refrained from retaliating upon the men who had so recently refused his request for similar powers. It was in Peel's power to do so with some

[1] *Greville Memoirs*, 2nd Series, iii. 104.

effect, for the Whigs were still in a minority in the House of Commons and the Radicals could not have been got to support the Bill; but he spoke warmly and rallied his followers in support of Ministers.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, 21*st November* 1847.— . . . The 'oldest inhabitant' cannot remember Tipperary, Clare and Limerick in such a state of disorganisation as now. There never was so open or so widely extended a conspiracy for shooting landlords and agents, and my fear is that this will spread (there are already symptoms of it), and that the flame which now rages in certain districts will become a general conflagration. Between 300,000 and 400,000 stand of arms are now in possession of the people; the sale of them increases every day; every beggar walks about with his blunderbuss, and labourers go to work (if work it can be called) with as good double-barrelled guns as sportsmen use. The ordinary powers of the law are not sufficient to deal with this state of things, because every man is in favor of the criminal: law and order have no friends. I have had great work with the Cabinet upon this subject, but they have at last yielded; tho' if they had brought in *permanent* severe police regulations, as I proposed, I think it would have been better than their measure, which, tho' perhaps more stringent, can only be temporary.

2*nd December*.— . . . G. Grey [1] sadly exceeded the limits of truth when he said he had my authority for stating that the Bill would be effectual, etc. I would not have ventured upon such a prophecy with respect to *any* bill, much less such a one as his, which certainly does not go far enough.

Lord Clarendon to Charles Greville.

Viceregal Lodge, *December* 1847.— . . . I expect this Bill will prove unsatisfactory to all parties . . . nevertheless, I hope it will answer, not so much by its own provisions, as by the evidence it will afford that Parliament and the Government are in earnest. . . . Fancy what a figure the government would have cut if they had opened parliament without any repressive measure and announced that the ordinary law would prove sufficient, and that *to it* things were left. They would have been looked upon as little better than accessories or instigators. At

[1] Home Secretary, who introduced the Coercion Bill.

all events, I have the satisfaction of having saved them from this very serious scrape, which really would have caused an immediate increase of murder here.

No one could be more desirous than myself to avoid Coercion Bills, or indeed to ask for any increased powers; but when I found that the ordinary law was insufficient to protect life and property, I sent over the heads of two bills, both of which I meant should be permanent—one for punishing districts in which crimes were committed—the other for registering arms, etc., a sort of police regulation proper for any country, and especially required for Ireland. *These bills were ignored by the Cabinet.* . . . I then wrote both to Lord Lansdowne and John Russell to say that, though I did not wish to cause them any embarrassment, and would get on here as well as I could for as long as I could, yet that nothing should induce me to remain for an hour after I thought my power of usefulness was gone, as I was sure it would be unless my hands were strengthened. This produced an immediate change, and the only question then was what would be the best form of repression. A good deal of time was lost on this, and Sir George Grey at length proposed as a model one of the Six Acts. I did not like it very much, but I had no wish obstinately to adhere to my own Bills, which perhaps might not have been stringent enough, as they were proposed before things had got so bad and the spirit of combination was so manifest, and they were, moreover, intended to be permanent. So, after amending the Bill a little with the law officers here, I consented to it, and hope it will not be a failure when put in operation.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

VICEREGAL LODGE, *3rd January* 1848.— . . . I have never for one moment regretted your leaving the Poor Law Commission, for I was sure you would always have the same pack of curs yelping at your heels. . . . You are now member for an important county, to give the lie to those who said that a Poor Law Commissioner must be too unpopular to get into parliament. The government marks its sense of your services and abilities by giving you a parliamentary place; which place turns out to be minister for Indian affairs owing to Hobhouse's absence; at which you will make the House rejoice, as it must like to see things done in your effective, businesslike manner instead of in H.'s irritable, nervous, half-drunken fashion.

I should quite agree with you and Graham that the Hampden business was a great mistake, if the hubbub it has created could have been foreseen,[1] but I defy the wildest speculator on the irrationality of his fellow-creatures to have been prepared for the senseless mutiny that sprang up against a man whose divinity lectures had been crowded and applauded, in favor of whose doctrine fifteen Heads of Colleges came forward to declare, and whose original sin, as is well known, was not heresy, but toleration. Who could have supposed beforehand that the Church would have been so unwise in its generation and so relentless in its persecution ? And now, when the truth comes out, we see that Sam. Oxon,[2] who consented to the prosecution of Hampden had never read the Bampton lectures ; and, when he did, he found them all right ! . . . So far as the appointment has turned hollow friends into bitter enemies, it is to be regretted, but I do not see that J. R. is justly blameable. . . .

I believe I must consent to enter into your category of old women and [*illegible*] ; for, knowing as I do how much the invasion of England has for the last 3 or 4 years occupied the French government, I think it downright insanity to remain in the invitingly defenceless condition we now are. The papers I have read of the D. of Wellington's—the conversations I have had with Sir J. Burgoyne and others—leave me no doubt that at any moment after the declaration of war our danger might be imminent and our misfortunes irreparable. There is not a detail nor a contingency connected with the invasion of England that I have not seen and heard discussed, and I confess they have made the *deepest impression* on my mind. The whole question turns on steam. People when arguing upon the matter don't divest their minds of the circumstances attending Napoleon's projected invasion, which are all altered now. Everything can be calculated to the minute and arranged with the utmost precision, and would be prepared before a declaration of war; 30,000 men might with the utmost ease and secrecy (moving about as the immense army of France constantly is) be concentrated at Brest, Cherbourg, or Havre. War

[1] R. D. Hampden, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, had been appointed Bishop of Hereford. Lord Melbourne had appointed him Regius Professor of Divinity in 1836, despite the opposition of the Board of Heads, who condemned his Bampton lectures as unorthodox. His appointment to the See of Hereford bitterly incensed the High Church party. Thirteen bishops signed a protest against it, but fifteen Heads of Oxford colleges sent Hampden an address of approval.

[2] Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873), Bishop of Oxford.

steamers, of which the French have a vast number, might leave their ports with feigned destinations and sealed orders to come to these ports at certain hours, embark the troops, rendezvous at a certain hour of some night at a given point in the channel, arrive at three different ports—say Ramsgate, Deal and Dover and disembark 10,000 men at each before daybreak, for the men would have nothing to do but jump out of the vessels on to the quays. . . . A pretty helter-skelter there would be on the road to London and in London itself! It 's all very well to talk of the bravery and the nationality of Englishmen; but unorganised masses are useless, and worse than useless, in the presence of disciplined troops, and there would, in fact, be *no opposition at all.* . . . Could we get together and arm any large number of steamboats? Above all, could we increase those two brigades of artillery that we show foreigners at Woolwich? And supposing we did bring against the French our 12,000 or 15,000 men (which is all that could be scraped together, and who have never acted together) and they were beaten, what else have we to rely on? If the French were to land in Ireland, rely upon it they would meet with a friendly reception from the people, who would obstruct the Queen's forces in every way they could. In short, I won't go on multiplying cases of danger; but will only say that, in my opinion, if we don't take timely precautions we invite and shall deserve the fate that some of these days (Heaven knows how soon after Louis Philippe's death) is in store for us.

On 22nd February 1848 the third French Revolution broke out and Louis Philippe abdicated on the 24th. England was the country against which he had long been contemplating war, yet it was in England that, travelling under the homely name of Mr. William Smith, he sought and found refuge. In that land of liberty there was enough disquiet to cause the Government much anxiety about the effects of a spark from the conflagration in Paris; but Mr. Mayne,[1] and his police prevailed to turn back Feargus O'Connor and his 200,000 Chartists [2] from their march upon the House

[1] Afterwards Sir Richard Mayne, K.C.B. (1796-1868), Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police from the institution of that force in 1829 till his death in 1868.

[2] That was the number with which O'Connor boasted he would march to intimidate the House of Commons. In effect he mustered not more than 20,000.

of Commons. This took place on 10th April, on which day Smith O'Brien made his last speech in Parliament and went off to Ireland to fulfil his threat of founding there a republic on the French model; a project formidable enough in the circumstances of the time, but destined soon to founder with scant dignity. From the first it was evident that O'Brien had neither the eloquence needful to rouse the people nor the military genius of a Garibaldi to lead them when roused. Nevertheless, though his fireworks were but feeble squibs compared with O'Connell's pyrotechnics, there was far too much inflammable material lying loose to allow the Lord-Lieutenant any reprieve from anxious vigilance.

No Tipperary landlord, he wrote to Lord John on 30th March, ever received more threatening notices than I do, or more warnings as to when and how I am to be assassinated. I can't say these disturb me at all; but, as Dublin is full of the greatest ruffians on earth, I am obliged to observe a certain amount of precaution, and I only go out in the carriage for a short walk in the Park, which makes me nearly a state prisoner. . . . I have little or no assistance from anybody, and the life I lead is hardly endurable.

This desponding tone, so much out of tune with the general tone of his correspondence, soon gave way to brighter views of the situation.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, *4th May* 1848.— . . . The steam is going down here wonderfully. The steering has been difficult among so many shoals, and I have been almost as much troubled by the exuberance of loyalty as by the excesses of sedition. I had only to hold up my finger to have re-embodied all the Orange yeomanry and to have set them in march upon the south. My object, of course, was to check, without offending them, and I hope I have succeeded tolerably. . . . It is clear that in any real danger we have only the Protestants to rely on. The Confederates are all quarrelling among themselves, and Smith O'Brien, with his patched face and broken ribs, cuts a sorry figure. He has, however, signed a regular official counter proclamation to mine, with which the streets are placarded to-day. I'll back mine against his.

But the last had not been heard of Smith O'Brien. Clarendon received information which caused him to demand the suspension of Habeas Corpus. The government, advised by Sir George Grey, refused his request; he repeated it with an intimation that, if it were not granted, he must resign the attempt to carry on the Queen's government in Ireland. Once more ministers yielded to this threat. Lord John announced to a startled House that Ireland was on the brink of armed rebellion, and a bill suspending Habeas Corpus in Ireland for seven months forthwith passed through all its stages at once. This was on 21st July; not a day too soon. On the 29th Smith O'Brien in person led a considerable force to attack a body of fifty or sixty constabulary who held the house of one Widow M'Cormack in Tipperary. The rebels were poor marksmen; the police mercifully held their fire, killing only three of their assailants, though they might easily have picked off their leader. Several others were wounded, the rest took to their heels; O'Brien was captured, tried, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered as a traitor, a punishment commuted to penal servitude for life, and remitted altogether in 1856. So ended the caricature rebellion of 1848, ineffaceably associated with Widow M'Cormack's complaint about the ruin wrought upon her cabbages.

Lord Clarendon to Charles Greville.

VICEREGAL LODGE, *August* 1848.— . . . I have been much bothered by the vacillation and timidity of our rulers on this occasion as on the preceding ones, when I was compelled to insist on further power for the protection of life and the maintenance of law and order. It is not pleasant to have to poke a Cabinet into a sense of duty, or to extract by threats, as if for a personal favour, that which should be readily acceded to when the public necessity for it was proved and manifest. However, that has been my task. Against the clubs a law of some kind was necessary. No one could doubt that; and so I insisted, making *for the third time* my remaining here conditional upon it. So they succumbed, but not with a good grace.

Throughout all the intense anxiety of this summer (for intense it was, despite the ludicrous collapse of the rising), Clarendon continued eager for news about the fortunes of his party in Parliament.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, *2nd July* 1848.— . . . I don't understand the Peelites, for they seem ill disposed to the Protectionists, and Lincoln [1] and Co. are writing articles in the *Chronicle* that will never be forgiven; yet they are throwing off the man who alone gives them importance in the country. I know they are angry with Peel and complain of his selfish determination neither to act as they wish nor to advise them what they should do; but they are acting as if they meant to isolate themselves. Their course is not one that can lead to fusion with the Whigs, if that is what they are aiming at. I wish that Peel and Lord John were not the two repelling bodies that they are, and that they would cordially confer together on the common weal. The present moment, when Peel and Graham stand alone, would be very favorable for this, and I believe all the country cares about is to see Peel once more curator of the finances. Even if he did not take office, the public would like to know that he was in communication with the government. . . . However, the laying aside of personal feelings for the public good may do for a work of imagination, but I am afraid it will never be a romance of real life; and even if Peel were inclined, he would find no response in J. R.

Lord John, however, proved more conciliatory than Clarendon anticipated, and offered the Admiralty to Sir James Graham, who declined it through fear of a difference on public and especially foreign affairs. This put an end for a time, though not a long time, to the prospects of fusion between Whigs and Peelites.

In October of this year Clarendon came over to England for a few days to take counsel with the government about the future course of his administration. It was a gloomy forecast that he laid before them; the potatoes had failed

[1] Lord Lincoln, succeeded in 1851 as fifth Duke of Newcastle.

as disastrously as in 1846, yet the people could not be induced to cultivate cereals instead. Clarendon told Prince Albert of a case that had been brought to his notice of a man who had sown wheat which had come up well. When he saw his neighbour's potatoes thriving he ploughed up the wheat and planted potatoes!

There is emigration going on, but of those people only whom one would wish to keep—farmers with one or two hundred pounds in their pocket. They cut the corn on the Sunday, sell it on Monday morning, and are off in the evening to America, having driven off and sold before all their cattle, leaving the waste fields behind them and the landlords without rent. The landlords are oppressed to a dreadful degree by poor-rates, which must be levied to keep the population alive, but which they cannot afford any longer to pay, in debt as they always have been, exhausted by the pressure of the last two years, and left entirely without rent.[1]

Lord Clarendon to Henry Reeve.

17*th December* 1848.— . . . We have awful work before us this winter, and I am dreading that in at least twenty unions we shall have deaths from starvation by wholesale. Delane has written some admirable articles, and I think the influence of the *Times* is greater here than ever. There are some landlords doing their duty admirably and working like heroes. They are somewhat riled at being confounded with the bad ones, whom, however, they hate all the more for that. In time I hope that England will create something like public opinion in Ireland.

14*th October* 1849.— . . . I am really obliged for the two articles in the *Times*, which are admirable and have had a stunning effect here, where it is as well known as on the Continent that the *Times* forms, or guides, or reflects—no matter which—the public opinion of England. It will (if anything can) put a curb on the mouths of these furious Orangemen who, with their principles and their parsons, are quite as subversive of law and order as the priests and Young Irelandism. . . .

Lord Clarendon had to share the past experience of Lord Anglesey in the effect of treating Catholic and Protestant as equals before the law. He incurred the wrath of the

[1] *Memorandum by Prince Albert*, Martin, ii. 136-7.

Orange organisation, whose leaders, well knowing that without their support British rule could not be maintained in Ireland, claimed a right to preferential treatment, which Clarendon firmly refused to concede.

The vigour which he displayed, and, which was far more difficult, the impartiality which he observed between parties in Ireland, received recognition in the only manner that could have given him satisfaction. It took the unusual, if not unprecedented, form of a paragraph in the Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament on 5th September. 'The energy and decision shown by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland deserve my warmest approbation.' Lady Clarendon told Henry Reeve that her husband 'regarded these emphatic words as the most enviable distinction of his life.'

Lord Clarendon to Henry Reeve.

11*th June* 1849.— . . . When the session is near its close, I think it would be very useful if Delane, when writing on Ireland, would recommend English M.P.'s and the English public generally to visit this country and to see for themselves what they hear and talk so much about. There will probably not be much travelling on the Continent this year, and people might as well make a tour in Ireland as go to Scotland or Brighton. It would tend to produce a better feeling between the two countries, and might lead to the investment of capital in land, which is the great desideratum here.

I have said that it was more difficult to maintain impartiality than to display energy. The circumstances of Ireland rendered it peculiarly so; for there the Protestant Orangemen by the nature of their oath and profession were loyal to the Crown and Union, while the great majority of the Roman Catholic population were hostile to both. Clarendon's resolute purpose of impartiality led him to perform a disciplinary act equally distasteful to himself and obnoxious to the powerfully organised Orange Society. So loud was the outcry that he had to go to England to defend his action from his place in Parliament.

The incident arose out of a conflict between Orangemen

and Ribbonmen at Dolly's Brae in County Down on 12th July 1849. An armed procession, 1500 strong, marched to Tollymore Park, the seat of the Earl of Roden, Lord-Lieutenant of the county and Grand Master of the Orangemen, where they were given refreshment and listened to oratory, both of a stimulating character, and went through military manœuvres. On the return march they attacked, or were attacked by, a large party of Ribbonmen, and defeated them, killing four of their number and wounding thirty or forty. It was not proved which party was the aggressor; probably, as it was in Ireland, both sides may be said to have begun the fray.

Lord Clarendon appointed a Commissioner to inquire into the circumstances, and, having considered his report, recommended the Lord Chancellor to remove Lord Roden from the Commission of the Peace.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 10*th October* 1849.— . . . The Roden affair has given me some anxiety, as both Lord John and Sir G. Grey were opposed to doing what I was even more disinclined than they to do. I had therefore to fight in favor of my duty *versus* my inclinations. I knew, however, that 'some middle course' would have only made the Orangemen insolent and the Catholics furious, and have left the government without a case when parliament met. To me it has been the most painful act of public duty I ever performed, because Roden is a kind-hearted, honorable man when not under the influence of Orange bigots, and he is an old private friend to whom I am indebted for many acts of kindness since I came here. My whole object, moreover, has been to allay party feuds and sectarian animosities, and it is little short of a misfortune to have an act of severity imposed on me, which will bring back into the ranks of fanaticism a number of men who had become ashamed of their own uncivilised practices. However, there was no help for it. . . . I fear we have a bad winter before us and that universal pauperism will again favor political agitation. The gentry are beggared beyond redemption: rates and encumbrances eat up the scraps of rent that are collected, and employment of labor in the south and west has become an impossibility. . . .

Lord Roden's friends took up his cause with much heat. Lord Stanley having given notice that he would bring the matter up in the House of Lords,[1] or, as he expressed it to Lord Clanricarde, 'give the Government a gallop over it,' the question arose whether Clarendon should come over from Ireland to meet the charge. He himself was very unwilling to do so, but he yielded reluctantly to the wishes of Lord John and others in the Cabinet, and appeared in his place on 18th February 1850. Stanley's motion was ostensibly one for papers relating to affairs in more than one Irish county, but he dwelt especially on the Dolly's Brae affair, and complained that the Lord-Lieutenant had taken action upon garbled statements and imperfect evidence. Lord Clarendon hoped that his having come from Ireland to defend an act of the Executive Government would not be converted into a precedent. He gave in detail the arrangements he had personally approved for preventing a collision of parties, having had ample private information that such a collision was apprehended. He sent both soldiers and police to act under the stipendiary magistrates, one of whom, Mr. Fitzmaurice, had begged Lord Roden to direct the Orange procession to return by another route, so as to avoid Dolly's Brae where the Ribbonmen were assembled. As Lord Roden had declined to interfere, or at least had abstained from doing so, Lord Clarendon could not but hold him in some measure responsible for what followed, and he marked his displeasure in the only manner open to him officially.

I must say, my lords, that to me it was a most painful act to execute. I had long been honoured with the friendship of the noble earl. From the moment that I had gone to Ireland until then, I had received from him assistance of the most useful character. I felt the most sincere respect for him. I knew how much his dismissal would be resented by his numerous friends and the unpopularity I should earn for myself . . . throughout the north of Ireland. I felt and foresaw all that; but still there was one feeling superior even to that—a feeling of

[1] He had been raised to the peerage during his father, the thirteenth Earl's life, in 1844.

duty. . . . Ever since the government of Ireland was confided to my care, my great object has been to render the law a reality; to inspire all classes with confidence in the impartial administration of justice; to convince them that, before the law, all men are equal, and that, whether high or low, rich or poor, the same justice should be meted out to all. And I should have felt ashamed of myself and unworthy of the confidence of my Sovereign if I had decided in a manner different with respect to the noble earl from that in which I should have decided in the case of any other man, or if I had allowed for one moment personal consideration to interfere with what I believed the justice of the case required.[1]

Lord Roden made a temperate reply, and Stanley's motion was agreed to without a division.

Young Prince Edward of Cambridge,[2] who was serving with the army in Ireland at this time wrote about this affair to his father: 'Lord Clarendon's reply seems to me to be gentlemanlike, and he makes out a better case for himself than I expected him to have done. At the same time I cannot help thinking that the dismissal of Lord Roden was a great error in judgment on his part, as being a man universally esteemed and respected, and as being at the head of a great, influential and most loyal party.' Prince Edward's view of the case was probably the just one. Evidence was given before the Lord-Lieutenant's

[1] 'He made a very good case, his points told remarkably well, and, on the whole, he acquitted himself successfully, and to the satisfaction of his friends; but, coming after Stanley's practised and brilliant declamation, his style appeared tame and feeble. It was easy to see that he was no debater, and that his parliamentary inexperience diminished his force and efficacy. For a little while I was in great alarm for him, and thought he was going to break down; but he recovered, and got through his speech very well. If he had had more artistic power, he would have made his excellent materials much more effective than they were. In such hands as Stanley's they would have been crushing; they would have been very powerful if Lord Lansdowne had had them; but, as it was, it was well enough' (*Greville Memoirs*, 2nd Series, iii. 313). When Lord St. Germains succeeded Lord Clarendon as Lord-Lieutenant he recommended the Lord Chancellor to replace Lord Roden in the Commission of the Peace. Lord Roden then wrote at much length justifying his action in the Dolly's Brae affair, whereupon Lord St. Germains told him that he took so different a view of the circumstances, and was so unable to consent to the conditions upon which Lord Roden was willing to resume his duties as a magistrate, that he had cancelled his recommendation to the Lord Chancellor.

[2] Succeeded his father as Duke of Cambridge in 1850, died in 1904.

Commissioner that even had Lord Roden instructed the leaders of the procession to return by the longer and more circuitous route, they would have been more exposed to attack than in keeping the shorter road. Unhappily, though the Ribbonmen may have been the aggressors, the Orangemen greatly outnumbered them and wreaked fierce retribution on them. The affair was too serious not to call for some punitive action, and Lord Clarendon, acting from the highest motives, unfortunately focussed it upon the official head of the Orange Society and two brothers named Beers, who, being magistrates, were the actual leaders of the procession. As an act of state it was ineffective, failing to conciliate the disaffected and exasperating the loyalists.

Lord Clarendon to Henry Reeve.

Dublin Castle, 28*th January* 1850.— . . . The Orangemen have failed in a somewhat characteristic manœuvre of that party. There is no effort they have not made—by letters, by personal canvas, threats and entreaties, to prevent people coming to the levee and drawing-room ; forgetting, in the loyalty which they pretend to monopolise, that the attendance on such occasions is not upon the individual Lord-Lieutenant, but the representative of the Sovereign. Everything here resolves itself into mean, vindictive personalities. The cabal did not succeed ; for although a few people were scared away, both levee and drawing-room were very full ; and, if they had not been, my night's rest would have been equally good.

Politics in Ireland cannot be dissociated from matters ecclesiastical, and already in 1849 there were those who considered that the only way to peace was to efface the last trace of Protestant ascendency by disestablishing the Church and applying its revenues to secular ends. It was Clarendon's destiny to be a party to this course as a member of Gladstone's Cabinet in 1869 ; but at this time he was as staunch a champion of the Church's rights as Bishop Magee proved himself twenty years later. So shrewdly do time and circumstance undermine the firmest convictions.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 10*th October* 1849.— . . . You seem to think, as does Graham, that a remodelling of the Church is a *sine quâ non* to the settlement of Irish grievances ; but although I will go with you any length as to its anomaly and the absurdity of creating such an establishment if things were to be done over again ; yet I cannot agree that it is a grievance of a *real* character or that its abatement would remove or mitigate a single positive evil under which the country is laboring. But you might make the task of governing Ireland incomparably more difficult by calling into activity a host of opponents whose habits, prejudices, associations and interests would make them rally round the standard, not only of their faith, but of their politics, about which they care much more. Since the rent charge was fixed, no effectual cry against the Church has been raised. O'Connell and Mr. Hale both tried it and failed ; and tho' annual motions are made in Parliament and the noses of the Cabinet are rubbed in their own indiscreet speeches, it is not *tanti* to throw Ireland into additional ferment in order to get rid of this disagreeable operation.

If the revenues of the Church were like the Consolidated Fund and you could take a slice off and throw it to any hungry applicants—well and good ; the establishment might be brought into better proportion between its wealth and its duties ; but remember how small a part of that revenue belongs to the government and how large a part is private property, and, like any other, is made matter of settlement and speculation. How can you deal with that and duly respect the rights of property ? . . .

CHAPTER XI

IRELAND

> And thou, fair Erin, plaintive in thy lay,
> Who steep'st thy limbs afront the falling day;
> Nymph, on whose lap the odour-dropping spring
> Delights to lavish all his sweetest wing;
> Play'd on by priests, a sweet, ill-fingered lute,
> An ill-train'd tree, but vig'rous at the root;
> . . . . . .
> Cease to complain; imagined wrongs dismiss,
> And greet thy sister with a holy kiss.
>
> *All the Talents* (1807).

If I have succeeded in giving the reader a true impression of Lord Clarendon's character, he will not imagine that his administration was directed only to repressing sedition and disorder. That he considered only as the needful preface to remedial measures, and, land being practically the only source of support and employment in Ireland, it was to land-owning and land tenure that he first applied himself to better. It so happened that Sir Robert Peel, having given much thought to the problem, had been led to the same conclusion as Clarendon about the means to the desired end. Peel wrote to Mr. John Wynne on 4th April 1849: 'Ever since I was a member of the Devon Commission my mind has been impressed with the idea that it was indispensable for the improvement of Ireland that the vast tracts of land in the possession of persons, unable from the encumbered state of their properties to improve the position of the occupiers, should change hands.'

This was written after the passing of the Encumbered Estates (Ireland) Act in 1848, a measure drafted by Lord Clarendon's direction and carried through Parliament at his urgent desire. It enabled the owners of entailed and

other lands to sell them through the Court of Chancery, with a parliamentary title to the purchaser. In the following year, by an amending act, Commissioners were appointed in lieu of the Court of Chancery. In preparing these measures Clarendon took frequent counsel with Peel, who, on 2nd April 1849, sent him a long memorandum of the chief subjects for remedial legislation.[1] 'The landlords,' wrote Clarendon to Peel, 'are the real obstacle to improvement, and their condition generally is deplorable. As a body, they are insolvent. Many of them lack the first necessaries of life, and though still exercising the rights of property, they can perform none of its duties. Our best hope, therefore, is in the Encumbered Estates Act. I am well pleased with the Commissioners, who feel the importance of their labours, and look forward to immortalising themselves by leading the way to reform in England as well as here.'[2]

This Act was the chief legislative result of Clarendon's Viceroyalty. Much was expected of it; but in effect it fell far short of the designer's intention. It enabled, indeed, many embarrassed landowners to rid themselves of a form of property to which they were utterly unable to do justice; but the sales brought over from England a host of speculative investors, attracted by the security of a parliamentary title; prices were raised by competition to such a pitch that it became the only care of successful bidders to exact the highest rents that could be wrung from the tenantry. The last condition of such estates was worse than the first.

On the whole matters had begun to mend in most parts of the island, but exceeding distress still prevailed in the south-west.

Colonel Clarke to Lord Lansdowne.

13*th May* 1849.— . . . The state of this part of the country is fearful and cannot be imagined: indeed I can scarcely believe the scenes actually passing before my eyes. During my short absence in London there was an increase of upwards of 3000 on the outdoor lists in Killarney alone; and on Wednesday last,

[1] *Peel Letters*, iii. 513-16. [2] *Ibid.*, 517.

when proceeding to a distant part of the Kenmare Union to investigate the circumstances attending two cases said to be deaths from starvation, I found the road crowded for miles with people flocking to the Killarney workhouse for relief. It was like people flocking to a fair; but, instead of hilarity and joy, all was misery and desolation. One poor man had sunk and died by the roadside; the wife and children were around the dead body, but excess of misery appeared to have deprived them of the power of weeping, for they shed no tears; while those hurrying to the goal of their hopes, the Union Workhouse, passed the wretched group unheeding.

The one bright spot in Irish public affairs at this period was the reception given by the populace to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The Queen had been twelve years on the throne without visiting that part of her dominions; Lord Bessborough had earnestly urged upon the government of his day that it was very desirable that the people of Ireland should be given an opportunity of seeing their Sovereign, but the potato famine and its concomitants had interfered with the project, which was now carried out most propitiously. The Queen and the Prince were the guests of Lord and Lady Clarendon at the Viceregal Lodge, whereof the capacity was tested to the utmost to accommodate their suite, as may be understood by those who are acquainted with the premises.

Lord Clarendon to Sir C. Wood (Chancellor of the Exchequer).

Viceregal Lodge, 27*th June* 1849.— . . . The furniture of this house is not handsome, but it is clean and good, and I am sure the Queen and Prince will be as comfortable as if the Board of Works was allowed to run up an enormous bill for things of state. . . . Our children will be sent away, but Lady Clarendon and I shall probably remain in some corner or other; for I should not think matters were properly superintended if I was living in another house. . . . Dinners of twenty *couverts* will be rather too small, but I engage that all that shall be properly done. And then as to the expense—I shan't give myself the airs of a millionaire or pretend that I am not a poorer man for being Lord-Lieutenant, but I don't mean to bring you in a bill for entertaining the Queen here. The refreshments for the drawing-room are not strictly in my department, and the Chancellor of

the Exchequer may therefore take cognisance of them; but as I am to have the charge of providing them, they won't ruin you.

28*th July* 1849.— . . . I am always most anxious to avoid putting the public to any expence in which I am personally concerned, and it may be partly owing to this and my refusing to allow new things to be provided here that the furniture, etc., of this house is in a condition that I should not have tolerated in my own. When the Queen's advent was certain, however, I went over the house with Mr. Owen of the Board of Works, and found the carpets and chintzes in such a disgusting state from dirt and old age that they were quite unfit for decent people, let alone a royal family requiring seventeen *lits de maitre*, and bringing with them nineteen servants! I ordered everything exactly as if for myself—taking even more care than I should for myself that the old concerns were made to suit for inferior apartments, etc., and only allowed three rooms to be new-papered where our children had been with the whooping-cough.

Extra expenses of the Queen's visit:—

Dublin charities	£1000		
Lord Clarendon for extra expenses at Viceregal Lodge	1052	3	9
Ditto for Levee and drawing-room . . .	994	5	1
Carriages and Horses to Dublin	331	9	5
Prince of Wales: fees as Earl of Dublin . .	800		
Lord Chamberlain's Department . . .	162	9	
	£4340	7	1

Lord Clarendon to Sir George Grey (Home Secretary).

VICEREGAL LODGE, 14*th August* 1849.— . . . The enthusiasm here has not abated, and there is not an individual in Dublin that does not take as a personal compliment to himself the Queen's having gone upon the paddle-box and ordered the royal standard to be lowered three times. Even the ex-Clubbists, who threatened broken heads and windows before the Queen came, are now among the most loyal of her subjects.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 15*th*.—A thousand thanks for your hearty congratulations and the very *gentil* things you say of us. We have certainly come out of the mess with flying colors, and when one considers the many things that might have gone wrong in bringing the Sovereign and this strange people into communication for the first time, it is marvellous that during

8 days not a single event should have occurred differently from what I wished.

I find that a vast many kind friends, both here and in England, had been denouncing the 'premature and hazardous experiment,' and declaring that I alone was responsible for whatever mischief happened; and so far they were right, as it is not more than 3 months since Lord John wrote me word he could not take upon himself the responsibility of advising the Queen to come here. I never doubted that the reception would be excellent; but I did not expect the enthusiasm would have gone to the pitch it did, or that the thermometer of loyalty would have kept continually rising to the hour of her departure. Their behaviour[1] throughout was the *beau idéal* of what was right under the circs., and their tact and kindness to us are never to be forgotten. My position of host, subject and Viceroy was rather anomalous; but the Queen bore it well in mind, and she helped me in my rôle, and, so far from impairing, she added rather to the prestige of my office.

My mother, as I need not say, has been in the highest state of excitement and delight,[2] and is not one bit the worse for it. At no period of her life do I remember her so fit for frolic or more indifferent to fatigue. She is a marvellous old lady, and so everybody thinks her. The Queen was very civil to her at Carton, and I never saw anything better than her manner—so very *grande dame* and *distinguée*—and she looked so well and was so well got up.

17*th*.— . . . The presence of the Sovereign cannot, of course, produce social reformation, nor at once remove evils that are the growth of ages; but it will produce more real good here than in any other part of her Majesty's dominions. . . . The Queen's visit, moreover, will be associated with a turn in the tide of their affairs after four years' suffering, with an unprecedented influx of strangers and expenditure of money, and as they will contrast this year with the last, their conclusions must be unfavorable to political agitation.

The Queen to Lord Clarendon.

Balmoral, 18*th August* 1849.—Though the Lord-Lieutenant has received a formal and official letter expressive of the high gratification the Queen has derived by her visit to Ireland, she is anxious to write herself to him, to repeat in the Prince's and

[1] *I.e.* the Queen's and Prince Albert's.

[2] Mrs. George Villiers was paying a visit to her son at the time.

her own name how delighted we have been by our short stay in Ireland, and by the very affectionate and enthusiastic manner in which we have everywhere been received by the Irish. The recollection of this visit will be ever most agreeable, and will ever be associated with the remembrance of the Lord-Lieutenant's and Lady Clarendon's attention and kindness to us throughout the time that we spent at Phœnix Park and at Dublin.

The Queen wishes also to add her high sense of the manner in which the Lord-Lieutenant discharges the duties of the very important office which he holds. Our passage from Belfast to Scotland, though very short, was extremely stormy and disagreeable.

The Queen sends the prints which she promised to Lady Clarendon, and now concludes with the Prince's kind remembrance to himself and Lady Clarendon.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 27*th August* 1849.— . . . The Queen's visit has been a *great fact*. When one considers how many things might have gone wrong in bringing her and this exciteable nation into contact for the first time, it is pleasant to reflect that all went as if by clockwork and as one could most desire. . . . Moreover, as six weeks before J. Russell had informed me he could not advise the Queen to come, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with having recommended, I might almost say insisted upon, the *hazardous experiment*, as I understand it was called by the *frondeurs* in England and here. . . . Other prophets have now sprung up and predict all manner of permanent good from the temporary presence of our gracious Mistress; but I can't go their lengths . . . tho' the people are so delighted at finding they are loyal, and so proud of the good opinion of the Queen . . . that they feel they have a character to lose, and this may be a guarantee for future good behaviour.

Would that the guarantee were strengthened by the Suspension Act lasting for a couple of years longer, in order to protect the people against themselves and those by whom they have so long been deceived.

In 1850, Irish affairs, social and political, having subsided into a condition bearing some of the traits of tranquillity, Lord John Russell determined to proceed with the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy and the substitution of a Secretaryship of State.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

Viceregal Lodge, 1*st January* 1850.—I hear there is talk of new measures for reform being necessary; but I do not believe there is any great pressure of public opinion in favor of more reform in parliament. There may be a cry among the Radicals, but I do not think they ought to be considered or trusted as the voice of the nation; and because more than was desirable was forced upon the country by the other Reform Bill makes it all the more necessary not to go ahead any more towards democracy. . . . I hear there is very little game at the Grove this year; but I suspect game will die away all over England. The Duke of Bedford now calls it a feudal luxury unsuited to these times, and indeed the stories one hears of the devastation and loss occasioned by it make one feel that it must be so.[1]

2*nd*.— . . . Last night the wonderful event happened of our dining *tête-à-tête*, and we had the dear chicks with us during dinner for a treat. . . . Lord J. Russell says in his letter to-day that he thinks the term for the Viceroyalty ought to be the end of the financial year—that is, 5th April 1851. I have implored George to plead the sacrifice he has already made—his own small private property—and to urge its being done away with just before, instead of just after, the Dublin season; for, as it is, he will have no incoming Lord-Lieut. to buy his things as he did Lord Bessborough's. . . .

13*th*.—George has remonstrated against the Viceroyalty ending in April 1851, as Lord John had proposed, on the ground of its being such an increase of expense to him to have all the Castle season. Lord John fully acquiesces in this, and says he is quite as well pleased it should end on 1st January 1851, but he fancied George would like a *leave-taking*—rather an odd idea for George!

6*th March*.—Lord John's ideas about doing away with the Lord-Lieutenancy seem, by the letter he has written to George, to be very unformed. He suggests that when the Queen comes about every other year to stay some time in Dublin she should inhabit the Castle. I hope George has upset these ideas by letting him know how disagreeable the Castle would be for her,

[1] Sixty-three years have passed since these lines were penned, and there is now more winged game than ever in England; but the agitation against game-preserving has greatly subsided since Sir W. Harcourt carried his equitable Ground Game Act in 1880.

and that she had taken a particular fancy to the Viceregal Lodge, which Lord John suggested should be made the residence of the Commander of the Forces. . . . I really don't know what Lord John means by letting Hume proceed with his motion for doing away with the Lord-Lieutenancy, unless he wishes for an opportunity of announcing it. . . . George gave me the draft of the proposed bill, with the official changes for the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy. It vests the political powers of the Lord-Lieut. in a Secretary of State—no Secretary or officer of any kind whatever to reside in Ireland, but all business to be referred to the office of the Secretary of State in London. The reason for having no resident Secretary here is that he would become a sort of nucleus for jobbing and intrigues—a sort of minor Lord-Lieut. without the responsibility. . . .

12*th March*.—A letter from the Duke of Bedford speaks of the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and adds—'You will not be asked to be Secretary of State *for Ireland*; but you *will* be asked to take another very important place. For that you may be prepared.' This is mysterious, disagreeable and anxious—terribly like some of the Duke's half-and-half confidences and communications. In the event of any ministerial change, it will be too cruel to put it to George's patriotism to give up the 6 or 8 months quiet here, which would bring round our expenses, and yet not to have an incoming Lord-Lieutenant to take over our things, would be positive ruin to us, and I fear our fortune will be swallowed up. However . . . there is no use fidgetting. . . .

1*st April*.— . . . We have got the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. We were aware that there was a bad article from Croker's pen. I have only dipped into it and heard about it as yet. People say it won't signify, but saying it don't signify is only deceiving oneself, because there are heaps of prejudiced people who read and think only one way, and will believe it implicitly. . . . But here is my *hedge*. The very Act of Parliament which is necessary to bring about abolition will entail an explanation in Parliament of the motives and *history* of the change. It is so great a measure that it must be brought forward with all the pomp and circumstance of a government announcement either by Lord John or Sir George Grey. Now it is perfectly competent for them to state with all the weight of truth and office that the change was contemplated years ago, that it was positively settled with George when he came here, and

that unforeseen events in the shape of insurrection, etc., prevented the immediate fulfilment of the plan, and that now there was no obvious reason why it should not be put into execution, and that it was to be carried out by the same able man. . . . Now all this would put Croker's miserable article and the struggling throes of the disappointed and rabid Orangemen to the rout. . . .

8*th*.— . . . Lord John writes George word that he *thinks* of bringing in the bill on the 29th of this month. . . .

13*th*.— . . . Lord John says if there is much delay occasioned by the Irish members and the Opposition in passing the Ld. Lt. Abolition bill, he will prolong the session till it *is* past. . . .

Lord John introduced his bill on 18th May—a still-born measure. It was opposed on the first reading by Grattan and Disraeli, but the numbers on a division were only 70 to 295—majority for the bill 225. Notwithstanding this propitious start, the government dropped the bill, fully intending, however, to proceed with it in another session.

27*th May*.— . . . The Duke of Wellington, we hear, is very strong against the abolition of the Vice-Royalty, quite breaking out about it. The Duke of Bedford tries to work him thro' old Arbuthnot, who is always calm, rational and well-judging, and whose influence over the D. of W. is most useful. Bear Ellice is *for* the abolition, but *against* a fourth Secretary of State, and writes that Sir J. Graham is of the same opinion. There *may*, therefore, still be difficulties about passing the Abolition Bill.

4*th June*.—The eleventh anniversary of this happy day![1] How can I ever be thankful enough for eleven such years of great and exquisite happiness? There are few, if any, so highly blessed as I am. I am only afraid I am not grateful enough, for indeed how *can* I be so?

28*th*.— . . . Bear Ellice has written to George to say that *he* has given up *his* opposition to the fourth Secretary of State to please George and Lord John! The conceit of the thing is too ridiculous—as if he were one of the three branches of the legislature.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Wicklow, 7*th June* 1850.— . . . I am rather surprised at Graham's opposition to a fourth Secretary of State; but as he

[1] The anniversary of her marriage.

thought he managed Irish affairs by unceasing correspondence with the Hussar [1] and the Head Clerk,[2] who were his Lords-Lieutenant, and whom he never allowed to do or say anything without previous consultation with him, he now thinks probably that the Home Office should be the seat and centre of Irish government.[3] But he knew very little of Ireland and made great mistakes, as will any man who has not a large acquired stock of information or cannot devote his time and attention to obtaining it. Dealing with Ireland as if it was England, merely because it is desirable it should become so, or arguing by English analogy about Ireland, leads to no good practical result.

Graham could not give a better proof of this than by his plan of relieving the Home Secretary of all the Irish criminal cases and placing them under the political Chancellor. In the first place, the exercise of mercy is a prerogative of the Crown, and should be entrusted only to one of the highest advisers of the Crown ; but it must be exercised constantly with reference, not to the crime or the criminal alone, but to the political state of the country and to the various circumstances—past, present and prospective—which constitute that state of things. Every morning of my life I deal with from 10 to 20 convict cases, and know pretty well what credit is to be given to the memorials, the reasons why more or less weight should be attached to the reports of certain judges, the state of the country which at the time justified a severe sentence and may still require it to be maintained, or the altered circumstances which may justify commutation. In short, these cases present themselves in every variety of form, and what chance would the political Chancellor have of deciding them rightly ? The better English lawyer he is, the less likely he would be to have acquired internal knowledge of Ireland, and he might be floundering on and making inquiries about the criminal cases in order 7 times out of 10 to decide erroneously, or at all events on the recommendation of others who possessed the knowledge he was deficient in.

I heard from the Bear that Graham said the time was unfortunate for proposing the Secretary of State when another

[1] The first Marquess of Anglesey (1768-1854), who commanded the cavalry in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and was Lord Lieutenant in 1828.

[2] William A'Court, first Lord Heytesbury (1779-1860), Lord-Lieutenant 1844-6. The nickname alludes to his having been Secretary of the Naples Legation in 1801 and to the Vienna Mission in 1807.

[3] The Irish Office was a department of the Home Office at this time, and Sir James Graham was Home Secretary 1841-6.

new office was about to be created ; but if the S. of S. is the best mode of administering the affairs of Ireland, I cannot see why it should be abandoned because, subsequent to the introduction of the Abolition Bill and consequent upon Lord Cottenham's illness, it is thought advisable to separate the judicial and political functions of the Lord Chancellor. . . . Graham asks—who is to be the resident authority in Ireland with whom the S. of S. is to correspond, and I answer—none. The S. of S. will do as the Lord-Lieut. does now—have no particular adviser, but communicate with each particular department and obtain his information in whatever manner he thinks best. He will deal with Ireland as the Home Secretary does with England.

I don't know what the real position of the Lord Advocate is, except that he is always in parliament,[1] and that the Home Secretary can communicate with him personally for 7 months in the year; but if he is the chief distributer of patronage and the agent, as it were, of Scotland *près* the government, then I say—Heaven protect me from having such a man for Ireland ; for if a resident authority were to exist here with whom the government was to correspond and was supposed to be guided by, he would at once become the centre and focus of jobbery—he would be a little Lord-Lieutenant without the responsibility. It would be far better to leave things as they are ; for now the Ld.-Lieut. is responsible : all he does is public, and the government must either adopt his acts or dismiss him. . . . If Graham thinks there ought to be a resident authority of this kind, or believes that the government intends to proceed upon such a system, he again shows that he is ignorant how the affairs of Ireland ought to be conducted. Pray mildly insinuate all this to him.

Sir James Graham had begun political life as a Whig, and was First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Grey ; but he resigned with Stanley in 1834, joined Peel's government in 1841, became a leading Peelite in 1846, giving a general support to Russell's administration, though he declined to join it in 1848. Occasionally he delivered independent attacks upon Ministers, especially upon Palmerston, whose foreign policy he distrusted.

Palmerston's ascendency in the House of Commons was now at its height, and was never more fully proved than in his defence of the course he had taken in the notorious

[1] The Office of Secretary for Scotland was not created until 1886.

Don Pacifico affair. His action in sending a fleet of fifteen ships to the Piraeus in order to compel the Greek government to settle the claim for indemnity, brought Great Britain perilously near war with Russia and France—joint guarantors with Great Britain of the independence of Greece. The French Ambassador, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, was, in fact, recalled from London, and an angry despatch came from St Petersburg, asking whether England 'intended to disengage herself from every obligation, as well as from all community of action, and to authorise all the Great Powers on every fitting opportunity to recognise towards the weak no other rule but their own will—no other right but their own physical strength.' Lord Stanley having carried a vote of censure upon the government by a majority of thirty-seven in the House of Lords, the Radical Roebuck sought to balance it in the Commons by a motion of confidence. The debate began on 21st June and lasted four days. Graham poured vials of wrath upon Palmerston; but what made the occasion memorable was, first, Lord Palmerston's *civis Romanus* appeal, and secondly, Sir Robert Peel's speech. He said that he would not have supported a vote of censure, but neither could he support the vote of confidence, because it implied sanction of interference in the domestic affairs of other countries without grave cause. 'For these reasons,' said he, 'I give my dissent—my reluctant dissent—from the motion.' These were the last words spoken by him in that House wherein, since the death of Canning, he had been the most commanding figure. A few hours later he was thrown from his horse in Constitution Hill, receiving injuries under which he lingered for three days in dreadful pain, and expired on 2nd July at the age of sixty-two.[1]

[1] On 3rd July Clarendon wrote as follows to G. C. Lewis: 'Crampton sent me word that Brodie's private opinion to him was that Peel would do well. I sincerely hope he may, for his loss would be a most serious one at this moment, as his followers, although disposed to run riot, were still kept in check by him; and his influence in House and in the country, although not what it used to be, was still deservedly great; and, if only for advice, he was a great card for the Crown and the country to fall back upon in times of difficulty. I am glad that all party feelings have merged in the universal interest that his accident has inspired. He will be much gratified by it if he recovers.'

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, 28*th June* 1850.—Many thanks for your admirable report of the two speeches. I daresay Graham's is better to read than to have heard. One knows nothing of the bitterness of manner, and one attributes to imperfect reporting whatever appears incoherent. I agree with much that he said, and think it will produce a damaging effect in the country, but on the whole it struck me as a labored and unsuccessful oration. I was quite indignant at his descending to such wretched nonsense as charging Palmerston with the downfall of Louis Philippe and the evils that the French Republic had entailed upon the world. I felt sure he would be trounced for that, and P.'s answer on the point, both in conception and execution, was the happiest part of his wonderful speech. I never read one with greater satisfaction—his perfect mastery of the subject—the order and lucid arrangement of his details—the well-sustained interest—the varied style of his oratory and the good temper and good taste with which he handled such a legion of bitter assailants, can never have been surpassed anywhere, notwithstanding the harassing ordeal he has gone through and the load of ordinary business pressing upon him. To speak for five hours without turning a hair, or moistening his lips, or losing his voice, or missing any point that was useful, exhibits really an amount of physical and mental power almost incredible in a man of his age. It will place him on a pinnacle of popularity at home, whatever it may do abroad, and completely settle the question about which I never had a doubt, that no change at the F. O. is possible, and that Lord John must either go *on* with him or go *out* with him.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

30*th June.*— . . . We received the news of the majority of 46 by the telegraph late last night. There is no denying that it is a relief; but somehow I cannot feel elated about it. It is the triumph of a *wrong* cause for the sake of avoiding a great evil, and I fear the enormous, almost despotic, power which it places in the hands of such a man as Lord Palmerston, who wields it for dangerous purposes. There is no longer a doubt but that Lord John and all the Cabinet are now tied hand and foot to Lord P. and his policy, and George has too long foretold

into what dangers that policy would lead us for me to like the prospect of the political future. . . . Sir G. Grey tells George that he almost despairs of passing the Lord-Lieutenancy Abolition Bill this session. . . . The Duke of Wellington's military opinion is thought very serious. . . . A few days more, I suppose, will decide the fate of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and therefore ours to a certain degree. . . . The intensity of the interest of George's correspondence it would be difficult to describe; but the heaps of letters are awful; he must pay a penalty for such an advantage at *such* an exciting moment. I hope G. Lewis went to Lord John before the meeting of the Commissioners[1] to tell him how injurious it would be to Prince Albert if the '51 building is put up in Hyde Park. How we always do mess everything about buildings! . . . I believe George still thinks the Abolition Bill will pass—that Lord John will not easily give it up. We were so sorry to hear from G. Lewis and Charles [Villiers] to-day of Sir R. Peel's fall from his horse. I hope the injury, tho' severe, at his age and with his size, may not turn out serious. With the line he now takes, his life is a precious one to the country, and I have no doubt he influences the Queen *for good*. . . .

1*st July*.— . . . I have been considering Lord Palmerston's triumph. It is surely one of the greatest ever achieved. He has triumphed over a great mass of educated public opinion, over that mighty potentate the *Times*, over two branches of the Legislature, over the Queen and Prince and most of the Cabinet he sits in, besides all foreign nations! . . .

2*nd*.— . . . We are persuaded that it is not for his own selfish pleasure that Prince Albert wants to have that building in Hyde Park; it must be from some bad advice and the want of good and true advice. Half the people, and much more than half, are afraid of him, and the Queen and the few that are not are like Lord John—ignorant of mankind or careless. I feel sure that Lord John has not put it in its proper light to the Prince, and, if he did, I don't suppose his opinions or wishes would be much attended to just now in that quarter.

3*rd*.— . . . We now mean to go to England directly, for George has heard to-day from Lord John that he had given up the Lord-Lieutenancy Abolition Bill for this session and meant to announce it to-morrow. . . . To-night's papers announce poor Sir R. Peel's death. How very shocking it is, and what a national calamity! . . . George, who lately had

[1] Of the Exhibition.

such friendly communications with him, feels as if he had lost a valuable friend.

'I can think of nothing but Peel's death,' wrote Clarendon to Lewis on 5th July, 'and its evil consequences to all parties; but to none more so than to the Government. Next session it will be felt even more than now.'

In the autumn Lady Clarendon went to England, and her husband wrote to her almost daily, as was his wont when they were separated. He paid a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Caledon,[1] and it is refreshing to read accounts of something better than gloom and distress in that part of Ireland.

Lord Clarendon to Lady Clarendon.

Caledon, Tyrone, *2nd September* 1850.— . . . I am quite well, and all the better for a ride of four hours yesterday over the property, the condition and management of which are quite in keeping with everything I had seen here before. We have gone 12 or 14 miles along different roads and were never off the estate; in short, there are very few places in England that, upon the whole, I should rank above this. . . . Everything is in the best possible taste; the whole place, which is on a great scale, is kept up as few English places are; the ground is prettily tossed about, the verdure luxuriant, a nice river, the town like one of those neat, well-to-do little towns one sees in Wiltshire where they have the Bath stone. . . . I was delighted with all I saw; everything, both as respects kind and management is first rate, and there is an order and regularity about the whole place that are not often met with in England, and still less so in Ireland.

Since writing the above, I have been all over the mills, which are *splendid* and upon an enormous scale. I am really more and more delighted with what I see here. . . .

Before the end of the year Lord Clarendon had to encounter trouble from two different quarters. Pope Pio Nono, having been restored to the Vatican by the French after two years' exile, turned his attention to England, where the secession of Newman, Manning, and other earnest

[1] The Earl of Caledon had married Lady Jane Grimston, youngest sister of Lady Clarendon.

Churchmen caused him and his advisers to look upon the Tractarian movement as the forerunner of a general return of English Protestants to the papal fold. Since the Reformation, Roman Catholic vicars-apostolic and prelates had been appointed to Great Britain as *in partibus infidelium*, a term which was applied indifferently to Hottentots, Mahommedans, Hindus, and every denomination of Christian which did not acknowledge the vicegerency of the Bishop of Rome. Pio Nono was assured that the re-establishment of a regular hierarchy of bishops under territorial titles would be well received in England; accordingly he issued a brief to effect it. He grievously misinterpreted the spirit of the nation. Englishmen could afford to be indifferent to the Papal Court styling them 'infidels'; but when the Church of England was referred to in the brief as 'the Anglican schism,' and the authority of Crown and Parliament was declared to be 'void and of no effect' against the Pope's edicts, indifference flared up into honest indignation. 'I cannot say that I regret the anti-Pope feeling that is now springing up in England,' wrote Clarendon to Lewis on 29th October. 'It is high time to resist the encroachments of Rome and to let His Holiness know that we are still Protestants, and that the Reformation was not an error of our forefathers for which the present generation is desirous of atoning.'

But indignant resistance was one thing, and intemperate abuse quite another, though unfortunately it is usual among Christian sects for the first to prove inseparable from the last. It is as impossible to prove by demonstration the dogmas of one Church as that of another, all dogma being by nature undemonstrable; wherefore, in theological controversy the disputants on both sides are prone to assume the aggressive and to follow the advice given to counsel with a weak case by abusing the other side. On this occasion the Prime Minister was the first to lose control over himself. On 4th November he wrote an open letter to the Bishop of Durham, denouncing 'the aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious,' and declaring that Englishmen 'looked with contempt

on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.'

Such an appeal to passion issued from a Protestant pulpit might have been mischievous ; coming from Downing Street, headquarters of an Empire containing millions of Roman Catholic subjects, it could only be described as deplorable. In no part of the Queen's dominions did it so seriously embarrass the executive as in Ireland ; the floodgates of sectarian controversy were thrown wide ; Orangemen laid aside their grievance in the Roden affair, and the passions of Roman Catholics which had been lulled to a semblance of slumber were fanned into a fresh blaze.

Lord Clarendon to Henry Reeve.

Viceregal Lodge, 23*rd October* 1850.— . . . I am sorry C. Greville does not approve of resisting Roman encroachments, for upon all matters of policy his judgment is most valuable ; but looking to Ireland and to the pseudo-Protestantism which prevails in England I am sure it is necessary to proclaim *à haute voix* that we will not submit to the reimposition of the yoke of Rome. . . . The most complete toleration must be expressed over and over again *usque ad nauseam*, for the opposition should be of a purely liberal character, and the only standard to be raised should be that of the Reformation. I would even make allowance for the Pope being led into error about the state of England by the Puseyites ; and no wonder, when the forms of R. C. worship are adopted in the churches of the aristocracy (Bennett's of Belgravia, for instance), and the Bishop of London takes part in such a procession as that for the opening of S. Barnabas' church (you should get some details of that), and the marriage ceremony is performed in a manner to which we have been unaccustomed for the last 200 years.

The Same to Lady Caledon.

Viceregal Lodge, 26*th November* 1850.— . . . Lord John has just hit the Protestant taste, but he forgot that ' mummeries of superstition ' might not suit the taste of R. C.'s, and their fury exceeds all bounds. I fear we are going to have a regular

phase of sectarian bitterness, and that we shall never see things as peaceable again as they were last week.

The Same to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

27*th November* 1850.— . . . The Protestant clergy here are, as yet, tolerably quiet about the Roman invasion, thinking that the zeal of England wants no stimulus; but the R. C.'s are in a state of sullen discontent, which is not unnatural, at seeing the English newspapers filled with abuse and ridicule of their religion. Lord John's letter was a godsend to them, and they wouldn't for the world accept any explanation of 'mummeries.' It suits their book even better than Lyndhurst's 'aliens,' for the agitators were sorely put to it for a lever with which to stir up hatred against England.

Lord Clarendon had seen enough of public affairs in general and of Irish affairs in particular to convince him of the enormous influence of the press for good or ill. It may be seen in his correspondence how often and how bitterly he complained of the immunity enjoyed by British newspaper editors from any check upon their treatment of the most delicate and critical points of policy, whether foreign or domestic. In his Irish administration he felt it to be a serious disadvantage that there was no journal whereby the loyalist and Unionist case could be put fairly before the Irish public—no means of counteracting the diatribes of the *Nation* and other seditious prints. It might come to be assumed that the arguments of Young Ireland were unanswerable, for the only newspapers that did not preach rebellion were Tory in politics and therefore opposed to the government. Accordingly the Viceroy took counsel with the Chief Secretary Sir William Somerville,[1] and with his private secretary, Corry Conellan, in order to secure a competent editor for an Unionist journal, whom of course it would be necessary to subsidise. In an evil moment their choice fell upon a clever rascal named Birch, editor and proprietor of a journal called *The World*, who, unknown to Clarendon, had already undergone six months' imprison-

[1] Created Lord Athlumney in 1863.

ment for attempted blackmail. A bargain was struck, the nature and results of which are described in the following letters from the Viceroy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood:

29*th November* 1850.— . . . Upon the whole I should say that this country is in a more tranquil, progressive and satisfactory state than we have ever known it, but for the religious war in England and the unhappy expressions in Lord John's letter. His 'mummeries' beat Lord Lyndhurst's 'aliens' all to shivers and are a godsend to the disaffected, who had no cry and no lever wherewith to stir up hatred against England and the government. There is no use attempting explanation, for they don't want one, and it is a mighty pretty quarrel as it is. . . . I have never been so annoyed in my life as lately by that villain the editor of the *World*. The origin of my relations with him was that, after he had been placing his paper at my disposal for months,[1] I sent for him in an evil hour at the beginning of '48, when all the felon newspapers were exciting rebellion, and agreed with him to write in defence of law and order, *but not in favour of the Government*; and I gave him full liberty to abuse me as much as he chose. He asked me for money to pay agents in the country towns, who at that time would circulate nothing but treason. I told him there were no funds for such purposes, but I gave him £300 out of my own pocket.

He wrote with great skill and ability: the paper increased in circulation, and, as it appeared to do some good, I thought some secret service money might legitimately be employed in assisting him, as he was needy and pressing. He had in the course of two years £1100, and I gave him some more myself; but last summer, when he went about to M.P.'s and to Lord Ellenboro' asking them to bring his case before Parliament, I of course stopped all further supplies, and took no notice of his daily letters. Two months ago, however, he sent me in a bill of £4700 for suppressing the Irish rebellion and other services rendered to the Government, with a notice that he should immediately bring an action against me for the amount and subpœna Somerville, Connellan and everybody with whom he had ever had any communication.

I put the case in Monahan's hands, and, as he said that counsel

[1] That is, offering the services of his paper to the Government.

would have a right to extort from the witnesses whether the money given had come from public sources, together with all manner of disagreeable and inconvenient information compromising to the Government, he strongly advised me to buy the fellow off, and I was actually obliged to pay him £2000! Even then he would not give up some letters of Connellan's, tho' I believe they are of no consequence. . . . At first, I had no reason to think him worse than any other editor, and I found him clever and useful; but so great a scoundrel as he turned out to be I never had the misfortune to meet with. . . . It is a pleasant scrape to have got into for the public service.

10*th December*.— . . . Of course I should have defied the rascal and let him bring his action if S[ecret] S[ervice] had not been involved; but as that fact might and would have been brought out in court, I made the enormous sacrifice I did simply to prevent it; tho' for my own part I cannot see much objection to employing a little money in the defence of society when attacked on all sides.

As a counterblast to the *Nation* the *World* proved an egregious failure, serving only as a hebdomadal butt for its lively rival; so after some months' trial Birch received notice terminating the engagement. Then the trouble began. There can be no doubt that in this business Clarendon committed a double indiscretion: first, in applying Secret Service money to subsidise a journalist, for although there was good precedent for doing so, Lord Derby himself, when Chief Secretary in Lord Grey's government, having established the *Dublin Times*, and defrayed the cost of maintaining it from this source, yet nobody with any experience of 'the Treasury mind' will feel surprise at Sir Charles Wood having pronounced such expenditure to be irregular; secondly, in trying to shut Birch's mouth by submitting to blackmail.

The first error Clarendon set right immediately. 'I should prefer any sacrifice,' he wrote to Sir Charles, 'even to the suspicion that a farthing of public money had been misapplied by me'; and he repaid out of his own ill-garnished pocket everything that Birch had received from

the Secret Service Fund. The second error entailed even more harassing consequences. On receiving £2000 from the Viceroy, Birch signed an acknowledgment in full of all claims against his Excellency, and straightway directed his batteries against the Chief Secretary. Sir William Somerville, however, was wiser than his chief, flatly refusing to be blackmailed, whereupon Birch entered an action against him to recover expenses amounting to £7500, alleged to have been incurred by him in the public service. There was tremendous excitement in Dublin, the Nationalist press circulating rumours of the damning disclosures about to be made exposing the corruption of English officials. The trial occupied several days. In a court crowded to excess Clarendon had to go into the witness box and admit that, while he had paid Birch £1700 for services to be rendered by the *World*, he had paid £2000 more to buy off an action at law. Birch, however, broke down under cross-examination; the jury after very few minutes' deliberation returned a verdict for the defendants, with nominal costs against Birch. The *Nation*, ably and wittily conducted, made the most of the affair to discredit viceregal rule. Here is one of its less offensive epigrams:—

'Lord C. has grown most awfully religious,'
Said Corry Conellan with a rueful air;
'At least his trepidation is prodigious
As to how in the next *World* he'll fare.'

Founded upon these transactions, an article appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, contributed, it was surmised, by Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., giving a gross perversion of what took place at the trial and reflecting very injuriously upon the Lord-Lieutenant's connection with the case. Those who are most familiar with the tactics of parliamentary parties will recognise nothing unusual in the attempt to damage a tottering government by bringing one of its members into disgrace. Accordingly young Lord Naas, member for county Kildare,[1] founding upon the magazine article, deemed it no wrong to move a vote of

[1] Afterwards sixth Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, 1868-72, assassinated in the Andaman Islands, 8th February 1872.

censure upon the Lord-Lieutenant for his conduct in the affair of the *World* newspaper; but the motion was defeated by a majority of ninety-two, many Conservatives voting against it.

In the thick of these worries Clarendon found relief in corresponding with his sister.

To Lady Theresa Lewis.

VICEREGAL LODGE, 29*th December* 1850.—I am very glad you thought yourself indebted to me for your Woburn visit, as to that notion I owe your delightful letter. His Grace may possibly have wished to do what was agreeable to me by inviting you; but all the rest you got off your own bat, and I am sure by his letters he feels the 'greateth rethpecth' for you, and thought your company a great catch, not only for himself, but for *John*. He moaned over your inability to stay longer, and his appearance at your early breakfast was a compliment that I never heard of his paying to anybody, for at that hour he is always in a very old dressing gown, scribbling the illegible letters that will be the death of him. His motives are just what you describe; he loves to think himself the centre to which information tends and from which advice radiates, and I have no doubt that in the course of a twelvemonth he does a great deal of good by smoothing down political and social asperities; for quite as many appeals are carried into his court as into C. Greville's, and he never intentionally made an ounce of mischief in his life; but this vanity of good-nature and self-importance amount to mania, and will kill him. No man at his age, with a slender stock of health, can keep getting up through the winter at 4 or 5 in the morning, lighting his own fire and writing till 10 or 11 upon an empty stomach.[1]

How strange it is, considering all the connoisseurs and amateurs who for the last 50 years have been filtering through Woburn, that it should have been reserved for you to correct the misbaptism of the pictures and to let the Duke behind his own family curtain. You carried me completely with you in the gallery, etc., and I need hardly say that I long since came to the same opinion as you about some of the Vandykes, including the one over the chimney in the dining-room, which, however,

[1] Francis, Duke of Bedford, lived ten years longer, dying in May 1861 at the ripe age of seventy-three.

always took my fancy exceedingly, and I wish I knew who it is *of* and *by*.

I have never seen the cottages, though, as you may suppose, I know them intimately by frequent description; but yours is the first tenanted picture I have had of this wise benevolence in the shape of bricks and mortar. All you say upon the subject is so true and so just towards the Duke that I actually copied it all in a letter to him yesterday, saying that I knew by experience how valuable your judgment was upon all subjects, and as you had written so much in detail to give me pleasure, I was determined to share it with him.

Unfortunately for the historian, the Duke of Bedford did not content himself with writing letters; he was equally industrious in destroying those written to him by others. There are many references to this pursuit in his correspondence with Clarendon between the years 1845 and 1861. For instance, in the latter year he writes: 'What you say of my heaps of interesting political letters is very true. I came so young into public life (living with Mr. Fox and the men of his day), and have been so much and so long mixed up with what has been passing, that my letters would form an interesting collection. I have lately been much engaged in destroying them.' [1]

Dublin Castle, *8th March* 1851.—My dearest Theresa,—I can't let this day [2] pass without telling you a bit of news that you might otherwise be ignorant of, which is that you are the best sister that ever brother was blessed with, and that each year it seems to me I love you more and more. Indeed about the latter fact I am *quite positive*, for nothing teaches value like absence, and a pretty long lesson I have had of the hardship of being deprived of such a dear, kind, affectionate, wise friend and counsellor—of such a sister, in short—and where 's the use of such a blessing if one may not daily have the enjoyment of it? . . . I quite loathe the Irish as the cause of keeping us asunder for four years; and Heaven only knows how much longer they will do so, as I had a line from Lord John to say, 'We have determined not to proceed with the Abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy Bill this year.'

[1] See *Greville's Memoirs*, 3rd Series, i. 48.

[2] Her birthday.

. . . God bless you, my own dearest Theresa; please to continue always what you always have been, and I can form no better wish for the happiness of the family in general and, in particular, of your most affectionate brother, who longs—oh, how he longs! to be with you again; and if any one catches him in harness again, either at home or abroad, say he is a Dutchman!

George Lewis having written for the *Edinburgh Review* an article on the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, sent it to Clarendon for criticism before publishing it, who replied as follows:—

December 1850.—I have cut out some praise of myself *in re* the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy: 1st, because it is not due, the measure having been settled by Lord John with Lord Bessborough, and 2nd because as long as I remain here it would make me inconveniently unpopular to be thought the author of a scheme which the Dubliners look upon as their ruin. I am already called the Desolator-General by the *Freeman's Journal*, so Empson must take the last page as it is sent back to him.

Irish parties were united upon one subject if upon no other —namely, opposition to Lord John's project of abolishing the Lord-Lieutenancy. Clarendon had strongly advocated it, for he knew how very limited was the choice of men to fill that important post, owing to few men being able to face the expense. There was, therefore, always the danger of a wealthy weakling being appointed. But the strong expression of opinion in Dublin and the provinces brought him to view the question in a somewhat different light.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

7th February 1851.— . . . George has thought it his duty to inform Lord John that, tho' the arguments in favour of the Lord-Lieutenancy Abolition Bill remain the same, the delay in passing it and the great change of opinion about it in Ireland (where it is now very generally disliked) would increase immensely his difficulty in passing it. George did not think it right to conceal this, and *that* may account very much for the rumours about his change of opinion. He never thought it otherwise than an experiment, and he does not allow personal

feelings to influence his judgment on public matters. . . . I don't think the measure itself would turn out the government, unless it happened that the Opposition should pitch on it as *the* measure for a party struggle for power, and I don't think that very likely, as the great majority in favor of the principle of abolition makes it a bad cock to fight. I suppose the D. of Wellington will oppose it in the Lords, and I expect all the Irish members of both Houses will oppose it *now*, with but few exceptions. I think nearly all the Ministers consider it an unnecessary danger, and this, I imagine, is the whole *résumé* of the situation. George wants *personally* to get away, but would prefer it should be by going out of office altogether, which is what he is longing for,[1] without wishing the government to go out, except for his own release. . . . The *Morning Herald* and *Standard* go on making all sorts of fabulous stories about George's resignation, his intrigues to oust Lord John, etc. The more virulent they are the better, for they will only cut their own throats by it. . . . It is certainly not universally known how *complete* the confidence and how constant the intercourse is between Lord John and George. George wrote to Sir G. Grey to consult him as to whether any contradiction should be given to those articles in the *M*[*orning*] *H*[*erald*] and *Standard*, and Sir G. Grey communicated with Lord John about it, and sent George a short note from Lord John, advising not, and treating the whole thing with the contempt and indifference which those sort of slanders inspire at headquarters, where the confidence is too complete for calumnies to signify. . . .

In February Lord John Russell brought in his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, intended to prevent Roman Catholic ecclesiastics assuming titles from places within the United Kingdom. The Crystal Palace was rising in Hyde Park, the proclaimed symbol of peace and goodwill among the nations; but in the British nation there had been stirred all the rancour of the sects—Protestant and Papist reviling each other's Churches in terms that moved Queen Victoria to express her indignation warmly to the Duchess of

[1] Lord Clarendon's private means, never more than moderate, had been heavily drawn upon to meet the expenses of his Viceroyalty. 'I have no prospect,' he wrote to Lewis, 'but the Watford workhouse before me when I leave this, particularly as I have now to undergo another Dublin season at £3000 per month!'

Gloucester.[1] So fierce was the feeling in the constituencies that only sixty-three members ventured to vote against the Bill on its first reading. The majority for the government was 332.

But how truly Disraeli once said that the life of any government was never worth a month's purchase. Just as Peel's administration foundered on the morrow of his victory over the Corn Laws, so was Russell's overthrown within a week of his triumph upon a motion of Locke King's for lowering the county franchise. The government resigned at once; the Queen sent for Lord Stanley, but he would not touch it unless he had a House that would reimpose the corn duties. He thought Lord John should try a coalition with the Peelites. Lord John tried that, and failed; Aberdeen and Graham would have no hand in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Then Stanley made an attempt to get a team together; but as Gladstone would not go into harness for him, Stanley stood aside. Finally the Queen desired Lord John to resume office, which he did with all his colleagues, and carried his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, *minus* the penal causes, which reduced it to a mere declaration that it was illegal for Roman Catholic prelates to take their titles from places in the United Kingdom.[2]

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

22*nd February* 1851.—This has been an eventful 24 hours, for I am now writing at 12 o'clock at night, and last night we heard that the agitation here against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was becoming more serious. There had been a great gathering of Roman Catholic lawyers, and resolutions adopted showing the state of feeling. Then George told me that Stanley was in communication with the Irish members—had promised them not to abolish the Viceroyalty etc. etc. This looked ominous; then this morning arrived the telegraphic message of Lord John announcing the postponement of the Budget till Monday, and almost directly afterwards came letters from Lord John and Sir G. Grey telling George of the resignation of Ministers; tho'

[1] *Queen Victoria's Letters*, 12th December 1850.
[2] The Act was repealed in 1871.

as Lord Lansdowne was out of town, the public announcement was not to be made till Monday. . . .

25*th February*.— . . . The reports in London that George is booked for the formation of a government are, of course, believed here. The room rang with them last night. They fash George very much, and he has written to Lord John on the subject, which letter will at all events, or *ought* to, convince him that these rumours are no doing of George's. . . . The letters he received yesterday were very ominous—Brougham's particularly, who told him plainly that he thought him (George) their only hope. He added, 'When I tell you that Lyndhurst and Denman, all Whigs and all rational Conservatives say so, you will admit that I have backers.'

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Dublin Castle, 27*th February* 1851.—I am so bothered by people as well as by influenza that I can only write one line, but you may want an answer about the Garter fees. I can't conceive what Normanby can mean, as no such arrangement was ever made. Among the various objections urged by me against taking the Garter [1] was my inability to pay the fees; but that did not help me, and of course I paid them, with the exception of some which I disputed with the Chamberlain's Office and which I believe are still claimed. The idea of pleading exemption on account of *public service* may enter fitly enough into Normanby's head; it assuredly never did into mine!

Dublin Castle, 7*th March* 1851.—Many thanks for your letters. The 'as you were' solution had become the only practicable one, and I am glad of it for Fatherland's sake, as a Stanley interregnum must have been a revolution. I am astonished how a man of Graham's great sagacity and still greater cowardice [2] can for a moment have thought such a passage in our history desirable. It would have been a war of classes and interests, and opinions too, as the No-Popery element would have entered largely into the election contests; and though Stanley would have been driven from his post, he would not have left matters as he found them, and the first care of the victors would have been to pare the claws of the aristocracy, so as to render

[1] Lord Clarendon had received the Order of the Garter (much against his inclination) on 23rd March 1849, the Queen desiring him to retain the insignia of the Bath (which should have been returned according to the usual practice) as he had so well earned both distinctions.

[2] Political, not personal cowardice, of course.

another such combat impossible by sweeping parliamentary reform. I never suspected Graham of being sincere in his negociations with J. R., or of being intent upon anything but making himself a position, which was what he was so much in want of. He has succeeded; for, by overtrumping J. R., he has become the man of the Radicals and the hero of the Papists. If he knew all the glorious things the latter are expecting of him, he would already be frightened at the eminence he has attained; but I really hope he will be cautious, for much depends on him just now. If he chooses to lead an opposition against the nominal remnant of the Papal Bill, the R. C.'s and Rads. will follow him, and the Tories out of vexation will probably join them upon the ground that no Bill is better than such an one. In that case the government will go out *positively*, and Stanley must then form one as best he can upon anti-Protestant principles. I wish him joy of the task! . . . By a line at the end of G[eorge] G[rey]'s letter to-day I *gather* that the Ld.-Lieuty. Abolition is given up—whether for this year or for good I know not. Not a syllable has been said to me about it.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 28*th March* 1851.—The majority is a great fact to go to Europe with, certainly,[1] for no one there (nor indeed at home, beyond a certain radius) looks at anything but the numbers nor inquires about the nature of the measure nor the tone of the debate. . . . I quite agree with you that Graham is the man most damaged by the debate, and the pleasure exhibited by the House at his dissection by the Jew[2] proves that aversion for his character has checked the slightly renascent confidence in his abilities. Really, he deserves what he has got, and the only course open for him now is to turn rank Radical; tho' he would soon be drummed out of that corps for cowardice. I must copy for you what Lord John wrote to me about him yesterday; it is so true and well expressed. Lord J. sent for Graham two days ago and, among other things, pointed out to him the danger of dissolution upon a [*illegible*] question, and the parliamentary reform it might lead to. 'I do not think he differed from me, his sense of danger being by nature as acute as that of the stag or the hare; but unfortunately, like some other kinds of the creation, he is fascinated by the danger he fears, and runs or drops into his enemy's mouth.'

Nevertheless, and *malgré tous les malgrés*, he is not a man to

[1] A majority of 342 on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.
[2] Disraeli.

be neglected, and I told Lord J. in answer that, if he could get the harness on him and frighten him along the right road, he might convert a false friend into a useful public servant. . . .

Viceregal Lodge, 31*st October* 1851.— . . . Lord John tells me that he mooted the Ld.-Lieuty. and Duke of Newcastle questions at Windsor, and they were not at all well taken. He seemed rather to agree with the Royal reasons assigned, which were rather complimentary to me, and added that he should do nothing more till the end of November, when the Cabinet meets again. So I have still a chance, tho' not much; for Wood, who manages Lord J., is opposed to my emancipation. . . . I therefore look to a general *débâcle* for relief, rather than to any re-shuffling of the cards.

You chalk out a brilliant rôle for me, but it demands much more ambition and self-confidence than I possess. Although it may not be a fine thing to own, yet I feel that, even if I succeeded in all you suggest as possible, it would not repay me for all the anxiety and trouble it would cost. I am glad, of course, not to fail in anything I attempt; but I much prefer not undergoing the risk. The *cui bono* feeling, and the question why I should torment myself in order to deprive better men of what would be a gratification, are perpetually presenting themselves, which you will perhaps think selfish and unpatriotic, and I don't deny it. Four years in Ireland, however, have convinced me that serving the public is a *jeu qui ne vaut pas la chandelle*, and the manner in which Lord John was treated this year by his party has so utterly disgusted me with political life that I have really no other wish than to take my final leave of it.

Nevertheless, I acknowledge that every man is under obligation to be of what use he can to his country; and, as I sincerely desire the success of Liberal principles and to serve Lord John (for whom I have a great regard) to the best of my ability, I would not shrink, as long as his government lasts, from any duty that could be imposed upon me, provided I felt myself competent for its performance. It was my misfortune, however, not to have been in the House of Commons, or ever to have heard the sound of my own voice till I was forty years old; and I am so conscious of the want of debating power (the little I had acquired having become here quite rusty and good for nothing by four years' want of use) that I have horror of putting myself in a position where I should constantly be apprehending failure.

I have no official vanity, and, if I wished for Cabinet office,

the Board of Control would be just as acceptable to me as a Secretaryship of State, and it *is* a much higher place than the Board of Trade or the Lord-Lieuty. of Ireland; but if I turned out Hobhouse the public would be justified in supposing I thought myself a better man than he, which I don't, and they would expect great things from me, in which they would be disappointed. . . . I have inflicted a long story upon you; but I wished frankly to state my reasons for declining the rôle you so kindly suggest. . . .

9th November.— . . . I agree with your view of public life, but it leads me to a different conclusion to yours. It attracts you; it repels me. You would be satisfied with the ultimate appreciation of your conduct; I feel that, having endured every kind of obloquy and moral torture, it is small satisfaction to be informed that you are not the scoundrel you were represented to be.

10th.—Graham seems to have behaved honestly, and to be pleased and surprised thereat. The secret of the offer to him has been well kept, which I am glad of: 1st, because he probably did not wish to have it known, as he has kept silence; and 2nd, it will come with much greater effect from Lord John when he is reproached in parliament for not having strengthened his government, or his reform measure is attacked by Graham.[1]

With my feelings about getting *out* of office, I can't wonder at G.'s dislike to getting *into* it; but then he is ambitious, and must take some part in affairs. Perpetual isolation is loss of influence; and, having declined the Whigs, I don't see with whom he can coalesce. The Peelites pure are a little band of conceited colonels without general-officers and no rank and file; and the Protectionists, having no other cry than *sauve qui peut* from their own principles, will soon be without credit in the country. . . . The office of Snarler, then, seems the only one now open to Graham; and in the event (improbable enough, Heaven knows!) of things going smoothly next session, he will repent not having taken the Board of Control. . . .

In the early days of December, the world was startled by Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Clarendon could not withhold some admiration from the author of a plot so boldly conceived and so ruthlessly carried into effect.

[1] Sir James Graham had been offered and declined the Presidency of the Board of Control (India), feeling disinclined to accept office in order to prop a moribund Ministry.

I have no sympathy, he wrote to Lewis on 9th December, with L. Napoleon, who has committed wholesale high treason and trampled his own obligations and the rights of others under foot with an audacity that has no parallel in history; but I can't quite agree with you that he is such a *chétif* creature. The man who conceived this *coup d'état* and made all the arrangements for it with such secrecy and completeness—who pounced upon all his actual and probable enemies at once—who had the courage to show himself in the streets when he had no assurance that his blow was finally struck or popular—and who, during and after the carnage, appears not to have been troubled by the ordinary feelings of humanity—can be no common mortal. . . .

Next day he discussed the ethics of the matter at greater length in a letter to Henry Reeve. *Si peccas*, was his argument, *pecca fortiter*.

10*th December*.— . . . It is rather a humiliating confession, but the fact is I have not yet been able to make up my mind as to what I should think, or rather wish, respecting the French events. As to the methods by which L. N. has established himself, there can be no difference of opinion; but I am not so clear that a *coup d'état quelconque* had not almost become necessary, as the only way out of the deadlock to which things had been brought by the misconduct of the Assembly and the selfish, reckless intrigue of parties. For some time past it has been evident that a legal and constitutional solution of difficulties was impossible—that the Gordian knot would have to be cut, and that violence of some kind would be resorted to by one or other of the contending parties; and it seems best, therefore, that the attempt should be made by the one in which there was the greatest concentration of force, in order that the contest should be as short as possible. . . . Some deputies have been horribly maltreated (though Changarnier, Cavaignac and Thiers were all ready for their own *coup d'état* and for locking up L. N. if they could) and many innocent persons have been massacred; but I doubt if, beyond a narrow circle, that will excite much horror or produce a lasting bad impression. . . .

17*th*.— . . . I have not differed with you in your estimate of the President's acts; but, his *coup d'état* once made, I wished him success, simply because failure would have brought with it horrors of a worse kind. I thought also that we should not measure his acts by an English standard, or ask ourselves how

we should have liked to see our parliament shut up, the press abolished and everybody imprisoned at pleasure; for we must remember that the French are more or less accustomed to such proceedings, and that L. N. put an end to a system that everybody knew was a fraud and could not last. . . . I thought that our press (and when I say the press I mean the *Times*, for nothing else signifies abroad) went too far in denouncing that which would soon be popular in France. . . . I thought also that we ought not uselessly to irritate L. N., or give him the pretext that his uncle always seized upon for hostility—that public opinion in England was insulting to him and injurious to the cause of order in France.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

13*th December*.— . . . L. Napoleon seems likely to stand his ground, and it is impossible not to wish it, however much we may dislike what he has done; for, if he had failed, the Socialist horrors that have taken place in some departments would have been perpetuated all over France. But I quite feel the same alarm that you do at the network of military despotism that is now thrown over Europe; for England with her tranquillity, liberty and prosperity may become a kind of plague-spot that the autocrats will think it their duty to wipe out. What will become then of 'the solidarity of peoples,' which lately excited so much enthusiasm at Birmingham? or Palmerston's 'struggling nationalities'? or Cobden's 'Stop, tyrants'? If danger does come, we shall be without a single ally in Europe, and discover, when too late, how mischievous and disgraceful our diplomacy has been for the last four years under circs. which ought to have made us more powerful than ever and other States much beholden to us. . . . The *Times* is doing a vast deal of harm upon French affairs; but Reeve's virtuous indignation is not to be controlled; so, in order that he may please Guizot and the Grotesque and her dear Alexis (as she calls Tocqueville)[1] a bad feeling is to be created between the two countries. . . .

19*th*.—I agree in every word you say about the French revolution; but, as things had come to a deadlock and a *coup d'état* was inevitably to be made by *somebody*, I wished L. Napoleon, who took the initiative, to succeed, simply because his failure

[1] Alexis Comte de Tocqueville (1805-59), Vice-President of the French Chamber, 1849; a strong opponent of Louis Napoleon.

would have entailed horrors exceeding those of 60 years ago, the anarchy which has only partially shown itself in the departments would have prevailed over the whole of France, and either have spread to the rest of Europe or been crushed by foreign intervention. But it was out of no love to L. Napoleon nor respect for his acts, and I should have wished as well to the Assembly or any Man or Body with sufficient force for the occasion. In short, I put myself in a Frenchman's place and wished for the least evil at such a crisis, when affairs were not sufficiently clear for judging of what English interests demanded. Even now, I am not prepared to say that we should benefit by the triumph of Socialism, tho' I agree with my mother in preferring that *all* Frenchmen should die by their own hands, rather than that a boatload of them should invade us!

To Lady Theresa Lewis.

Viceregal Lodge, 14*th January* 1852.— . . . You and G. Lewis are disposed to be complimentary to me and to think I am ambitious, self-confident, full of zeal for the public service, and capable of great and successful efforts; whereas the fact is that, whatever formerly may have existed of these qualities no longer does so; indeed they have been smothered in this country, where a residence of five years, nearly, has produced a contempt for human nature in general, and political life in particular, that I cannot get over. You can have no idea what my depression of spirits and disgust for public life amount to, and what is there, I should like to know, in the higher walks of that life to inspire one with different feelings or a wish to move upward? Look at the position of J[ohn] R[ussell]—is that a desirable one for a man who has no call to jump naked into a nest of hornets? He may have faults, and certainly has committed errors, but who is perfect? and who in the course of five years will not have something to repent of? He has, however, great talents and great virtues; he has long been at the head of a great party, and he is, by common consent, the only man fit to lead the H. of Commons; yet there he is, accused of numberless political and *moral* offences, not a friend coming forward in his defence—badgered, insulted, weak and standing at bay before furious assailants, asking for aid and meeting with refusals, compelled to carry on the government, relying on nothing but impediments, and only suffering less in body and

mind from such a state of things than any other would do because he happens to be of the phlegmatic character which is one of the charges against him, even from his own personal friends. I envy, and don't possess his coolness, and if anxiety such as he undergoes did not destroy my intellect, it would soon take me to the receptacle in Watford Church. As long as I am in harness I shall pull away to the best of my strength ; but as for undertaking loads that are beyond me—*pour cela, non !*

Thanks for the prospective offer of Lord Lansdowne's place and the leadership of the H. of Lords, and the endowment of the experience and debating powers necessary for success in that line ; but if you should happen to know of a Hebrew professorship vacant, I should greatly prefer it ! . . .

CHAPTER XII

THE FOREIGN OFFICE

. . . The conquest was obtained with ease ;
He pleased you by not studying to please.
GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S published letters bear ample witness to the constant anxiety she endured through Lord Palmerston's high-handed dealings in foreign affairs. Time after time, from the moment he took the seals of the Foreign Office in 1846, did she write to Lord John Russell complaining of the manner in which Palmerston kept her in the dark as to his proceedings and committed his colleagues in the Cabinet without their knowledge or consent ; time after time had Lord John made the best excuses he could devise for the unruly Minister, well knowing that to offend him was to sign his own official death-warrant. But Palmerston's action in expressing to Count Walewski approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* brought about a situation which admitted of no excuse. His conversation with Walewski took place on the 3rd December, the day after the *coup d'état*. On the 6th the Cabinet sent instructions to Lord Normanby, British Ambassador in Paris, that he was to refrain from any interference with the internal affairs of France and to observe perfect neutrality between political parties. Palmerston had no choice but to forward these instructions ; but by the same messenger he sent a letter to Normanby, rebuking him in terms almost insulting for his want of sympathy with Napoleon's proceedings. Normanby, when he communicated his official instructions to M. Turgot, the French Foreign Minister, was met by expressions of amazement, for, said Turgot, Lord Palmerston had already

expressed to Count Walewski cordial approval of the President's proceedings. Normanby in bewilderment wrote to Lord John, and then it all came out how Palmerston had been treating his Sovereign and the Cabinet as ciphers and taking his own independent line. Russell felt that the crisis so long imminent—so often averted—was upon him. Palmerston must be dismissed, let come what might.

Lord John Russell to Lord Clarendon.

20*th December* 1851.—A serious difference has arisen between Palmerston and me. He had some conversation with Walewski [1] about the President's *coup d'état*, which he [Palmerston] said he approved. A despatch was afterwards written by Palmerston by the Queen's desire prescribing strict abstinence from interference in the national affairs of France. Normanby [2] reported that Turgot told him that Walewski had reported to his government the approbation of the President's act by Palmerston, and that two of his [Turgot's] colleagues mentioned it as the approbation of the English government. I asked for an explanation: no reply. The Queen asked for an explanation through me. Next came a second despatch to Normanby declaring his [Palmerston's] own opinion in favor of the President, sent off to Paris without my knowledge. After this, an explanation for the Queen, consisting of a defence of the act of Louis Napoleon. I told him that that was not the question—the question was whether, without concert, he should have expressed any opinion. I said that these violations of prudence and decorum had become so frequent that I thought he could not with any advantage to the country hold any longer the seals of office. He declares himself ready to give them up. I have laid the correspondence before the Queen. Supposing the Cabinet to be of opinion that we can go on, the question of a successor arises. I am inclined to Granville, knowing your disinclination to succeed Palmerston, but every one will look to you as the man most capable of holding the office. It is very possible the Cabinet may say that no one but you is fit to succeed, and the country may echo that opinion. I wish you, therefore, to be prepared for what may happen. Any further lights on this subject I shall be glad to receive, as I am much in want of them.

[1] French Ambassador at St. James's.
[2] British Ambassador in Paris.

Lord Clarendon to Lord John Russell.

Viceregal Lodge, 22*nd December*.—Your letter of the 20th reached me late last night, and I am more grieved than I can express at this serious addition to your *natural* difficulties. As you ask for my opinion, I shall, as I always do, give it without reserve, tho' it may be worth little, as there are various facts and details of which I am ignorant.

I don't *very* much like the case. Palmerston has acted with great indiscretion and impropriety, and it was natural you should think the time had come for separating yourself from a colleague who kept you in such constant hot water; but he has so often done the same sort of thing before and shown a disposition to act independently of the Queen and of yourself, relying upon your being compelled to share his responsibility, that the question arises whether this particular piece of misconduct should not, like the others, have been overlooked, and whether the matter and the moment are well selected for a rupture.

When the whole subject comes before the public, may it not be said that Palmerston, in approving (however unwarrantably) of the President's act, merely forestalled that which six weeks hence will be the almost universal opinion of France, and that as after the first eight-and-forty hours the success of the *coup d'état* promised to be complete and the establishment of a military despotism certain, it was prudent to lose no time in complimenting the Dictator, with whom it was important for us to maintain the *most* friendly relations?

Will it not also appear that the Queen and government of England disapproved of the act of Louis Napoleon, which was from the first lauded to the skies by the Continental Powers, and that Palmerston's new-born sympathy with them was to be punished, tho' all their grievances against him for the last four years had been unnoticed? May not this render our position more isolated than it now is, and possibly give offence to France?

On the other hand, I believe foreign governments will rejoice to be rid of Palmerston *à tout prix*, and will care little about the cause; but it is necessary to bear in mind what sort of case P. will be able to make out for himself and against the government; tho' it may be difficult for him to persuade his Radical friends that his precipitate admiration of Louis Napoleon's treason against liberty was necessary or expedient.

So much for the matter of the case: then as to the time. Will it not be thought that the endurance of P.'s misdeeds ought still and at all hazards to be persisted in, with reference to the general state of Europe—to the meeting of parliament being at hand—to the risk of breaking up the government—to the impossibility of forming another, and to the Reform Bill which has been promised by you, and which nobody but you can undertake? I mention these things as they occurred to me on reading your letter, and I like to be prepared for the worst view that can be taken of a subject; but I have not sufficient data for forming an opinion, and, preceding points of difference may give to this particular one a very different complexion. The danger of parting with P. and having him in opposition and the difficulty of replacing him will, I think, alarm all your colleagues, and I shall not be surprised to hear as the result of this day's Cabinet that the government is thought too much weakened to go on.

But if such is not the case, then comes the question of successor. I am exceedingly obliged to you for having thought of my objections to occupy P.'s place, which are as strong as ever. For some utterly unfounded reason (as Heaven knows I never coveted *any* office, and much less his) P. has always been suspicious of me, and if I become Foreign Secretary nothing would ever persuade him or his numerous friends, in and out of parliament, that I had not had some hand in his disgrace, and that they must avenge it by thwarting me in every way that his vast knowledge and ingenuity could devise. This would be a great disadvantage, and my objection rests, therefore, quite as much on public as on personal grounds. I think Granville would do the business very well under your guidance—certainly better than Lord Canning, who was urged by Stanley and Lord Aberdeen to accept the F.O. in February last. He is popular with the H. of Lords and the country; and I think moreover that the Queen and the Prince would prefer him to me. Your expectation that the Cabinet and the public might demand my services, is, of course, very gratifying to me; but you know how I estimate my own abilities, and I fear that those who think better of them than I do will be disappointed. I feel, too, that an absence of four years and a half from the Cabinet and from England, during which I have only studied foreign affairs in the newspapers, almost in itself disqualifies me for the Foreign Office at this critical moment. *His dictis*, I now leave my fate

in your hands. If I can be spared from a task to which I don't feel equal, I shall be very happy; but if it be otherwise ordained, then I must rely upon your friendship clearly to explain to the Cabinet, and if possible to Palmerston, that you are aware of my long-standing objections to the F.O.; that I accept it with reluctance, and that until last night I was totally ignorant of any disagreement between yourself and Palmerston. You have my hearty prayers that whatever you resolve may be for the good of the country and your own honor and satisfaction.

Lord John Russell to Lord Clarendon.

23*rd December*.—I will give you as fair an account as I can of what has passed since I wrote.

The Cabinet, in the first place, approved of my conduct and consented to go on as a government. In the second place, they gave me their opinion that altho' Granville was very fit for the Foreign Office, your appointment would give greater confidence and satisfaction to the public. I carried this opinion to the Queen, and told her at the same time of your letter to my brother.[1] She expressed great esteem for you, and great admiration of your very handsome conduct. The result, however, was that it was plain to me that the anxieties consequent upon Palmerston's conduct had greatly preyed upon her peace of mind. There was an evident dread of the intrigues so clearly pointed out by you as likely to be set on foot by friends and admirers of Palmerston. Seeing this disposition, and how much it was shared by the Prince, I proposed not to fill up the office till I heard from you in reply to what I should write to-day.

Seeing all the difficulties, and grateful to you for the manner in which you have always behaved to me, I tell you fairly that what would give me most ease would be that you should waive the office for yourself and acquiesce in the appointment of Lord Granville. From what you wrote to the Duke, I conclude this course would be agreeable to you.

I have had for five years a most harassing warfare—not in the Cabinet, but as umpire between Windsor and Broadlands.

I have just received your letter. It is as handsome as possible, and relieves me from all difficulty. Your objections to taking office are, as you say, of a public nature, and it is this *guerre sourde*, or perhaps open war, of Palmerston's admirers which the Queen, with just reason, dreads. I will not speak of the

[1] The Duke of Bedford.

causes of the rupture. Your remarks are very just; but my patience was drained to the last drop.

Now as to going on—what I should like would be Clarendon to Paris—Newcastle to Ireland—Fox Maule [1] to the Board of Controul [2]—Cardwell to the War Office. What do you say to this? I do not think we ought to go on without some attempt to strengthen ourselves. Yrs. ever, J. RUSSELL.

2 P.M.—I have seen Granville and offered him the office, which he accepts.

Clarendon replied immediately :—

VICEREGAL LODGE, *24th December*.—I congratulate you heartily upon the approval and support of your colleagues, and upon having got out of this serious difficulty in the best manner possible. I did not put them prominently forward, but I was perfectly aware of the objections to myself that existed in the minds of the Queen and the Prince; and these alone, exclusive of any other considerations, would have been of sufficient weight to prevent my accepting the F.O. I am sure they will be pleased with Granville and that you will find him both efficient and amenable. He, I hope, will not be exposed to the vexatious opposition from Palmerston that I should have looked for on the part of a man who for so many years has entertained such miserable and groundless suspicions of me. . . . All I care about is not being supposed to have acted an unworthy part in declining to assist you at a moment of difficulty. . . . I must therefore rely on you to guard me from any misconception on the charge that, under trying circumstances, I refused any assistance I could give to the public and yourself. . . .

Lord John Russell to Lord Clarendon.

26th December.—Your letter sets me quite at my ease, and, like all you have done, is most handsome to me. I believe your putting yourself in my hands and stating your objections was the best course also for your own quiet, for the Queen is delighted with your conduct, and would, in case I had forced the F.O. upon you, have been uneasy and anxious as to personal disagreement with Palmerston. I foresaw your difficulty about Paris, tho' in fact your being under Granville would have been some-

[1] Succeeded as second Baron Panmure in 1852, and eleventh Earl of Dalhousie in 1860.

[2] Corresponding to the present India Office.

thing like Canning being under Charles Wynne. To be sure, Paris is nearer than Calcutta. . . . I will speak to the Queen to-day about the D. of Newcastle, so as to relieve you from the Court ceremonies. I hope it may not be said that you have come away in disgust at not being Foreign Secretary; but lies cannot be helped, and 4½ years in Ireland are enough for any man. . . . As for being out of my difficulties, that is a long way off; but I feel I have done my duty, and *perhaps* saved the country from the danger of standing alone. I thought it idle and unfair to offer you the Foreign Office in a way that you would refuse, and I could not say your acceptance was absolutely necessary while 'Granville the Polite' was at hand. Yours ever, J. Russell.

Immediately after the cabinet on 23rd December Lord Lansdowne, foreseeing Clarendon's dislike of stepping into Palmerston's shoes, had written and begged him not to decline hastily the offer that was about to be made to him. Afterwards, fearing that Clarendon should suppose he had referred to the offer Russell had made of the French Embassy, he wrote to explain as follows:

Bowood, 26*th December* 1851.—I must write a few lines of explanation, *in case* what I wrote to you on Tuesday may appear inconsistent with what has since passed. When I left the cabinet on that day at the same moment that J. Russell and others did, it was perfectly understood, and I am confirmed in that recollection by others, that the seals were to be offered to you on the following day. Indeed the fitness of that step was expressed by many strongly, and dissented from by none. It was only on going to Windsor this morning that I learned that your refusal to accept them had been notified, not in answer to such an offer, but by anticipation in a letter which I have not seen, but which had been received in the meantime. Indeed, in whatever language you may have expressed yourself (and I have no doubt it was considered to be conclusive), I still think the offer should have been formally made. The only reason I have now, however, for saying another word on the subject is that I may not appear to have written hastily or lightly on a subject to which I attached much importance. Yrs. sincerely,

Lansdowne.

Charles Greville, to whom Clarendon explained his reasons for declining the Foreign Office, expressed great

indignation. 'His conduct has been to my mind very pusillanimous and unworthy of him.' The injustice of Greville's further remark—'I can't help thinking he will be mortified at his advice being so immediately taken'—is shown in Lady Clarendon's journal.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

24*th December*.—We have just heard that Lord Granville has been offered the Foreign Office and has accepted it. It was so strongly the wish of the Queen that Lord John says it will contribute to his own ease if George waives his claim! The Cabinet preferred George, and so, probably, would the public; but the *Times*, through Charles Greville, will support Lord Granville. This is a great relief to George, who foresaw great *tracasseries* and bothers from Palm. and great personal annoyance. . . . Lord John suggests that George should go to Paris. This George declines, but begs on the score of expense and annoyance of the Dublin season and the ill-health which it entails upon him that the offer to the Duke of Newcastle should be made *immediately*. This Lord John ought to do, and *I* mean to insist upon it. There is no reason, either public or private, that we should sacrifice ourselves and our children any more.

In the voluminous private correspondence of this time, I can detect no trace of the mortification which Greville foresaw that Clarendon would feel in being passed over. Since leaving Madrid in 1839 he had taken almost as much pains to avoid office as other men take to obtain it. No man ever coveted less *digito monstrari et dicere—Hic est*. He longed for relief from the Lord-Lieutenancy and coveted no other public employment. Perhaps, having now passed the meridian of life, he shared Sir William Temple's opinion, that a man should quit gallantry at forty and the public service at fifty.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis, M.P.

Viceregal Lodge, 26*th December* 1851.—You will have seen by the correspondence of which Katty has sent copies to my mother, that Sir G[eorge] G[rey]'s reasons for my not being Foreign Secretary are not quite correct. I stated to Lord John the grounds, of a mixed personal and public nature, upon which

I thought myself objectionable and Granville preferable; but, having done that, which I thought a duty, caring nothing about office and wishing only to be of use to Lord J., I placed myself in his hands as to what he thought best; requesting only that, in the event of my being selected, certain explanations should be made to the Cabinet.

Lord J. received this letter on Tuesday, after his return from Windsor, and, even if it had not been written, you will have seen by his to me that my acceptance of the office was totally out of the question, the Queen's and Prince's objections to me being so strong that Lord J. was compelled to say his ease would be promoted by my waiving any claim I might have and acquiescing in Granville's appointment. My letter, it is true, removed his difficulties, and he at once sent for G.; but it is unjust to say that I absolutely declined to give my services at a moment of difficulty. My refusal to come to Ireland was far more positive and was persisted in for several days, until a sense of public duty (or rather of friendship for the Duke of Bedford, who must have gone if I had not) induced me to yield. Lord J. knew well enough that I should have pursued a similar course now.

The Queen and Prince are wrong in wishing that courtiers, rather than ministers, should conduct the affairs of the country; but they were quite right in thinking I should not be a subservient tool nor prepared to sacrifice my own opinions to theirs. They labor under the curious mistake that the F.O. is their peculiar department and that they have a right to control, if not to direct, the foreign policy of England. I make some allowance for their objections to me, as they have suffered such deep humiliation from Palmerston that they now fear an independent-minded man as a scalded dog does cold water.

Yet there is nothing that ever passed between us that ought to have created a bad feeling. Once, when I was in the Cabinet, I told them *the truth* about their wish to send troops to support the imbecile Queen of Portugal in her despotism; and on other occasions, when I was *not* in the Cabinet, I gave them to understand that I was an unfit recipient of their grievances against Lord John and Palmerston—in fact, that I could be no party to a cabal. Of course this was all done most respectfully, and with ordinary men and women it would not have engendered distrust; but to Kings and Queens it probably appeared mutinous.

I hope you will think I was right in declining Paris. Without caring much for official dignity, I should not have liked to place myself under Granville's orders. . . . I might also, tho' in a lesser degree, have been objectionable to H.M. there; and, finally, I should have had a *casus belli* with Normanby, who, it appears, has not even intimated his wish to resign. . . .

Ever since I came here Charles [1] has in vain tried to make me think I was hated and abused and intrigued against by every member of the government; but I never saw the slightest symptom of it, and, tho' I don't rely on official *affection*, I must say that I have always found them cordial and ready to meet my views. . . .

2nd January 1852.— . . . Eviction from office must have been a rude shock to Palmerston, and if the *Morning Post* is any index to his feelings, he seems to resent it bitterly and to meditate an onslaught upon Lord John, quite as much as a defence of himself. . . . Abroad, the government will gain by his loss; but at home I expect they will feel it; for Palmerston is deservedly liked; his good nature, courtesy and hospitality made him many friends, and he was able to turn away the wrath of opponents as no other member of the government can do.

Had Clarendon been able to view himself from outside, he might have added to this sentence the words 'except myself,' for all who had to do with him agreed that it was precisely in the qualities he attributes to Palmerston that he himself excelled. Moreover he exercised them in diplomacy, which Palmerston never could or would; instead of irritating foreign governments, Clarendon was able in many instances to remedy or prevent misunderstanding and friction.

3rd January.— . . . I believe no one but himself can have the least idea of what Lord John has undergone for the last five years with the Queen about Palmerston, nor how it has embittered his relations with H.M., who has certainly, but in vain, been appealing to him for protection against the man whose delight seemed to be to humiliate her and to insult her allies. I really cannot blame him for wishing to get some ease for himself out of the rupture with P., or for thinking that, if Granville were too courtly-minded, he should himself be at hand to redress

[1] His younger brother.

the balance and maintain an independent policy. . . . I am really sick of abuse and turmoil, and can feel nothing but satisfaction with things as they have been settled.

10*th February*.— . . . I can't help being sorry for anything that mortifies Lord and Lady P[almerston], and I fear they must have suffered a good deal. For his sake it is to be hoped that he won't be allured by any of the Protectionist baits thrown out to him, for he would take up a sinking cause, and irreparably damage his own character. . . .

Clarendon felt much anxiety as to the mischief that might be done by the incessant denunciation of Louis Napoleon by the *Times*, and wrote strongly to Henry Reeve on the subject.

1*st February* 1852.— . . . I have no doubt the *Times* has had good and sufficient reasons for the course taken with respect to Louis Napoleon. To denounce in the strongest terms such acts as he committed, at first, was a duty on the part of the English press. Occasionally to do the same at subsequent periods of his two months' career was likewise perhaps necessary; but to go on battering at him every day was more, I think, than was required either by public opinion at home or by English interests abroad. . . . If we were invulnerable, and had an army and navy and rock-defended shores, we might thunder away to any extent; but, in our present helpless state, it seems to me that to persist in irritating France is a luxury for which we may pay dearly; every newspaper at the same time overflowing with proofs of national panic, and the most *naïf* indications of where we can be best attacked and how most easily conquered.

It does not appear whether Clarendon, when he wrote as above, knew that the obnoxious articles were from Reeve's own pen, but we have Reeve's own acknowledgment that they were. Moreover Lord Granville was aware of it, and wrote a vigorous remonstrance to Reeve against the tone of the articles in the *Times* of 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th January.[1] . . . 'I hear that Louis Napoleon is irritated and annoyed beyond measure by the language of the *Times*. However deserved such castigation may be, it will be a

[1] *Life*, i. 249.

serious responsibility to goad him on to acts of violence which may be seriously inconvenient to us.'

Palmerston had not to wait long for his revenge upon Lord John Russell on 21st February. By a majority of thirteen he carried an amendment against the government on the Militia Bill, and Russell at once resigned. 'I have had my tit-for-tat with John Russell,' wrote Palmerston in high glee to his brother, 'and I turned him out on Friday last.' Lord Derby then formed a ministry, avowedly stop-gap, for he could not command a majority in either House. Palmerston declined the Chancellorship of the Exchequer because of Derby's intention to take the sense of the country on the question of protection, and Disraeli took that office, with the leadership in the Commons. By this change of government Clarendon obtained welcome release from the post which he had occupied in Ireland during nearly five years of exceptional difficulty. It was impossible for any man to win unanimous approval in a country so deeply seamed with faction as Ireland. Croker belaboured his administration in the *Quarterly Review* (lxxxvi. 228), and Lewis dealt with it from another point of view in the *Edinburgh* (xciii. 208); but the only acts which Clarendon had any difficulty in defending were the removal of Lord Roden from the magistracy, as described in a former chapter, and the awkward entanglement into which, as explained above, he was led with the blackmailing journalist Birch.[1]

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

13*th March* 1852.—Lord John had a meeting this week in Chesham Place to settle the plans of the Opposition. Charles Villiers is to ask some questions about free trade on Monday, but to make no motion involving a division and to take a tone of moderation. Lord Palmerston did not attend the meeting. . . . George went to-day to Lord Palmerston by appointment, stayed with him, I think, about two hours, and Lord P. not only gave him details, but had the papers arranged to show him. George hopes that

[1] See pp. 316-319, *supra*.

he was able to soften him a little about Lord John and the Whig party. Both Lord Palmerston to George and Lady P. to me treated the Queen's minute as a *boutade de femme*, and both seemed very sore at its having been produced by Lord John in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston says that of course all this will not alter his principles; but that Lord John has placed him in an independent position, which he does not intend to relinquish, and that tho' he may act *with* Lord John again, he does not intend to act *under* him or acknowledge him as his leader. He complained much of Lord John's sudden way of acting without consultation with his colleagues on matters in which they had to share his responsibility. There is some truth in all this, but Lord P. is a curious man to find fault with *that*. It is very pleasant for us that all sides seem friendly with George and that he has been fairly out of these worries. He had his own Irish ones to contend with; but now they are over, and we find our position in England very pleasant. . . .

25*th March*.—We dined at the Palace. The Queen had a long conversation with George and talked a good deal about Lord Palmerston—seemed to resent his discourtesy in not answering her letters, etc. George tried to smooth matters, as he always does.

The 'Who-who?' Ministry[1] managed to carry on affairs till July, when parliament was dissolved. The Duke of Wellington made his last speech in support of the Militia Bill which had been so fatal to the Russell government, and died on 14th September. The general election left parties without much change, neither Liberals nor Conservatives being able to reckon a working majority. The new parliament met on 4th November: on 11th December Disraeli's budget was rejected by a majority of nineteen, and Lord Derby immediately resigned.

Current events—the elections, the restoration of the French Empire (2nd December 1852), Palmerston's intentions, the Cabinet crisis, etc.—all are vivaciously discussed by Clarendon's correspondents during this eventful autumn.

[1] So called from a little scene in the House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington, who had become deplorably deaf, sitting beside Lord Derby, asked about the composition of the new Cabinet. 'Who? who?' he said repeatedly in tones loud enough to be heard throughout the benches as Derby shouted the unfamiliar names to him.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis.

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, 12*th August* 1852.— . . . Lord John writes to me that Derby must not be allowed to go on. Availing myself of that, I have described the utter helplessness of his position if D. resigned on the first night of the session, and I recommended a cautious policy. J. R. is dying for a fight and for office. In his letter to the Duke of Bedford this morning he says that he shall not hesitate on every occasion to vote against the government, as no worse one could by possibility be formed, forgetting that the question is—not how bad, but how good, a government can be formed on the next occasion. . . .

GROSVENOR CRESCENT, 1*st September*.— . . . The article in the *Morning Chronicle* may not be the *popular* view of J. R., but it is what all the Peelites, many of the Whigs and the majority of those who make and maintain a government think of him. It is really too bad that he should be led by his wife and her father to set everything down to *intrigue*. He has been unfairly and ungratefully treated, but he has great faults of character and has committed many blunders; if, when these are perceived and to a certain extent resented, he is to content himself with thinking there is a base intrigue against him when his back is turned, he wilfully shuts his eyes to the truth and will never improve, nor occupy the position that his talents and services entitle him to hold. I send you his letter of yesterday and an extract from my answer. . . . I wish to inspire him with more confidence in himself and his position than he appears to feel; and, above all, to prevent his knocking at every man's door, as he has done lately in obedience to Lady J.'s mandate of always to be doing *something*, in total forgetfulness of his own dignity.

Lord Howden[1] *to Lord Clarendon.*

13 HEREFORD STREET, 1*st October* 1852.—MY DEAR C.,—Here I am, hot from Paris, and I bring over a bit of news so curious, and conveyed to me from such strangely good authority, that I hasten to give it you—*vaille que vaille*. First of all, it is said that the decree of the Empire was read at Jerome's house on Sunday, and the formula approved by him. But the startling part of my communication is this—that the President intended

[1] Soldier and diplomatist (1799-1873), at this time Equerry to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

in the decree, and publickly, to entail his succession *by adoption* and not by blood. And who do you think the adoptee was to be ? Monseigneur le Comte de Chambord ! ! !

It certainly is not unlike Louis Napoleon—the idea of astonishing Europe by a Bonaparte legitimising the descendant of S. Louis. But the story goes on to say that Jerome was so furious at this, added to a majority of the Cabinet against it, that the project was abandoned.

Miss Emily Eden had by this time established her Whig coterie at Eden Lodge, whence flowed frequent streams of mingled gossip and counsel to her old friend. Her first letter, however, lending itself to quotation, came from a *villeggiatura* in Battersea.

Battersea, 1*st October* 1852.— . . . The Thames is in such a fuss to-day, great waves, with an affectation of white foam, and the steamers and barges so very much out of the horizontal that I carefully abstain from looking at them. I guess how the passengers feel. And *I* think it is very cold ; but was ordered into the verandah by a doctor, so I suppose it is all right.

I was in the same place on Tuesday, when, to my surprise, the Duke of Devonshire stepped out of the window. The tide was up, the sun shining, boats were swarming, and it took his fancy immensely. He wanted to know if Miss Ridley would change with him for Chatsworth or any of his places. He is very pleasant when he means to be so ; always tells me not to tire myself as he has collected stories to tell me, and he tells them quaintly, always giving me the notion of an old memoir in Pickering's type. . . . I had no idea how nearly Lismore Castle had been destroyed. He was rather affronted because I said how sure it was that an Irish castle should take fire and that there should be a barrel of gunpowder in the steward's room ! He did not see that, but owned that no barrels of gunpowder were to be found in his English homes. My own belief is that there are small kegs of the same article in all the dressing-rooms at Lismore ; but I did not press the point, as it did not please. He gave me a shawl pin, for which you would give your ears if you were, as you ought to be, cut off from your cigars. It is an enamelled little pipe of tobacco, so well done that my shawl smells smoaky. He thought 'Francis Bedford rather tedious—his pocket was too full of letters.' He is in a most eager anti-Derby mood. . . . Lord John's speech ? What do

you think of it? I thought it perfect, tho' at first it felt like stepping on thin ice and I was prepared for a plunge and a chill, but ended in a glow. It was so honest and manly, and if I did not agree with every word of it (which I do), still I honor a public man who states so boldly and so ably his views and convictions. And then there comes Mr. Henley![1] did you ever? I really cannot finish the sentence, and evidently his own supporters could hardly swallow it. . . .

'Francis Bedford' came as I was writing and made my letter too late for the post. He nearly caught cold through seeing me out, so I came in and he sat down by the fire and talked much of Hatty. He has been in town this week to make acquaintance with her father and mother, who are just come from Bermuda. I think it will end in his cutting off Tavistock with £80,000 or £100,000 a year and settling the bulk of his property on Hatty, which is a little unjust. . . . That horrid balloon went over the house, *very low*, with two men hanging on to it; at least the servants said they were live men. It is too silly—and wicked.

Thank you again and again, dear Lord Clarendon, for all your kindness to me. I am sure if you knew what very bright spots in a *very* shady life your visits are, you would feel actually *complacent* when you think how much trouble you took about them.

EDEN LODGE, 18*th October*.— . . . The John Russells came here yesterday, and he was, as he always is in that quiet way, pleasanter than most people and entirely unlike anybody else. I like him of all things; but every now and then there oozed out a few dogged words of hatred of the present government (in which I could go all lengths with him) and of a determination to overthrow them as soon as possible (on which I politely declined making any comment, but it sounded alarming). I can hardly say what the words were, but the intention came out constantly. Talking of these ministers going on for want of an organised party to take their place, Lord John said they had gone on quite long enough. Malmesbury was worse than Packington, Packington worse than Walpole, and so on. 'Derby,' said he, 'to be sure, failed the first time he tried to make a Cabinet; but in one week he made up a government out of *untried* men. I see no difficulty in making up one any-

[1] Right Hon. Joseph Henley, M.P. (1793-1884), President of the Board of Trade.

day; unless, indeed, a superfluity of *tried* men would be a difficulty. There are now thirty men in this country who *have* been cabinet ministers.' 'And can you bring thirteen of them together?' I asked. 'Certainly,' quoth he, 'I see no difficulty about it.' I did not pursue the subject, as Lady John was present; and though the Dial (Lady J.) spoke not, it made shrewd signs and pointed full upon the hour of *office*. Francis Bedford is clearly out of favor; and, taking their tone of confidence and the fact that Mintos, Melgunds [*illegible*] etc., are all in town, and that you are in the country, I am left with a painful impression that there is a small lucifer match looking out for the slightest possible rough surface to rub against, and I wish you could catch it and put it back in the allumette box!

I hope this is not treacherous of me; but, after all, I only want Lord John not to do anything that would injure himself, and I do not know any one who has any influence over him—for good—but you. I wish I could remember more of the slight indications of mischief which I observed; but I know that I kept saying to myself all the time—'Oh, you are after *that*, are you? You think you can do as you like, but I will tell Lord Clarendon of you, see if I don't!' . . . The Mintos came late to bid me good-bye, and I thought I had never seen three people less likely to meet again in this world than Lord and Lady Minto and I. . . . Can that be true about the revival of Convocation? not that I have a notion what Convocation is; but whatever the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford and Archdeacon Denison wish for, must be ruin to our church. Yours affly.,

E. E.

From Charles Greville to Lord Clarendon.

Newmarket, *Tuesday* [*October* 1852].—I am glad the J. Russells and Reeves don't meet. I don't think it would have done. Lady John was a friend of his first wife and hates him, especially as she knows or suspects him to be adverse to John and to write against him. I am glad John's visit is postponed, for I could not have managed to get to you on Friday, but I will be with you on the 5th. . . . I have done very well here. Bruce's horse won the great stakes to-day (we are confederates) and we won a lot of money on it. The weather is unlike anything I ever saw here—a torrent of rain and cutting wind—pleasant to ride in for 6 hours on this heath; but it does me no harm. . . . I don't believe Pam. is trying to coalesce with

S[idney] H[erbert] and Co., or that they would with him. S. H. is wedded to Newcastle, who equally hates Derby and J. Russell and dreams of a Newcastle administration. The D. of Bedford is expected here. He won't come to his own house, but gets lodged at Portman's at the H. Park 3 miles off—a poor man with whom he has no intimacy, and he borrows a pony of somebody in the town, not chusing to bring his own horses ![1]

BROADLANDS, 21*st October* 1852.—I have had a long conversation with Palmerston and a good deal of desultory talk with Lady P. and Lord Shaftesbury, and the result is a strong conviction that it will end in P. joining Derby, provided the latter will give him a decent opportunity for so doing. *She* evidently wishes it very much. . . . He will not, however, join *alone*, whatever may happen, and I see that he will expect a good many changes and exclusions and that he should come in with some adherents. . . . Lady P. intimated to me that Walpole had expressed his readiness to make way for P. whenever his place might be wanted. . . . P. talks with the greatest contempt of Malmesbury, and seems fully aware of the great danger of having our foreign relations in such incompetent hands in the present state of Europe. Though he relies much on Louis Napoleon's pacific professions, he seems a good deal alarmed at the vast and matured preparations of France and at the utterly defenceless position we are in, and he owns that the new Emperor's policy may any day take another turn and that his present intentions afford a very imperfect security for us to rely upon. Sir Charles Napier, who is here, gave us an appalling account of our vulnerable and unprepared condition, which Palmerston acknowledged to be true, and which I own fills me with apprehension. It is really frightful to think of being in the hands of such a government as this in the present circumstances of Europe, and if Derby stays in, I hope Pam. will join him, for his energy and capacity will be better in the hour of danger than all the incapables who compose the present Cabinet.

NEWMARKET, 24*th October* 1852.— . . . I should say from Sidney Herbert's tone that there was no chance of *his* joining Derby. He is wedded to Newcastle, between whom and Derby there is mortal antipathy. I do not think it so certain that

[1] Francis, seventh Duke of Bedford (1788-1861), whose chronic personal parsimony was strangely in contrast with his liberal generosity on occasions, and was the source of constant merriment among his friends.

Dizzy would yield the lead to Pam. and I don't suppose he would join without it. . . . The state of the Liberal party appears all but desperate ; nothing but some dire necessity can silence discordant opinions and pretension and produce union.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

16*th November* 1852.—George says that d'Izzy [*sic*] made a grand, stilted funeral oration upon the Duke of Wellington last night, in which there was neither heart nor reality, and it was plain that his sympathies were all with the successful adventurer Napoleon. He had the *good taste* (*and tact* too, at this particular moment of danger from abroad) to talk of our ' scandalous allies ' in Spain, of France having been ' subjugated ' by the D. of Wellington, and of his having won the battle of Waterloo with ' raw recruits and discomfited allies.' In order to praise the Duke, he described at great length what a general ought to be and what he has to do and to undergo ; and this the *Globe* prints this evening in parallel columns with Thiers's eulogy upon a second-rate French Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. It is a verbatim translation or, as the *Globe* calls it, a vulgar and impudent theft ! Yet d'Izzy is their only man and sole support in the H. of Commons. . . .

17*th November*.— . . . The town talk to-day was d'Izzy's theft from Thiers. The *Daily News* published it to-day from the *Globe*, but prefixed to it a passage from his father's works on literary impostors !

The ' Who-who ? ' Cabinet having resigned, the question presented itself, who was to be called upon to form a fresh government. Lord John Russell was ready enough for the attempt, but it was the Peelites who had brought about the crisis, and it was far from likely that they would accept him as a leader, for although they were at one with him on the question of free trade, they had no manner of relish for that reform of the franchise whereon his heart was set. Lord Lansdowne declined on the score of age—threescore and twelve, and afflicted with gout ; so at last the choice fell on the Peelite Lord Aberdeen, who was but sixty-eight. Palmerston at first declined all overtures but, persuaded at length by Lansdowne, he consented to take the Home Office. Lord John Russell was designated for the Foreign

Office; but Lady John declared that his health would not stand the work. Besides, he had set his heart upon leading the House of Commons without the cares of a department, so that his head and hands might be free for dealing with reform.

Lord Aberdeen to Lord Clarendon.

LONDON, 20*th December* 1852.—MY DEAR CLARENDON,—I have not been able to persuade Lord John to adhere to his intention of taking the Foreign Office; but he is ready to take the lead in the House of Commons, either without office or with a nominal office such as the Duchy. . . . Under these circumstances I trust you will consent to take it. I think the publick voice points you out for the situation; and, whatever may happen in future, it will be of the most essential importance that we should commence with your name at the head of this department.—Believe me, etc. etc., ABERDEEN.

Clarendon, however, was by no means anxious for office of any kind, and exerted himself to overcome Lady John's objections, with so much success that in the end Lord John undertook the task.[1] And thus the Coalition Cabinet was formed, Clarendon gratefully assenting to his own exclusion, Gladstone, Graham, Newcastle, Sidney Herbert and the Prime Minister contributing the Peelite element, balanced by the Whigs Russell, Cranworth, Granville, Argyll, Lansdowne and Wood.

From Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Clarendon.

EDEN LODGE, [*December* 1852].— . . . I *did* want to see you so much through all that crisis. I wonder when I shall ever see you again. Perhaps you will have half an hour some day between two railroads. I want winding up and regulating. When my political watch stopped, I thought Lord Aberdeen a cold, yellow Scotchman turned up with black and malice. Lord Derby could not say more against Sir James [Graham] than I thought; and as for Mr. Gladstone, I rather expected

[1] 'It was to Lord Clarendon that the persuasion of Lady John was finally due; but Lord Aberdeen had to add his own promise to that of Lord Clarendon, that the latter would take the Foreign Office whenever she thought Lord John ought to be relieved of it' (*Memorandum by Queen Victoria*, 25th December).

that, if *he* came into power, we might any of us be burnt at Smithfield on his warrant and under the eyes of Cardinals Phillpotts and Wilberforce.[1] . . . Then a Liberal government without *you*, to begin with, and Carlisle and many others to end with, seems to me an uninteresting absurdity. However, I am persuadable ; only you must come and see me some day.

George Lewis, who had been Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the Russell Ministry, had lost his election at Peterborough to Mr. Whalley (who was afterwards unseated on petition), 'than whom,' wrote Clarendon before the election, 'you could not have a worse man or a better opponent.' Lewis remained out of Parliament until 1855, when he succeeded his father in the baronetcy and in the representation of the Radnor boroughs. Meanwhile, he was invited to the editorial chair of the great Whig quarterly, whereof William Empson, the editor, had just died. After taking counsel with Clarendon, he decided to accept the offer.

Lord Clarendon to G. C. Lewis.

The Grove, 15*th December* 1852.—I said nothing to you about the *Edinburgh Review* on Saturday, because I knew Theresa thought the editorship would not be advantageous to your public career ; but I had just been talking the whole matter over with Reeve, who, I found, had confirmed Longman in his opinion that the *Review* would be saved if you could be persuaded to undertake it. I have quite come to the opinion that it would be a good thing to accept the occupation. Reeve said the whole character of the *Review* would be changed, that your name would at once attract all the literary talent in the country, and that you might, if you pleased, make yourself the centre of a literary society. For my own part I can see nothing *infra dig.* in the occupation ; on the contrary, to aid the diffusion of useful knowledge in all its various branches seems to me honorable and dignified, and now that you appear not to care about office (in which feeling I most heartily sympathise, as you know), and seeing that the editorship would not interfere with your being in parliament (which I would not on any account have you give up), I can see no reason against your accepting. . . .

[1] The Bishops of Exeter and Oxford.

20*th*.— . . . I have had a talk with Macaulay about the *Edinburgh Review*, and he seemed quite sincerely glad you had taken it, anticipating great power and usefulness to you.

Lord Londonderry to Lord Clarendon.

WYNYARD PARK, 26*th December* 1852.—It gave me inexpressible pleasure, my dear Lord Clarendon, to receive your letter of 24th yesterday, as it affords me the assurance that, although our opinions, views and prophecies may be wide as the poles asunder on this grandissima Coalition - Composition (which either seems to have dropped from the skies or been conjured in the regions below), yet our friendship and private confidence, formed under accidental circumstances and cemented on the cliffs over the blue seas of Garson Power, will not be impaired or broken, though cabinet secrets may not be revealed by you nor the chief of our party betrayed by me.

I will freely admit at the first moment of this English *coup d'état*, I was so startled at hearing Lansdowne and Aberdeen had fraternally embraced, that, giving that license to my pen not always under prudent dominion, I expressed myself in no measured terms as to the *dégoût* that seized me, had I conceived it possible for a combination, such as I now see before me, to have included my kind friend. But he is too candid not to admit that it is composed of all colours, with a seeming oblivion or nullification of all former lines of policy, principles and system. . . . You pronounce we shall have a panacea against the rising democracy of the day: you alledge the Peelites and Whigs have been long united in opposition—do you mean to assert that Sir R. Peel would ever have acted in couples with Lord John? And yet Aberdeen, who lived only, as he swore, in the spirit of the departed, has not only harnessed himself to the car of the Whig party, but at the head of only some 30 or 40 tail has plunged into a whirlpool of difficulties, doubts and incalculable results. . . . I am totally unable to form a conjecture what the happy family-results will be from the discordant materials. . . . Coalitions have been ever of late years of two preponderating parties; but so utterly meretricious (forgive the word) and apparently indelicate and inexplicable an alliance was never before contemplated, much less seen. It is not in human nature to lay aside personal incongruities, injuries and squabbles, so as to embrace, forget and forgive, in a few months, as if

unblemished individuals on these heads came together; or does it follow in the portrait you have given me, that a bit-by-bit selection of every section, professing every shade of opinion, can ever run smooth ? etc. etc.

Clarendon's loyalty to Lord John Russell comes out clearly in the following letter to Henry Reeve, through whom, though chiefly concerned with the foreign correspondence of the *Times*, he was accustomed to convey remonstrance or advice regarding the line taken by that journal upon public questions. An article very unfriendly to Lord John having appeared, Clarendon wrote to Reeve complaining of its unfairness:—

The Grove, 26*th December* 1852.— . . . I was in London yesterday and found things by no means *couleur-de-rose*, for the Liberals in general are so much displeased with the partition of places that I fear many of them will not cross the House in support of the government. The Peelites should have been more self-denying and have remembered that the best generals are helpless without troops. The anti-ministerial feeling was sadly increased by the article in the *Times* yesterday, which was as offensive to the Whigs as possible and evidently intended to bring Lord John into contempt. Now whatever his failings and errors may have been, he has certainly on this occasion laid aside all dignity and personal claims in order to facilitate the fusion that the country seemed to desire. A large section of his followers are not so patriotically minded as himself, and at the moment when they begin to accuse him of having thrown them over, the *Times* comes to justify their resentment, and even to treat him as unfit for the office which, solely to oblige Lord Aberdeen, and against his own wishes, he has accepted temporarily. I have *never* seen him so mortified and annoyed, because the friendship between Lord A. and Delane is, as he said, well known, and nobody will suppose that attacks on him would find their way into the *Times*, unless they were agreeable to Lord A.

I saw a great number of people yesterday, and I assure you the general feeling was that the Peelites already wanted to kick down the Whig ladder by which *alone* they have climbed to power. My earnest wish is that there should be no Whigs or Peelites in future, and that the Cabinet should be a real fusion

of principles; but if the distinction is to be kept up by such irritating stimulants as the *Times* can administer, jealousies will prevent all unity of purpose and action, and the sooner the whole thing comes to the end that Derby predicts and is waiting for the better.

From 1842 onwards, Lord Brougham wrote interminable letters to Lord Clarendon, containing bitter complaints and sarcasm about his old colleagues. The Christmastide crisis of 1852 brought one in the same tune, but it is more readable in parts (not to mention more easily decipherable) than most of his epistles. It will be seen that he assumed that Russell would be head of the new government with Palmerston at the Foreign Office.

Lord Brougham to Lord Clarendon.

CHÂTEAU ELEANOR LOUISE, 21*st December* 1852.— . . . I own I was comforted by your mention of Irish purchases, as I conceived they would suffice to avert the catastrophe. Such I regard it, unless parties are much better prepared than I can believe them to take the government; and certainly if an attempt is made and fails, that will only give unnatural and wholly undeserved strength to the present people.

I daresay a little selfish feeling entered into my mind; for, with all its great and glaring faults, the Derby folks had for me a great convenience, namely, that I could take my rest, as they were quite well watched and checked in the Commons and in the country. But J. R. coming in (and in the way he is so likely to do and with some of his coadjutors) I shall be compelled to exert myself, and the worthy Whigs, I fear, are under a delusion in supposing me dead. The recovery after suspended animation is said to be very painful and I look forward to much annoyance in consequence. . . . I daresay we shall see sacrifices as formerly to the *Irish* tail and *English* newspapers. I think J. R. has begun already. I don't mean to complain of his lecturing (how absurd some of his stuff was!), because I don't think he was wrong in getting a little political capital, and he had formerly, and without any sinister intent, been one of us in that department.[1] But I refer to his crying up Tommy Moore—an Irishman and a Whig squib-monger—as above Campbell, Burns and

[1] Literature.

even Dryden, as a lyric poet!! and then uttering the incredible nonsense of defending his lascivious book because Horace wrote indecentnesses; forgetting that not a little of Horace goes to excite the passions, and also that Horace wrote at a time when even grave historians mentioned certain things by name in their most grave passages. Now this sacrifice to please the Irish betokens, I fear, what we may see on a larger scale.

Altogether I wish the country well out of its present scrape, and, above all, that Palmerston in Germany may not make us forget Malmesbury in France. . . .

I give the following letter (one of a dozen others about this time) at length, because it explains the position and motives of this extraordinary man, who combined intellectual gifts of a very high order with a singular perversity of judgment:—

Château Eleanor Louise, 1*st January* 1853.—My dear C.— . . . I had heard from various quarters—as Lyndhurst, Beauvale and others—that I was to be, or as some said, had been, asked to join the new govt., and some (among others, Lyndhurst) supposed I must be on my way home. Some *important Protectionists* (disgusted, I believe, by Derby throwing them over) wrote to urge me strongly not to refuse (you shall see the letters), assuming I was to be asked as a matter of course, because they were pleased to say their disposition to support Aberdeen's government would be much increased by their confidence in my being hostile to the Irish brigade and not favorable to the extreme Radicals. My answer to all was that I knew nothing of the matter, but should certainly decline if asked. I, however, declared to the Protectionist correspondents that I was decidedly for progress, and probably for more than the Junction Govt. would give.

I must say that, though I believed the Whigs, and *possibly some folks about the Court*, were very likely to prevent my being asked, I yet deemed it very probable I should be, because the govt. was supposed to comprise all shades of Liberals. Indeed, with a singular infelicity, it had early been advertised as to contain every name of the least importance; just as in 1806 the fatal error was committed of calling the govt. 'All the Talents.' But my belief was wholly independent of that foolery, and I had some reason to suppose J. R. might yield to his Whig

prompters, the Whigs having received from me many of the greatest services (this to make them hate me), which they had compelled me to turn into great blows. Yet Aberdeen had never received either kindness or discourtesy. However, he has probably been overruled. I had always been assured by Bedford that J. R. did not partake of Melbourne's delusion in 1835. I only half believed this, and I now am inclined altogether to disbelieve it.

I must begin by affirming that no one can come to the consideration of this subject with a mind more unbiassed by any interest than I do. My refusal was quite a matter of course, and the asking me would have been a kindness which would have bound me far more to the new govt. than any official connexion. The singling me out as not being a Liberal of any kind leaves me at perfect liberty in all possible respects. Of course no personal consideration can or will justify me in deviating, however slightly, from the line prescribed by my opinions and principles. Melbourne said he was aware of this in 1835, and he also knew that it was not so with O'Connell and Durham, the first of whom had his jobs to do, the other his cause pending in the Lords, which was decided against him by me, and cost him £30,000, till reversed by Cottenham, contrary to the opinion of his own counsel. On this subject Durham was hardly sane, and made a corrupt proposition to me on the subject and another to Lyndhurst; and he would have gone into open Radical opposition had M[elbourne] not promised that no offer should be made to me. He (M.) knew after that and before I saw him that I should refuse it. I had so declared to one of the Law Officers, but he durst not break his promise, and he knew he could trust me as he said. Accordingly, I carried his Municipal Reform single-handed through the Lords, and supported him till Canada and J. R.'s finality two years after drove me off, and the Bedchamber intrigue finished our separation.

Just so now. The new govt. are secure against any attacks from me for the same reason ; but this is not a *generous* course of proceeding : it is hardly even a *just* one. But now—what possible risk could the new allies have run by doing to me what was done last [*illegible*] to Lyndhurst ? You say they dreaded a refusal. But whom could it injure to have offered and been refused ? Surely they know I should have *acted like a gentleman.* I should never have opened my lips on the subject but by their leave ; and, if I had, should have stated the only reason

to have been private and personal, and that I was as much attached to the govt. as if I were one of themselves.

Then what shame was there in asking me ? You say—'This is in strict confidence,' as if it were something they had [*illegible*] and were ashamed of. I believe, considering how the govt. is composed, the only wonder will be to observe those who are excluded.

Again, Aberdeen must remember what passed in 1841 when the Duke and Lyndhurst desired to [*illegible*] and to be allowed to call on me, but I preferred seeing them at Lyndhurst's on account of the prevailing espionage. They pressed me to take the place of V. P. of the Council, to be endowed by bill with a salary, and being also Deputy-Speaker of the Lords was the only condition annexed, for I was to be wholly independent of party in every respect. I refused from personal reasons, and chiefly because had I supported the govt. it would have appeared like a bargain. Peel had the shabbiness to deny the salary when attacked by J. R., but I made Lyndhurst in the Lords admit it to have been part of the proposition. I never had mentioned this except to Denman, until Lyndhurst in the Lords expressed, the year after, his regret that I had refused, and then J. R. took fire and made his attack. So that Aberdeen might safely have trusted me now as the Duke and Lyndhurst did then. But was the fear that giving me the opportunity of refusing increased in importance in case I ever should be against the govt. ? If so, I conclude the story of an offer to St. Leonards must be a fable, for he is as certain to be against the govt. as Derby himself.

Having mentioned him [St. Leonards],[1] let me add that I see the tone of the new govt. is (at least in their press) to puff him extravagantly. Now I admit at once his great merits, but I utterly deny the ground on which he is extolled at the expense of all his predecessors. It is as false as any statement can possibly be that he is the first chancellor who, on leaving office, left no judgments undelivered. I believe Cottenham left none in 1841 : I am sure I left not one single thing undecided in 1834. I know Lyndhurst in 1830 left only two cases to be reheard by me. Truro, no doubt, left some half dozen. But St. L. was only in office 6 months, for, of his 10, 4 were Easter and long

[1] Edward Sugden, Lord St. Leonards (1781-1875), Irish Chancellor, 1834-5, Lord Chancellor of England for a few months in 1852, a bitter enemy of Brougham.

vacation. Besides, he had *six* journeymen — Lyndhurst, Cottenham (in their first chancellorships), and myself had only two.

Besides, I came into office with heavy arrears, which I cleared in a year : St. L. came in with no arrear at all. *In fact the office may now be made a sinecure* ; but he, to his great credit, did not so make it. However, to exalt him by depressing all others is as vile a policy as it is a silly one.

As for the Whigs, a man must be very revengeful indeed not to be satisfied with their present prostration. A very tiny party [1] has entirely swallowed up the great Whig party, and I see the language used by its organs is severe attack on one of the wisest and best things they ever did—the govt. of 1806, and indecent attack upon one of the [*illegible*] they ever did—the coalition of 1784, of which I perceive the [*illegible*] is that Fox and North were *hypocrites* as well as *knaves* (in so many words). This is an unconscionably long letter ; but I could not otherwise explain my position and prove to you that this position was not of my seeking. On the contrary, I had rather have been bound by civility than free by the reverse. Yours sincerely,

H. B.

There was an unwritten understanding that Lord John Russell should surrender the Foreign Office to Lord Clarendon so soon as he had tested his power to combine the arduous duties of that department with the leadership of the House of Commons.

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

6*th January* 1853.— . . . It is very annoying that Lord Aberdeen and Lord John did not act upon George's repeated suggestion to offer Lord Brougham something. . . .

8*th*.—George returned from Windsor. He says that, so far from the Queen having regretted the change of government, she expressed herself about the late Ministry as one that could not and ought not to last. . . . The Queen is aware how George facilitated the formation of this government and of his noble disinterestedness. Lord John told George that he thought he should give up the Foreign Office to him about the 15th February. George (*so* like him) urged that Lord J. should try to go on,

[1] The Peelites.

and make a *bona fide* attempt at it—that it would have a better appearance, to which Lord John merely replied that he thought *not*.

On 9th January Lord Aberdeen entertained the Foreign Ministers to dinner, and spoke of them to Clarendon, who was of the party, as ' your future flock.'

Lord Clarendon to Lady Clarendon.

Grosvenor Square, 10*th January* 1853.— . . . The dinner was pleasant enough—Lord John, Graham, Palmerston and Gladstone, in addition to about eight foreign ministers, most of whom were *particularly attentive* to me. I had some talk with Aberdeen upon what he calls ' these confounded Church matters,' which disturb him much. He is right-minded about Convocation, but does not see his way to getting rid of it; for in truth there are difficulties for a moderating government possessing little real power that neither of the contending parties experience. The Low Church people want the Convocation to be instantly prorogued on its reassembling, and, if it is, the High Churchmen mean not to go until they are removed by force. Any government must wish to prevent the scandals that may occur. ' Soapy ' [1] has asked to see Aberdeen, who is very nervous about it. He told me how heartily the Queen is for the government and how much she dislikes Derby. I am sure Palmerston, whom I sat next to, means the government to last, and he will therefore run true. . . .

Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Clarendon.

Eden Lodge, *January* 1853.— . . . My relations are all such rabid Tories that I hear the worst and happily do not believe it. But yesterday Lady Mary Wood [2] called in the last stage of Grey *pee-waw-ishness*—a rigid, despairing peevishness which, in many people, would imply confirmed bad health with loss of friends and fortune, but with her meant that all the Greys had not got places. As Sir C. Wood had, I thought she had much better hold her tongue, and indeed said so several times; and when she said *if* Lord John went on in *that* way he would lose all

[1] Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

[2] Youngest daughter of the second Earl Grey; married Sir Charles Wood (created Viscount Halifax in 1866), and died in 1884.

his followers, I said I thought that *then* he might have a chance! but that, as it was, his followers never supported him in public and did nothing but abuse him in private. But then she went back to the Durham letter and 'mummery,' and the Militia Bill, and things that are, or ought to be, in the first volume of Hume's history, and then came down to Lord Carlisle, and some Scotch appointment—'you can't think what an effect it has had on Lord Rutherfurd' (which is quite true, for I never knew, and doubt whether I ever shall think, of what affects Lord Rutherfurd); and then to the dreadful climax of 'the paragraph in Saturday's *Globe*,' which had somehow prevented her and Charles from walking home from church on Sunday. It stopped them at every corner, so that *now* I don't know how they ever got home. She began so often—'But what I blame Lord John for is,' that when she said they had taken a house close by him, I think she blamed him for being in Chesham Place. I wish the wives of political men would hold their tongues, or elope. However, the Duchess of Argyll who followed her is always discreet and placid. . . . To-day the Duke of Bedford came. He really has given Hatty £10,000, and, what is more, gives her 5 per cent. for the money. I really think you might make another push for that half-crown. It is very handsome of him, and the Elliots are delighted, as well they may be, with the marriage. . . . That dear Emperor! I cannot help admiring the cool manner in which that man does exactly what he likes—the only man who ever did—and what Montaigne would call the *soudaineté de ses idées* keeps up a continual interest in the play. If he marries next Saturday, I suppose he will hardly invade England before the Saturday following, which gives us time to pack up. . . .

From Lady Clarendon's Journal.

18*th January*.—We saw George's robes, collar, etc., of the Order of the Garter for the *first* time. He certainly don't make much parade of his honors.[1] . . .

20*th*.—George returned from Windsor. . . . He found that the formal announcement in the *Globe* about Lord John's only having the Foreign Office *ad interim* was not liked there at all, though [they were] all graciousness about George himself. To

[1] He had been created a Knight of the Garter in 1849.

be sure, it was an odd way of letting such a fact be known. George found afterwards that it was George Elliot who wrote the article, and *was allowed by Lord John to insert it.* . . . It was lucky that George passed through London on his way from Windsor. He went to Lord John and found that he had written an injudicious letter to Lord Aberdeen, in answer to one Lord A. had written to him on the subject of the publication in the newspapers of the temporary arrangements about the Foreign Office. George thought the letter a bad one and persuaded Lord John not to send it. Lord Aberdeen coming in, Lord John had the naïveté to tell him that he had answered his letter; but that, having shown it to George he had thought it a bad one, so he had not sent it. Lord Aberdeen said that it was a good thing to take counsel; perhaps his own letter had been a bad one, as he had not taken counsel! . . .

15*th February.*—George had some fun to-day. It is curious that Lord John had never till to-day said one word more . . . about the *day* on which George was to enter upon his functions as Foreign Secretary, though consulting him very properly upon various points of the business and acting just as if George knew. . . . So to-day, when their conversation was drawing to a close, George said in a sort of farewell manner that he was going out of town on Saturday, but that he should be back again shortly after Easter. He says it was comical to see Lord John's surprise—'But that's *the* day!' he exclaimed. I suppose he forgot that he had never told George the exact day, or informed him that next Saturday a council is to be held for the purpose of installing him as head of the Foreign Department. . . .

19*th.*—When George was talking to Lord Stanley of Alderley about Lord Palmerston's taking office, Lord S. expressed his astonishment at it, seeing how determined Lord P. seemed against joining just before he consented to do so. He said that the arrangement which was to place Lord Lansdowne at the head of the government was what Lord Palmerston desired; but, failing that, Lord Stanley said that he would have been quite satisfied with George being Prime Minister. . . . Wonders will never cease! When one remembers Lord Palmerston's apparent jealousy of George, and now hears this, added to Lord P.'s own admission to George that he had for years thought him the fittest man to be Foreign Minister, it makes one marvel. . . .

21*st.*— . . . George went with Lord John Russell to Bucking-

ham Palace, where Lord John resigned, and George received, the seals of the Foreign Office. . . .

The appointment was received with favour by men of all parties. Even Lord Londonderry, more Tory than the Tories, sent his congratulations :—

SEAHAM HARBOUR, 1853.— . . . What a happy man you are! praised on all sides, friends on all sides, beloved by predecessors and successors. I hope you did not miss Eglinton's eulogy on you. . . . I am very curious to see how your sections form. Are they to have anyone general-in-chief ? I suppose *pro tem.*—a temporary rank—something soothing to aspiring chiefs not disapproved of, yet not positively placed in the plenitude of authority. . . . You seem not Foreign Office alone, but Prime Minister to the Empress of eight millions. I envy you not the former, but I should not object—*même à mon âge*—to be the secret confidant of Eugénie.

From H. Reeve's Journal.

Tuesday, 8th March.—Lady Clarendon held her first reception in the rooms of the Foreign Office, which have just been gilt and carpeted by Lord Malmesbury. *Sic vos non vobis* ; but this case is not so bad as Disraeli's, who paid for his upholstery and then left it to the Gladstones.

An acceptable, though not indispensable, qualification for a high official and political leader is hospitality. In this Lord Clarendon excelled—he was an admirable host. Naturally sociable, he was only following his own inclination in carrying Talleyrand's maxim into effect—*les bons dîners font la bonne diplomatie.* Lady Clarendon set the seal of perfection upon those dinner parties and huge evening receptions by which a minister is expected to keep his party in good humour. In such gatherings it would be impossible for host and hostess to converse with or even to notice more than a fraction of their guests ; but every one who has partaken of that form of hospitality must have been sensible of something intangible pervading the atmosphere in certain houses : how in one house he receives the impression—'You are here because we *had* to invite you

and your like,' and in another house—'You are here because we enjoy having you.' In the Clarendons' parties the spirit of host and hostess set all persons at their ease.

The feelings of the High Tories towards the Coalition were naturally not of a cordial tenour. Lady Clarendon, though heart and soul loyal to her Whig husband, could not forget that she had been reared in the Tory camp. Her correspondents occasionally informed her of the way the Protectionist friends of her youth were bearing their eclipse :—

Badminton, 22*nd March* 1853.—You asked about the tone of the family here. I find them sore and angry, thinking their own party prospects quite destroyed, and wondering how the old Whigs and John can submit to act under Aberdeen. They think us humbled, if not disgraced, by the alliance, and by the triumph, as they consider it, of the Peelites. The truth of all this I take to be that all their predictions have been falsified and their expectations disappointed by the strong and popular government that has been formed. The Duchess asked me how John could submit to it. They are evidently hoping that in time we shall come to a rupture with the Peelites. The Duke is too gentlemanlike to let out much, but the Duchess tells me what their feelings are. . . .

Later in the same year, after the French alliance had acquired a more specific character, Lord Londonderry writes again in kindly terms, sending a present of Irish grouse ; but warning Clarendon against putting any trust in a nation against which the Peninsular veteran's prejudice remained as fierce as ever :—

8*th September* 1853.— . . . I am more than ever convinced—your present French policy—the *entente cordiale*—the combined fleets—the intoxication of this country to France against the European Allies—will see and rue the day when they have blindly yielded to throw themselves into the arms of the only Power that ever can be fatally dangerous to the existence of England ; and then we shall in vain appeal for succour and aid to those old, faithful, great and magnanimous allies who have saved us from a desolating war and given us forty years' peace.

A young barrister, not rising as yet, next appears on the scene in the person of William Vernon Harcourt, to become in after years, not only a personage in politics, but, through the marriage tie, nearly connected with Lord Clarendon's family. As yet, however, he was unknown to them personally, and wrote to Clarendon as a perfect stranger:—

10*th October* 1853.— . . . The impression that *everything* which the *Times* may say on the Eastern Question is directly inspired by the government and represents their sentiments, is due to the fact that it is made the *exclusive* vehicle for the information communicated to the public by the government. It is not unnaturally argued while this is the case that there cannot be any material difference of view between the Cabinet and the *Times*; in fact, its exclusive information derived from the government is nothing less than a letter of credit to the public authorising it to speak on behalf of the government.

Mr. Harcourt went on to suggest the advantage which the government would derive from imparting information to those journals which were avowedly in support of Liberal principles and measures.

END OF VOL. I

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